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WASHINGTON COUNTY

NEW YORK

ITS HISTORY TO THE CLOSE

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

HISTORIAN AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, BART," "BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN AND ST. LEGER'S EXPEDITION," "MILITARY JOURNALS OF MAJOR-GENERAL RIEDESEL," &c., &c., &c.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HON. A. DALLAS WAIT

"Forgotten generations live again;
Assume the bodily shapes they wore of old,
Beyond the Flood."— KIRKE WHITE.

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19

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PREFACE.

Washington County, N. Y., may justly be considered the classic ground of America. On her soil were fought many of the battles of "William and Mary's War," "Queen Anne's War," "The Old French War," "The French War" and the "Revolutionary War." And Washington County deserves from the historian particular recognition for the further reason that within her borders occurred two events which determined for two centuries the policies of France and Great Britain

The first of these was the skirmish between Le Sieur de Champlain in 1609, when, at the head of the Algonquins and Hurons, he defeated the Iroquois and, by this victory, laid the foundation of the implacable hatred of the Iroquois (the "Six Nations") against the French, which prevented the "Six Nations" from espousing the French cause against that of the English. This action of the Iroquois undoubtedly led to the final overthrow of the French power in America. Indeed, had it not been for Champlain's victory, it is perhaps not too much to say, that the United States would now be a French nation.

The second of these events to which reference has been made belongs to the War of the American Revolution.

The elaborate preparation which resulted in sending forth the finest and best equipped army that had ever left the shores of England; the arrogant proclamations that heralded its approach; the successful advance through Washington County; the terror inspired by its savage allies; the early consternation and discomfiture of the Colonists; the subsequent rally of desperation; the indecisive conflict of September 17, 1777; the disastrous defeat of the Briton October 7—all culminated at Schuylerville in the capitulation of the entire British army and the hosannas of the nation at its glorious deliverance. This event secured for us the French alliance and lifted the cloud of moral and financial gloom that had settled upon the hearts of the people, dampening the hopes of the leaders of the Revolution and wringing despairing words even from the hopeful Washington. From that auspicious day belief in the ultimate triumph of American Liberty

never abandoned the nation until it was realized and sealed four years later, almost to a day, in the final surrender at Yorktown.

But, if it is said that this culmination took place on the soil of Saratoga County, it should ever be kept in mind that the surrender of the British army was due chiefly, if indeed not entirely, to the erection of Colonel Fellows' batteries at the mouth of the Battenkill, nearly opposite the scene of the surrender and in *Washington County*. In fact, had it not been for those batteries, thus enfilading and cutting off all chance of the retreat of the British Army, Burgoyne would undoubtedly have escaped with his army into Canada and thus the moral effects of his two previous defeats would have been completely neutralized in all the cabinets of Europe.

The publishers of this history desired that full justice should be given to the descendants of those who were participants in these stirring events; and while there have been previously written a history of the county and detached narratives of different scenes enacted within her borders, yet I think the publishers may justly claim the present history to be a presentation of much new matter connected with Washington County, which has never before made its appearance, as well as a succinct, clear and accurate review of the entire history of the county to the close of the nineteenth century.

Aside, moreover, from these military occurrences, the county is deserving of great credit, not only for the introduction of flax and industries depending upon its culture, but for causing her sister counties to emulate her efforts by which Northern New York, especially, has attained a proud name among manufacturers and producers generally, throughout the United States.

One word more: In the preparation of this History—aside from my own works, and citations from some forty other authorities, and exclusive of several original MS. Journals, now for the first time made public—I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to the writings of Humphrey, Johnson and Palmer, and my old and personal friends, the late B. C. Butler, N. B. Sylvester, Francis Parkman, Dr. Asa Fitch, Prof. John Fiske and Dr. A. W. Holden. I also desire to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Hon. A. Dallas Wait, my associate, as well as that of Mr. Franklin B. Dowd, of Saratoga Springs, from whose graceful pen have emanated some of the personal sketches and town histories contained in the present volume.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1901. WILLIAM L. STONE.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Erection of Charlotte County—Changes in Area and Boundaries—Name Changed to Washington County—Geography—Mountain Ranges—Lakes and Watercourses—Geology—Agricultural Products, Population, Land Grants and Titles—Early Physical Characteristics—Historical Treatment 1–11

CHAPTER II.

Saratoga Patent—Woods and Game of Washington County—Champlain's Expedition ... 11–18

CHAPTER III.

William and Mary's War, 1681-1697—Queen Anne's War, 1702-1713—The Old French and Indian War, 1744-1748—Captain John Schuyler's Journal, 1709 ... 18–37

CHAPTER IV.

Kalm's Journey Through What is now Washington County in 1749 and the Beginnings of Settlements in Its Territory ... 37–45

CHAPTER V.

The French War, 1754-1763—Sketch of Fort Edward—Visits to It of Distinguished Travelers ... 45–57

CHAPTER VI.

The French War Continued—Major General Johnson's Campaign Against, and His Defeat of Baron Dieskau—The Moral and Physical Results of His Victory ... 57–74

CHAPTER VII.

Raids of Rogers, Stark and Putnam—Attack of the French upon Fort William Henry—Defeat of the Enemy and Their Retreat ... 74–81

CHAPTER VIII.

The French War Continued—Montcalm's Capture of Fort William Henry and the Subsequent Massacre—Attack by the Ottawas on Fort Edward Easily Repulsed by Putnam's Rangers.....81–92

CHAPTER IX.

The French War Continued—Rogers Surprised—Moonlight Fight at "Put's Rock" near Whitehall—Defeat of General Abercrombie—Duncan Campbell's Ghost—The Conquest of Canada by Wolff and Amherst 92–110

CHAPTER X.

Close of the French War—Putnam Captured and a Prisoner in Canada—The Quackenboss Adventure near Sandy Hill—Lessons Derived from the War.....110–121

CHAPTER XI.

Early Settlements of the County—First Church Erected in Salem—The Great New Hampshire Grant Controversy—Prominent Settlers—Judge William Duer, Colonel Skene, etc.—First Court Held at Fort Edward.....121–137

CHAPTER XII.

The Peace of 1763 Brings Increased Prosperity to Washington County—General Thrift of the People Disturbed by Rumors of War Between the Colonies and the Mother Country—The Inhabitants of the County Divided in Their Allegiance—Ethan Allen's Attack on, and the Capture of Ticonderoga—Seizure and Imprisonment of Colonel Skene—Formation of War Committees—Failure of General Montgomery's Expedition and His Death Before the Walls of Quebec—Death from Small Pox of General Thomas—Washington's Views Regarding the Recruiting for the Continental Army—Carleton's Naval Victory on Lake Champlain—Extracts from Captain Norton's "Orderly Book"—Position of the People of Washington County at this Crisis.....137–154

CHAPTER XIII.

The Settlers of Washington County Begin to Realize the Serious State of Affairs—Reports of the Invasion of the British Army Fully Confirmed—Advance of Burgoyne and the Capture of Fort Ticonderoga and Retreat of St. Clair—Fermoy's Treachery—Battle of Hubbardtown—Burgoyne Pursues the Americans Through Wood Creek and Destroys Their Flotilla—Battle of Fort Anne—Anecdotes Connected with that Engagement.....154–176

CHAPTER XIV.

Events Which Followed Close on the Battle of Fort Anne—Schuyler Delays the March of Burgoyne—Indian Atrocities—Murder of the Allen Family 176–185

CHAPTER XV.

The Jane McCrea Tragedy—The Last Days of Her Lover, David Jones; His Personal Appearance Shortly Before His Death—Bravery of Mrs. General Schuyler—Narrow Escape of General Schuyler from an Indian Assassin—Effect of these Cruelties in Arousing Popular Wrath.....185-211

CHAPTER XVI.

Schuyler Delays the March of Burgoyne—The Battle of Bennington and Its Direct Results in the Defeat of Burgoyne—Comments on It—Sergeant Lamb's Journal of His Trip Through the Wilderness from Fort Miller to Ticonderoga—Anecdotes and Incidents While Burgoyne was at Fort Miller—Consternation Among the People of Washington County upon the Approach of the British Army..... 211–231

CHAPTER XVII.

Advance of Burgoyne—Battle of the 19th of September, 1777—Anecdotes, etc.—Action of October 7th—Bravery of Arnold—The Taking of the Great Redoubt—Death of Colonel Breymann—Death and Burial of General Fraser..... 231–253

CHAPTER XVIII.

Burgoyne's Army Begins Retreat—Heights of Saratoga Occupied, Cutting off Hopes of Escape—Lady Acland's Flight to the American Camp—Burgoyne's Surrender—Incidents Connected Therewith—Madame Riedesel's Estimate of General Schuyler—Character of Burgoyne and Gates Compared—General Results of the Surrender.....253–279

CHAPTER XIX.

Militia Disbanded—Sad Plight of the Whigs—A Block House Built at Salem—Court Martial Held on Those Lukewarm to the Colonies—The Vermont Controversy—Governor Clinton's Connection Therewith—The New Hampshire Grants—Clinton's Failure—End of Controversy—Name of Charlotte County Changed to Washington—Boundaries of County Settled.....279–299

CHAPTER XX.

Settlers Resume Regular Vocations—County Seat Changed from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill Extracts from President Dwight's Journal of His Tours Through Washington County.....300–325

CHAPTER XXI.

War of 1812-15—Washington County's General Industries Effected Thereby—The News of Peace Heralded with Joy—President Wayland's and "Peter Parley's" Account of It—Washington County's Part in Mexican War—The Civil War—Sketches of the Different Regiments and Companies Enlisted in the County; Names of the Officers and Those Who Died—The Champlain Canal—Its Effect upon the Prosperity of the County—Railroad to Whitehall in 1846 325–350

CHAPTER XXII.

The Spanish American War—Washington County's Participation Therein—Enlistments of Companies I, K and M—Assigned to the Second New York Provisional Regiment—Roster of these Companies—Movements of the Regiment.....350–358

CHAPTER XXIII.

Early Sketches and Biographies—Peter Carver's Journal—General Israel Putnam—General Philip Schuyler—Colonel John Williams 358–372

CHAPTER XXIV

County Civil and Political Lists.....372–377

CHAPTER XXV.

Gazetteer of Towns.....377–484

CHAPTER XXVI.

Newspapers of the County.....485–505

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Bench and Bar.....506–570

BIOGRAPHICAL.

PART I.

Allen, Cornelius L., 562
Allen, Hon. Cornelius Lansing, 512
Arnold, Hon. A. D., 568
Baker, F. I., 565
Bartholomew, Alanson Douglas, 550
Bascom, Robert O., 566
Betts, Royal C., 563
Blanchard, Hon A I., 508
Blair, Bernard, 508
Boies, David A., 509
Boies, Joseph, 510
Boyd, Hon. John H., 569
Bratt, Frederick A., 559
Burby, Augustus Alonzo, 561
Burgoyne, Gen., 273
Campbell, Maj. Duncan, 103
Champlain, Samuel de, 13
Clark, Orville, 522
Clark, Rev. Dr. Thomas, 387
Crary, Hon. Charles, 509
Davis, Charles G., 549
Davis, Oscar F., 528
Davis, R. R., 564
Dennis, Capt. Otis Alonzo, 546
Derby, Archibald S., 567
Doig, Robert, 521
Duer, Judge William, 131
Dwyer, Maj. John, 496
Evarts, Silas E., 554
Fairchild, Hon. Marinus, 522
Fraser, Hon. Lonson, 527
Gates, Gen., 274
Gibbs, Leonard, 512
Gibson, Henry, 512
Gibson, Hon James 516
Gibson, James, Jr., 555
Gilroy, John, 529
Higley, Brodie G., 548
Hill, Alfred G., 559
Hopkins, James C., 521
Hughes, Charles, 521
Hull, Edgar, 539
Ingalls, Hon. Charles R., 515
Ingalls, Charles Fryer, 514
Ingalsbe, Glenville Mellen, 533
Jones, David, 194
Law, Robert R., 555
Lillie, Hon. Thomas A., 536
Lydius, Col., 44
Lyman, Gen. Phineas, 51
Martindale, Henry C., 522
McCormick, Joseph B., 537
McCrea, Jane, 186
Milliman, N B., 522
Northup, Henry B., 522
Northup, Hon. Lyman Hall, 523
Norton, Eliot Bliven, 542
Paris, Hon. U. G., 510
Paris, Hon. Charles R., 530
Parry, John, 564
Potter, Hon. Joseph, 523
Potter, J. Sanford, 567
Pratt, A. V., 570
Pratt, Charles O., 538
Putnam, Gen. Israel, 302
Reynolds, Milo C , 501
Richard, A. N., 564
Robertson, Abner, 509
Robinson, Hon. Willard, 558
Rogers, Gen. James C., 565
Rogers, Randolph, 543
Rogers, Major Robert, 51
Russell, Col. Solomon W., 562
Savage, Hon. John, 508
Sawyer, W. L., 560
Schuyler, Gen. Philip, 365
Scott, George, 556
Seeley, Jurden E, 561
Skene, Major Philip, 177
Sullivan, D. J., 563
Van Schaick, Alvardo Goodenough, 505
Van Wormer, Rodney, 535
Wait, Hon. A. Dallas, 552
Wait, Hon. Luther, 517
Westfall, Hon. Daniel M., 540
Weston, Hon. Roswell, 521
Whitman, Hon. J. M., 547
Willard, Hon. John, 513
Williams, Gen. (Dr.) John, 368
Wilson, David, 521
Young, William E., 551

BIOGRAPHICAL.

PART II.

Adams, Martin H., 46
Ackley, J. Albert, 47
Agan, John L., 47
Allen, Aaron B., 211
Allen, Charles L., 214
Allen, Hiram, 3
Allen, Loren, 45
Ambler, Silas B., 208
Bailey, Leander E., 55
Baker, Col. Eugene M., 287
Baker, J. Dewayne, 285
Baker, Theodore F., 286
Banker, S. J., M. D., 207
Barber, Lewis T., 218
Barkley, A. C., 50
Barnett, J. M., 209
Barrett, John, 56
Bascom, Benjamin H., 56
Bassett, S. W., 212
Becker, Henry W., 52
Berry, Samuel, 211
Bibby, Leonard, 204
Borden, Elias H., 213
Borden, Russell A., 53
Bowtell, Charles W., 49
Boyd, William J., 55
Bragg, Edwin L., 306
Brayton, John, 216
Brett, Robert H., 57
Bristol, W. Irving, 215
Britton, Reuben, Jr., 213
Broughton, Aaron C., 211
Broughton, Charles H., 207
Brown, C. N., 57
Brown, James R., 206
Brown, Joseph, 48
Brown, Joseph W., 51
Brown, Michael, 213
Brown, Raymond E., 214
Brownell, Dennis, 52
Buckley, Franklin, 53
Bump, A. D., 290
Burch, Parsimus, 59
Burleigh, Hon. Henry G., 201
Burton, Isaac Addison, 54
Campbell, Brown, 223
Campbell, John Woods, 63
Carr, Byron A., 61
Carr, S. W., 223
Carrington, Col. Luke H., 229
Cary, Charles, 267
Chamberlin, Martin H., 72
Chapman, John W., 62
Chase, Andrew J., 220
Cheesman, James H., 60
Clark, J. C., 222
Clements, H. C., 232
Clemons, Hon. George L., 4
Coleman, Prof. W. S., 286
Collamer, Edward C., 63
Collin, J. R., 281
Conaty, Robert, 226
Conklin, E. H., 231
Cook, E. W., 217
Copeland, Clarence, 233
Cotton, Willard H., D. D. S., 219
Coulter, Henry, 233
Cramer, C. A., 226
Cronkhite, Leonard W., 59
Cross, Theodore D., 224
Crozier, Joseph P., 218
Cunningham, John J., 58
Cull, G. D., 228
Culver, George B., 221
Cushing, Michael E., 62
Daly, Patrick B., 271
Davis, Clayton N., 69
Davis, Fred A., 70
Davies, Robert C., M. D., 64
Day, M. T. C., 234
Dean, Charles W., 235
Dean, C. F., 232
DeGolyer, Charles C., 88
Derby, Hon. John H., 6
Deuel, George H., 67
Devine, George S., 70
Devine, Seth, 232
Dickinson, Salmon, 68
Donahue, Robert, 68
Donehue, Michael C., 67
Doren, Charles A., 65
Dougan, Mrs. Adelia, 64
Dunsmore, Charles L., 288
Dunsmore, David, 71

Durrin, G. Gordon, 234
Easton, D. C., 236
Edgerton, John, 72
Edwards, John, 268
Farwell, Fonrose, 8
Ferris, George A., 237
Ferris, James M., 74
Finch, Evander M., 74
Finch, Samuel L., 237
Fitch, Sherman W., 73
Fort Edward Brewing Co., 205
Foster, Jesse D., 72
Frake, Charles, 236
Fraser, Walter, 239
Fullerton, Charles H., 73
Galbreath, Walter, 238
Gavette; Horace H., 81
Getten, Albert C., 79
Gibbs, Alfred C., 77
Gibson, Jesse, 293
Gifford, George, 82
Gilbert, Mrs. H. C., 84
Gilchrist, Leander, 80
Gillis, James G., 83
Gillis, James K., 81
Glines, A. F., 241
Goodman, Carmi, 80
Goodman, Hon. James E., 75
Graham, John, 239
Gray, Adj. Emmett J., 9
Gray, Henry, M. D., 89
Graulich, John Philip, 83
Griffith, Rev. M. J., L. L. D., 273
Griswold, Gustavus A., 84
Griswold, Samuel K., 87
Hall, Duane L., 97
Harding, Charles W., 242
Harlow, S. F., 244
Harris, Zadock, 288
Haskins, Delbert R., 302
Hatch, George L., 96
Hatch, Leroy T., 250
Hawley, L. Jane, 19
Hendrick, Edward Delwin, 90
Henry, Chris., 249
Henry, George, 244
Hewitt, Fred. William, 282
Hewitt, Mrs. M. B., 240
Hibbard Brothers, 289
Higley, Clifford W., 246
Higley, Capt. Julius H., 303
Hilfinger Brothers, 97
Hill, Frank A., 89
Hill, Frederick E., 18
Hill, Capt. James, 243
Hitchcock, W. L., 269
Hobbie, Hon. William R., 297
Holley, George, 298
Hollister, Clarissa Burch, 210
Horsfield, Rev. F. H. T., 250
Hotel Cunningham, 301
Howland, Amasa, 13
Howland, Lansing M., 92
Hoysradt, William H., 305
Hubbard, M. D., 247
Hubbell, Silas S., 91
Hughes, A. T., 246
Hughes, Gen. William H., 11
Huppuch, Winfield A., 95
Hurd, Daniel P., 99
Hunt, J. Legus, 253
Hyatt, Louis, 99
Hyde, Capt. Hiram, 15
Infield, Clifton L., M. D., 100
Ingalls, George F., 86
Ingalsbe, Milo, 39
Ingalsbe, M. D., 101
Ingraham, Frederick, 290
Ives, F. O., 253
Jakeway, Hon. Pelatiah, 101
Johnson, George P., 101
Joy, M. F., 103
Keating, James D., 252
Kellogg, Rev. Charles D., D. D., 104
Keyworth, William H., 106
Kincaid, J. H., 251
King, Edwin Morton, M. D., 296
King, David Harvey, 295
King, James P., 103
King, Rev. Joseph E., D. D., 283
Kinney, E. C., 103
Larmon, John, 254
Laraway, Nelson D., 113
Lansing, Arthur K., 111
Law, Robert R., 133
Lawton, Joseph A., 108
Lawton, Willard, 107
Lemm, Elmer D., 111
Liddle, Michael W., 109
Liddle, Emeline, 112
Linendol, Robert A., M. D., 106
Loomis, Amos, 109
Lovejoy, Henry Hall, 110
Madison, William B., M. D., 124
Main, John, 21
Manville, John J., 121
Marshall, George L., 123
Martin, Homer B., 123
Martine, Hon. Godfrey R., M. D., 299
Mason, C. L., 256
Maxwell, George S., 121
McCarty, John, 120
McCarty, Rev. Michael F., 126
McCoy, James W., 306
McCoy, Robert E., 305
McDowell, Robert, 122
McEachron, Robert C., 119
McEachron, Rev. Willard S., 124

McFarland, C. H., 260
McFarland, George H., 130
McFarland, William, 117
McGoech, Alexander, 127
McHugh, Martin, 120
McKercher, Harvey, 118
McLoughlin, C. H., 258
McLoghlin, Rev. Thomas M., 116
McMillan, Joseph, M. D., 127
McMurray, George, 258
McNaughton, Fred, 204
Meiklejohn, Gordon W., 256
Melick, William B., M. D., 129
Mellon, Charles, 125
Meyer, Aubrey Edgerton, 291
Middleworth, Henry V., 22
Middleworth, Warren H., 128
Miller, John J., 119
Mills, Charles Edwin, 305
Mitchell, Sardis, 125
Mock, James, 118
Monroe, Dr. Isaac Thompson, 115
Montgomery, R. C., 259
Moon, E. H., 257
Moon, Patrick, 263
Moor, William, 121
Morgan, Hon. John J., 114
Mott, O. H., M. D., 129
Mott, Capt. S. W., 261
Nelson, Fred R., 262
Newcomb, Edward P., 131
Nichols, G. K., 285
Noble, A. R., 281
Northup, Charles S., 22
Northup, H. Davis, 25
Northup, James M., 132
Northup, Hon. James M., 23
Norton, Charles A,, 133
Norton, Nelson, 264
Oatman, Lewis R., M. D., 136
Oatman, Orlin E., 138
O'Brien, Rev. J. J., 227
O'Donnell, Thomas, 243
O'Neil, John, 137
Owen's, Owen W., Sons, 135
Palmer, E. H., 263
Parant, Albert E., 145
Parrish, Hiram H., 146
Patterson, Thomas A., 139
Peabody, Willard L., 144
Pepper, John Herman, 149
Petteys, Fred, 143
Philo, Lewis N., 145
Pickett, M., 147
Piser, Leonard Church, 140
Potter, Edgar L., 139
Potter, John D., 138
Potter, Joseph H., 140
Potter, Townsend J., 143
Pratt, Edwin C., 142
Pratt, John Lovejoy, 147
Qua, Henry A., 182
Randles, Robert, 152
Rathbun, C. A., 276
Rathbun, Lyman, 149
Ray, Edwin P., 306
Ray, Rodney T., 212
Reynolds, Rev. J. A., D. D., 152
Reynolds, William Pitt, 151
Reil, John, 153
Rhodes, Horace 155
Rice, Jerome Bonaparte, 27
Richards, Eber, 154
Richter, Franz E., 262
Rogers, George E., 157
Rogers, Horace L., 150
Rogers, Lieut. H. N., 272
Rogers, John S., 156
Root, Clarence M., 264
Root, Henry S., 26
Rutledge, John E., 153
Ryon, Frank C., 157
Safford, Charles H., 161
Safford Joseph T., 164
Sanders, George H., 166
Saunders, William A., 265
Sawyer, Rev. Everett R., D. D., 280
Shaw, Oringe, 169
Sheldon, Hon. O. W., 30
Shipman, Hiram, 32
Sisson, Frank Albert, 170
Skelly, John 269
Sleight, David, 171
Small, James, 266
Smalley, Alphonzo D., 171
Smith, Benjamin, 274
Smith, Charles C., 35
Smith, C. Edward, 165
Smith, DeWitt Clinton, 162
Smith, Marcellus S., 170
Snell, Lewis G., 160
Snyder, E. H., 270
Sonn, Michael, 163
Spallholz, Henry, 166
Sprague, W. L., 159
Steele, Douglas 168
Stevens, Gilbert H., 160
Stevens, Martin H., 167
Stevenson, Gilbert J., 159
Stevenson, Hon. Thomas, 41
Stickney, Charles H., 305
Stone, Charles, 278
Stone, Joseph B., 292
Stoughton, Timothy F., 158
Sullivan, John, 168
Taylor, Albert G., 172
Taylor, J. B., 173
Tefft, Miss Frances A., 176

Tefft, M. C., 276
Temple, Edwin B., 176
Temple, Luther Roswell, 177
Tenney, Willis Ashton, M. D., 178
Thompson, Henry, 174
Tidmarsh, Henry L., 197
Tingue, Charles E., 270
Tinkey, Daniel 174
Tripler, William Connell, D. D. S., 174
Turner, George, 175
Valentine, D L , 195
Vandewerker, H W , M. D., 185
Van Wormer, Francis M., 43
Van Wormer Family, 179
Vaughan, Albert C , 183
Vaughn, Charles A., 181
Wakeman Abram, 199
Walker, Edgar P., 190
Walker, Harlan A., 192
Wall Edward, 184
Walsh, Arthur, 294
Ward, Benjamin L., 293
Warner, Walter A , 189
Warnock, Alexander, 193
Warren, Roswell Ethan, 194
Watkins R H., 271
Watson, William Grant, 187
Webb, George J., 296
Weinberg, Seigmund, 275
Whiteside, Albert, 188
Wicks, Lemuel E., 187
Wilbur, George H., 192
Willett, John R . 191
Williams, Ellis, 265
Williams, Gen. John, 302
Williams, John G., 196
Williams, Valentine, 193
Williamson, Charles W., 186
Winegar, L G., 191
Wisely, Harry P., D D S., 194
Witherbee, Robins Miller, 36
Wolfe, Levi, 190
Woodruff R. B , 268
Yates, Rev. Jeremiah F., 198
Yout, George, 294

PORTRAITS.

Allen, Hiram..... ...facing 3 part II
Clemons, Hon. George L, facing 4 part II
Derby, John H ... facing 6 part II
Farwell, Fonrose.....facing 8 part II
Gray, Emmett J... ...facing 10 part II
Hill, Frederick E .....facing 536 part I
Hawley, David..... facing 19 part II
Hull, Edgar.....facing 536 part I
Hughes, Gen. Wm. H..facing 11 part II
Howland, Amasa.....facing 13 part II
Howland, Lansing M..facing 92 part II
Hyde, Hiram .. .. facing 15 part II
Ingalls, Hon. Chas R..facing 515 part I
Ingalsbe, Grenville M .facing 532 part I
Ingalsbe, Milo .....facing 39 part II
Lillie, Hon. Thomas A, facing 536 part I
Martine, J. R., M. D. facing 299 part II
Main, John.....facing 21 part II
Middleworth, H. V...facing 128 part II
Northup, Charles S... facing 22 part II
Northup, H. Davis, .. facing 25 part II
Northup, Hon James M, facing 23 part II
Paris Hon. Charles R..facing 530 part I
Paris, Hon. U. G.....facing 510 part I
Potter, Hon. Joseph ...facing 573 part I
Rice, Jerome B ... ...facing 27 part II
Rogers, Randolph .. .facing 543 part I
Root, Henry S.....facing 458 part I
Sheldon, Hon O. W...facing 30 part II
Shipman, Hiram.....facing 32 part II
Smith, C C ... .facing 35 part II
Stevenson, Thomas ...facing 41 part II
Stone, Charles .. ...facing 278 part II
Van Wormer, Francis facing 43 part II
Van Wormer, Rodney..facing 536 part I
Wait, Hon. A. Dallas..facing 552 part I
Williams, Valentine..facing 193 part II
Witherbee, Rollin M.. facing 36 part II

WASHINGTON COUNTY:

ITS HISTORY TO THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

ERECTION OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY — CHANGES IN AREA AND BOUNDARIES — NAME CHANGED TO WASHINGTON — GEOGRAPHY — MOUNTAIN RANGES — LAKES AND WATER COURSES — GEOLOGY — AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS, POPULATION, LAND GRANTS AND TITLES — EARLY PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS — HISTORICAL TREATMENT.

At the first General Assembly, held pursuant to the instructions of the Crown to Governor Dongan, toward the close of the reign of Charles II in the 24th year after the Restoration, it was enacted by the Governor, Council and Representatives of the Province of New York, that the Province should be divided into twelve counties. The statute that contained this enactment was passed November 1, 1683, and provided that the county of Albany should contain "the town of Albany, the county of Renslaerswyck, Schonechteda, and all the villages, neighborhoods and Christian Plantacons on the east side of Hudson's River, from Roelof Jansen's creeke, and on the west side from Sawers creeke to the Sarraghtoga." This act was substantially re-enacted October 1, 1691, at the first assembly held in the third year of the reign of King William and Queen Mary.

Afterward, in the twelfth year of George III, A. D. 1772, the Provincial Legislature passed an act in which, after reciting that the lands within the county of Albany were more extensive than all the other counties of the colony taken together, and mentioning the inconveniences resulting from the "enormous extent" of the county, it proceeded to divide the territory of the county into three parts, restricting the name of Albany to one of these subdivisions and bestowing upon the others the names of Charlotte and Tryon respectively. This act, passed March 12, 1772, provided that the northern bounds of Albany county, as newly constituted, should be "a west line drawn from Fort George,

near Lake George," and the continuation of such line "east until it intersects a north line drawn from that high Falls on Hudson's River, which lays next above Fort Edward; thence south to the said Falls; thence along the east bank of Hudson's River to a certain creek called Stoney Creek; thence east five hundred and ten chains; thence south to the north bank of Batten Creek; thence up along the north bank of said creek until the said creek intersects the south bounds of Prince-Town; thence along the same to the southeast corner thereof; thence east to the west bounds of the county of Cumberland; thence southerly and easterly along the west and south bounds thereof to Connecticut River." The act further provided that so much of the former county of Albany as lay within the colony, to the northward of the county of Albany as restricted by the act, and to the eastward of a line drawn from the intersection of the north bounds of Duanesburgh extended with the Mohawk River, north, until it intersected the west line drawn from Fort George, previously mentioned, should be one separate and distinct county, and be called and known by the name of the county of Charlotte.

At the same session, an act was passed providing for the election of town and county officers in the new county of Charlotte and their qualification, and imposing a penalty upon persons refusing to act in the offices for which they might be chosen.

The following year provision was made for surveying and marking the boundary lines between the two counties of Charlotte and Tryon.

The old lines established by these acts are still traceable in existing county lines and natural boundaries. The line running north from the Mohawk is co-incident with the present western boundary of Saratoga, Warren and Essex counties, and extended on the same course to the Canadian boundary.

Charlotte county, as thus constituted, included a wide extent of territory stretching northward a hundred miles to Canada, having a width of more than fifty miles and including more than five times the present area of Washington county. It comprised the present counties of Warren, Essex, Clinton, parts of Washington and Franklin, and a considerable portion of the State of Vermont.

The name of the county which had been given to it in honor of Princess Charlotte, the eldest daughter of George III, was changed to Washington county by the legislature of the State of New York on the 2nd of April, 1784.

On the 7th of March, 1788, the war of the Revolution having been concluded, the independence of the American colonies recognized, and the government of the State of New York well established, the legislature passed an act dividing the State into sixteen counties. The territory included in the boundaries of Washington county was divided into two parts by a line "beginning at the most northerly point of the rock commonly called Rogers' Rock, situate on the west side of Lake George, and thence due west to the county of Montgomery, and running also from the said rock due east to the west bounds of the county of Gloucester." That part of the county lying north of this line was, by the act, erected into a county to be called the county of Clinton, and that part south of it, into a county to be called by its former name, the county of Washington. It was further provided that, until the first State census, the supervisors of Clinton and Washington counties should meet together at Salem and canvass the votes cast in both counties. At the same session an act was passed dividing Washington county into nine towns: Argyle, Salem, Hebron, Granville, Hampton, Whitehall, Kingsbury, Westfield and Queensbury.

On the 7th of February, 1791, an act was passed in which it was recited that the census of the electors and inhabitants of the State, lately taken, showed that alterations in some of the districts and counties were necessary; and it was accordingly enacted, among other things, that the towns of Cambridge and Easton, in the county of Albany, be annexed to, and thereafter considered as part of, the county of Washington.

It is to be observed that the boundaries of Charlotte county as established in 1772, included a great part of the present State of Vermont, and the county of Washington continued to include part of the same territory until the 7th of October, 1790, when the State of New York relinquished its rights to it in order that it might be erected into a new State. This territory, then included in what was known as the New Hampshire grants, early became a bone of bitter contention between the provincial government of New Hampshire on the one hand and that of New York on the other. As the tide of emigration began to flow toward the fertile valleys above Albany, between the Connecticut river and the valley of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, the Governor of New Hampshire made grants of lands within these borders, claiming the territory under the New Hampshire charter. The government of New York sharply opposed this claim and, in turn, claimed the territory under the grants to the Duke of York. Upon an appeal to the

Crown the claim of New York was upheld by an order of the King in council on the 20th day of July, 1764, and the authority of the government of New York was declared to extend to the Connecticut river. The latter government, though it seems to have had a due regard for those who had actually settled upon and improved lands under the New Hampshire grants, in attempting to enforce its rights and authority in the disputed territory, encountered an organized resistance and precipitated a conflict with the New Hampshire claimants and settlers that was only suspended by the greater struggle of the Revolution. During the Revolution the settlers in Vermont developed a political importance and demanded admission to the confederation as an independent State, which was denied on account of the opposition of New York. A second application led to bitter feelings and apprehensions among the confederated States that Vermont might be led to declare allegiance to Great Britian. Finally, in 1790, New York offered to relinquish the disputed territory upon terms that were accepted and, on the seventh of October, 1790, the cession was made and Vermont was admitted into the Union March 4, 1791. By this act Washington county was deprived of a great part of the territory originally given to it, and a considerable sacrifice was required of those occupying under grants within its boundaries, made by the government of New York. The sum of thirty thousand dollars was paid to the State for the lands thus ceded, and this sum was distributed among those to whom it had made grants that were thus rendered worthless. It is said that, for this comparatively insignificant sum, "lands of upwards of a million of dollars in value, were wrested from their owners without their consent and became the property of the State of Vermont * * * about four cents and nine mills per acre were paid them for lands, in some instances, worth as many dollars."

Finally, in 1813, by an act of the legislature of the State of New York, all that part of Washington county lying west of a line beginning at the southeast corner of the town of Queensbury, and running thence north along the east line of that town to Lake George and thence northerly along the west line of the towns of Fort Ann and Putnam to the south line of Essex county, was erected into a separate county by the name of Warren.

The boundaries of Washington county as thus established in 1813, have remained unchanged and no further additions to, or subtractions from its territory, have since been made.

Washington county extends from 42° 55′ to 43° 48′ north latitude, and from 30° 18′ to 30° 42′ longitude east of the city of Washington. It is bounded northerly by the county of Essex, easterly by the State of Vermont, southerly by the county of Rensselaer, and westerly by the counties of Saratoga and Warren. Its extreme length is about sixty miles and its width less than twenty miles. Its area is about 807 square miles, or 516,500 acres. The northern part of the county extends into the Adirondack mountain system, being traversed by the Palmertown range, the highest peak of which, Black Mountain, on the eastern shore of Lake George, attains an altitude of 2878 feet. The southern part of the county is also occupied by ridges of mountains or high hills of different character from those in the northern part, and separated from them by the remarkable depression which extends southerly from the southern extremity of Lake Champlain to the Hudson River valley, of which it is the northerly extension.

The mountains of the southern part of the county are subdivided into three principal ranges of the same general character. The most easterly of these ranges is a northerly continuation of the Taghkanic Range of Rensselaer county. The next range is sometimes described as a continuation of the Petersborough Mountains of Rensselaer, and extends northerly to Salem, where it spreads out like a fan between the streams. The third range, known as the Bald Mountain Range, extends from the southwesterly edge of the county northerly and easterly to the easterly part of the town of Whitehall. The declivities of these ranges are usually steep and, except where broken by ledges, are arable to their summits. They gradually rise toward the east, reaching their culminating point near the eastern border of the county. The highest summits are 1000 to 1200 feet above tide, though Willard's Mountain has an elevation of 1605 feet. These three ranges belong to one general group, are of the same geological formation, and form a connecting link between the mountains of Vermont and the highlands of the lower Hudson River valley. They are composed of slate rock, ledges of which crop out along their whole extent. Many of these ledges in Granville and Hebron are quarried, and furnish stone much valued for roofing, building and ornamental purposes. Among the slate quarries are found numerous veins of injected quartz, intersecting the slate strata in every direction, varying from the thickness of a sheet of paper to several inches. They often present cavities and surfaces beautifully studded with transparent crystals of quartz. The edges of

the slate are sometimes bent and distorted by the quartz dikes, showing the extreme heat and great force of the injected veins.

The Palmertown Mountains belong to the primary formation, consisting principally of gneiss, granite, sandstone and impure limestone. Their sides are very precipitous and broken, and their summits are wild, irregular masses of naked and barren rocks. The valleys between them are narrow and rocky, often bordered by precipices hundreds of feet in heighth.

The northern part of Washington county lies in the water-shed of the St. Lawrence and the southern part in that of the Hudson. The crest or summit, where these water-sheds meet each other, forms an irregular line crossing the county near its central part, in a general easterly and westerly direction. It is one of the "Great Divides" of the American continent, extending half-way across it and touching at almost no point an elevation raised so slightly above the level of the sea as in the town of Kingsbury, Washington county. It begins in the west line of the town of Kingsbury, not far from its northern extremity and runs thence in a direction about southeast by east nearly five miles; thence, curving to the south, it runs in a general southerly direction about seven miles into the town of Argyle; there, sweeping around the head waters of Wood Creek, it runs northeasterly, again crossing the north line of the town of Argyle into the town of Hartford; then turning easterly and keeping near the south bounds of the latter town, it runs into Hebron, crosses its northwest corner, and keeping close to the boundary line between Hebron and Greenwich, passes out of the county into Vermont.

The Hudson River forms the western boundary of the southern part of the county, and Lake George the western boundary of the northern part. The northern part of the county has for its eastern boundary the narrows of Lake Champlain, and for part of its northern and northeastern boundary Poultney River, while the Hoosick River forms part of the county's southern boundary. Besides these waters, which form part of its boundaries, the county contains the Batten Kill and Moses Kill, (originally called Moss Kil, probably from Captain Moss who settled opposite its mouth) which flow into the Hudson south of Fort Edward; South Bay, a projection of the Lake Champlain narrows, toward the southwest, and a narrow valley, continuing in the direction from its southern extremity, divides the Palmertown Mountains into two ranges. Wood Creek, called by the French *Riviere du chicot* or River of logs, flows

northerly through the depression that extends from Lake Champlain to the Hudson River and empties into the southern extremity of that lake at Whitehall; and the Mettowee or Pawlet and Poultney Rivers are tributaries of Wood Creek, flowing into it from the southeast and east, near its mouth. Black Creek is a tributary of the Batten Kill from the north and White Creek a tributary of the Hoosick River, also from the north. Besides these water courses, are many smaller brooks and streams running into them from the valleys that form a network over much of the surface of the county. Cossayuna Lake lies near the centre of the county, is the principal lake lying within its boundaries, being about three miles in length. Its name is said, by the St. Francois Indians, to signify "The Lake of the Pines."

The geology of Washington county is most interesting and has engaged the attention of many eminent geologists of our own and foreign lands. It covers a wide range, beginning in the northwest part of the county with the masses of granite and gneiss that tower above the waters of Lake George and impart to the scenery of that most beautiful of lakes it grander features. Black Mountain and the other mountains of the Palmertown range are granitic and belong to the great Adirondack group. All these were formerly classed as azoic though the present opinion is that they were originally stratified and have been crystalized by intense heat since they were deposited. The large quantity of graphite found in these rocks is generally believed to indicate the existence of vegetable life at the time of their formation. Passing southerly and easterly from Lake George we traverse the wild and rugged region of granitic mountains until we emerge into the depression which extends from Lake Champlain to the Hudson, through which flows Wood Creek and through which passes the Champlain Canal. Here we find the Potsdam sandstone, a fine, white, hard sandstone in even, uniform layers, overlying the granite and gneiss and appearing in precipices resembling walls of masonry. Crowning these precipices and stretching eastward from them, appears a much softer, gray rock, composed of lime and sand in variable proportions, the calciferous sandstone. Continuing further east we reach a pure limestone of a leaden blue color, compact and fine grained, the Chazy limestone. Finally, beyond the limestone and at a distance of from three to six miles from the granitic rocks, we find slate or shale, which continues from the place where it is first encountered, east and south over the remainder of the county. The thickness of this deposit increases as we progress south-

ward until it becomes very great. It is exposed along the course of the Hudson River, where it rises above its waters, often to considerable heights, revealing the peculiarities of its structure, and well known as the Hudson River shale. Eastward, it presents variations of structure and appearance exhibiting a cleavage transverse to the lines of stratification and a variety of coloring which make it of value for roofing material and other purposes. All of these geological formations seem to have been projected northward into a valley lying between two great primary ridges, the Adirondacks on the west and the Green Mountains of Vermont on the east. As we leave the borders of Washington county and travel eastward, we pass beyond the slate and presently encounter again limestone and then a fine, hard, silicious sandstone, and finally the granitic masses of the Green Mountains. A distance of twenty-five or thirty miles in a direct line carries us across from the primitive rocks of one of these ranges to those of the other.

Among the features of the geology of Washington county that are most interesting and have attracted most attention, the following are worthy of mention:

The slate rocks which underlie by far the greater part of the county, have been bent and broken and twisted throughout their whole extent until the ingenuity of the geologist is exhausted in vain endeavors to assign to their proper positions the strata, where exposed, or to ascertain the relations that exist between those that appear in juxtaposition. It is supposed that this confused state of the rocks has resulted from a contraction of the depression between the Green Mountain range and the Adirondack group which has broken up the stratified rocks and produced faults, fractures and even folds, or plications, piling lower layers or strata upon upper ones, as floating ice is piled and broken in a river when its width is contracted and its waters forced through a rocky gorge.

A remarkable illustration of the effects which such a force can produce is seen in the appearance of the limestone cliffs at Bald Mountain. This limestone was once below strata of shale of great thickness but natural convulsions are supposed to have resulted in a great fold at this place which brought the limestone to the surface and threw off the superimposed shale.

The slate rocks of the Taghkanic Range differ so greatly in structure and appearance from those in the western part of the county that they have caused geologists to entertain grave doubts as to the place that

should be assigned to them. These doubts have been heightened by the appearance of masses of limestone and sandstone in them at different points. The opinion, however, prevails that these formations are contemporaneous with the Hudson River shales.

The mineral wealth of Washington county is great and has served to enrich many of its inhabitants. The northern part of the county contains iron ore that has been worked with profit. Large deposits of graphite are also known to exist. The limestone of Bald Mountain has been quarried and burned for lime on a great scale and the lime thus produced has had a great reputation on account of its snowy whiteness which made it peculiarly valuable for certain purposes. Slates also abound, varying in character and quality, but valuable for roofing, flagging and other purposes.

The soils of Washington county comprise the gray and blue clay of the quartenary division of Prof. Mather, the tertiary clay, or Albany and Champlain clay of Dr. Emmons, which, according to Dr. Asa Fitch, covers about one-seventh of the surface of the county ; small tracts of sandy soil which may be regarded as identical with the greater expanse of like soil in the northeastern part of Saratoga county and which may be called the Saratoga sands ; tracts of gravel or drift soils which have generally been regarded as forming the best agricultural parts of the county and which have been subdivided into original and re-arranged drift and finally those soils that have resulted from the decomposition of the surface rocks and which remain to-day where they where formed and have been called "Geest" or unmoved soil. These four soils supplemented by small tracts of muck or peat in swamps and narrow strips of alluvial soil along the margins of lakes and streams make up the soils of the county. The clay soils are said to be best adapted to grass and grazing and produce much valuable hay. The sandy tracts though less productive than the clays are easier to cultivate and are said to have been first cleared. The gravel soils are less stiff and tenacious than the clays and less open and porous than the sands. They are compounded of diversified materials and well adapted for easy, convenient and profitable tillage. Wheat was first raised upon them after they had been cleared near the last quarter of the last century but now they are thought best adapted to the growth of Indian corn though in the rotation of crops, oats, rye, grass, potatoes, flax, barley, buckwheat, peas, beans and other crops are raised upon them. The geest soil of the Palmertown

mountain range has nourished the luxuriant forest growth that once flourished upon it but is too shallow for profitable cultivation. Made up in great part of vegetable mould, forest fires have sometimes almost consumed it. Geest in the limestone regions is said to be most admirably adapted for fruit growing and that in the region of Taghkanic sandstone and the slates of the southern and eastern portions of the county has been considered of remarkable fertility, the latter producing potatoes of excellent quality and in great abundance.

The day has passed when Washington county could hope to be notable as a wheat producing region, though it is said that when some of its lands were first cleared of their forest growth great crops of wheat were raised upon them. The northern part of the county which penetrates the Adirondack mountain ranges is generally unfit for culture. It is adapted only to the nourishing of a forest and to hold back the waters of the streams whose sources lie within its borders. If the State should pursue a wise policy it would soon incorporate these lands into the Adirondack forest preserve and assist nature to restore them once more to the condition of a noble and stately forest to repair the ravages of fire and the axe and thus to make them what nature formed them and intended them to remain, a priceless possession of the people of the State and their posterity to remote generations.

The remainder of the county will doubtless tend more and more toward development as a grazing country and use for dairy farming. The sweet grasses of the hillsides and valleys through the central and southern portions of the county have long been recognized as one of its principal and most valued products and the increasing populations of the Hudson River valley create an increasing demand for dairy products which no lands can better supply. Dairy farming supplemented by market gardening it seems probable will be the notable agricultural enterprises in the future of Washington county.

Washington county though pricipally esteemed an agricultural county is not without many and important manufacturing enterprises which will be mentioned more particularly in the histories of the several towns.

The population of Washington county grew with great rapidity in the early years of its settlement attaining at the end of the first quarter of the present century a density which during the last three quarters of the century has only been increased about ten per cent. The population according to the last Federal census of 1890 was 45,690 souls.

Washington county, N. Y., may, with truth, be said to be, *par exel-*

lence, the classic ground of the United States. On its territory, dating back from the earliest time of its settlement, it has witnessed not only predatory Indian warfare, but heard the tread of armies contending on the soil of the new world for the mastery of the old—sent forth by England and France—the mightiest powers at that day among the nations of the earth.

The space allotted to me in this sketch would be all too short to relate in detail, the hair-breadth escapes, the romantic incidents and the singular vicissitudes which have occurred within its borders. These have ever been favorite themes for such great novelists as Cooper and James to dilate upon; and I can merely touch upon the stormy events which occurred on its soil.

CHAPTER II.

SARATOGA PATENT — WOODS AND GAME OF WASHINGTON COUNTY — CHAMPLAIN'S EXPEDITION.

The title to that part of the county lying on the southernmost tier, and named Easton, was derived from the "Saratoga patent" which was granted November 4, 1684 by Governor Dongan to Cornelius Van Dyck, Jan Janse Bleecker, Peter Schuyler, and others. The title to the rest of its territory came from a grant of land given by Governor Fletcher to Reverend Mr. Dilliers, the Dutch minister in Albany, September 3, 1696. But three years afterward (1699) the legislature of the colony of New York, acting on the suggestion of the Earl of Bellomont, who had succeeded Fletcher as Governor, vacated this part—a circumstance which subsequently, when the county came to be settled, was a cause of many wrangles and conflicting disputes in regard to titles, which for a long time seemed as if they would be almost interminable.

It is needless to remind the reader that, in the early beginnings of the history of the county, all of its ridges and valleys were covered with a primeval and heavy growth of oak, ash, elm (out of the bark of which the Iroquois fashioned their canoes,) beech, maple, pine and other indigenous American trees; while they furnished inexhaustible numbers of deer, bear, wolf, panther, otter and the industrious beaver,—all of which made this territory, with the Adirondacks in plain sight, the

choicest hunting grounds for the Iroquois. Indeed, it was the bountiful supply of every variety of game that this county afforded, which was one of the causes of the enmity and jealousy that had existed for centuries between the Algonquins and Iroquois.

In giving, moreover, in this sketch the history of "William and Mary's war 1681-97; Queene Anne's war," 1708-13; the "Old French war," 1744-50; the French war, 1754-63; and the Revolutionary war, 1775-83 so far as they relate to Washington County—it will be necessary, in order to present the several campaigns in their entirety, and that a thoroughly comprehensive view may be obtained, to lay some of the scenes necessarily in contiguous counties. With this explanation the following sketch is offered to the reader.

To Washington county belongs the exclusive honor of having been the first soil of the original thirteen colonies to receive the pressure of a white man's foot. It is true, that it has been stated, that as early as 1598, a few Hollanders, in the employ of a Greenland commercial company were in the habit of resorting to New Netherland (*i. e.* New York Island,) not with the design of effecting a settlement, but merely to secure shelter during the winter months. This statement is involved in much obscurity and is exceedingly doubtful; whereas the fact which I have mentioned above is well authenticated.

CHAMPLAIN'S EXPEDITION.

I refer to the expedition of Sieur Samuel de Champlain. He was a catholic gentleman of Saintonge, born in 1567, at the little seaport of Brouage on the Bay of Biscay. He was a captain in the Royal navy; and his means being small, though his merit was great, Henry the Fourth, out of his own slender revenues, had given him a pension to maintain him near his person. But, being a true hero after the chivalrous mediaeval type, and his character being dashed largely with the spirit of romance, he soon chafed under such a passive and uneventful existence; and being withal earnest, sagacious and penetrating after various attractions in the West Indies, Mexico, and Nova Scotia, in 1608, he sailed up the St. Lawrence and founded the city of Quebec; the first permanent French settlement in Canada. Five years previously he had explored the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal and the spot he now chose for what afterwards became the City of Quebec, he thought would be a true site for a settlement or, rather a

fortified post whence "as from a secure basis the waters of the vast interior might be traced back toward their sources and a western route discovered to China and the east." He thought, too, that for the advantage of the fur-trade the innumerable streams that flowed into the St. Lawrence, might all be closed against the foreign intrusion of a hostile force by a single fort on the brow of the mighty promontory which is now the "citadel of Quebec," and made tributary to a rich and permanent commerce ; while—and this was nearer his heart ; for he had often been heard to say that "the saving of a soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire."—countless savage tribes, in the bondage of Satan, might, by these same avenues, also be reached and redeemed. Thus, almost from the time of his first landing, he began to cultivate the friendship of the Indians, both of those living in his vicinity and as far west as the Great Lakes. Nor was it long, before the savage tribes had become so drawn towards him that they were led to solicit his services in making war upon their hereditary enemies. At that time, and as far as can be ascertained from original aboriginal tradition, the Adirondacks—Champlain's neighbors, and a powerful division of the Algonquins, Hurons, Wyandots and other western tribes—had been engaged in a savage and perpetual war with the Iroquois, or as they afterwards came to be called, "The Six Nations." When, seventy years previous to Champlain's first arrival, viz ; in 1603, Cartier had ascended the great river and had discovered what is now Canada, he found the Mohawks, (a tribe of the Six Nations) living near the present city of Montreal. On Champlain's present visit, however, he found that that tribe had been driven by the Adirondacks south of the St. Lawrence and into the interior of the present State of New York ; and he also discovered that, for this reason, the tribe was in mortal fear, lest the Mohawks would return in large numbers and inflict dire revenge upon them. Accordingly, when in 1609 (the year after Champlain's arrival among them) some of the chiefs requested him to accompany them on an expedition against their hereditary foes, he consented to do so ; being influenced in his decision, both by the fact that he wished to explore for himself a country regarding which he had heard various marvelous accounts, and for the further reason, that by aiding them as an ally he thought he would be obtaining a still further hold on their consciences which would eventually work for their spiritual good.

Yielding, therefore, to these persuasions, Champlain, accompanied by several hundred Hurons and Adirondacks and twelve Frenchmen, the

latter like himself, armed with arquebuses—something like our modern carbines, embarked on the long contemplated expedition. When, however, the war-party reached the site of the present town of Sorel, the Indians quarrelled among themselves ; and many of them, together with ten of the Frenchmen, returning home, Champlain was left with sixty Hurons and two of his countrymen who had refused to desert him.

At length, on the second of July, Champlain and his two companions embarked with the Indians in twenty-four canoes and that day proceeded up the river to a point about nine miles above the Island of Theresa, where they encamped for the night. The next day, they continued on as far as the lake which they entered the following morning (the 4th of July,) eleven years before the landing of the Pilgrims and sixty-six years before King Phillip's war. "The lake," Champlain with pardonable pride says, in his journal "I named Lake Champlain." "Cumberland Head" was soon passed, and he, then from the opening of the great channel between Grand Isle and the main, looked forth on the "Wilderness sea." Parkman in his inimitable and picturesque style, has depicted the scene as presented at this critical moment as follows :

"Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far, on the left, the forest ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops ; and on the right rose the Adirondacks, haunts in these later years of amateur sportsmen from counting-rooms or college-halls, nay of adventurous beauty, with sketch-book and pencil[1]. Then the Iroquois made them their hunting ground ; and beyond, in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Onondaga and the Genesee, stretched the long line of their fire cautious and palisaded towns.

"At night they were encamped again. The scene is a familiar one to many a tourist and sportsman ; and perhaps, standing at sunset on the peaceful strand, Champlain saw what a roving student of this generation has seen on these same shores, at that same hour—the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky ; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heaven,[2] the crow

[1] Had Parkman written this a few years later he would probably have added the Kodak to the list of the fair one's outfit.

[2] Nor, is this an exaggeration on the part of Mr. Parkman. There is now (1899) in the Adirondacks—and within sight of Mr. Parkman's vision, a stump of a pine tree—the top of which, four feet from the ground is fully twelve feet in diameter. I, myself, from a count of its rings, two summers ago, estimated that it must have been quite a tree at the beginning of the Christian era.

perched on its top like an image carved in jet ; and aloft—the night-hawk, circling in his flight, and with a strange whizzing sound driving through the air each moment for the insects which he makes his prey."

Continuing on their voyage, they coasted along the west shore of the lake until they came within two or three days journey of the place, where they expected to meet the enemy. After this they traveled only by night, each morning retiring into a barricaded camp to pass the day. The party advanced with the utmost caution, keeping their canoes close together and making no noise which might be heard by the enemy should they happen to be in close proximity. During the whole journey they used no fire and lived upon dried Indian meal soaked in water.

In his account of this expedition, Champlain refers particularly to the superstition of the Indians, and the importance they attached to dreams. Whenever he awoke they would, he says, eagerly inquire whether he had dreamed or seen their enemies. Greatly to their chagrin, however, night after night passed without Champlain's dreaming. At length, one day, while the party lay concealed near Crown Point, Champlain fell asleep and thought he saw one of the Iroquois drowning in the lake within sight of the encampment. On awaking he revealed his dream to the Indians, which, he says "gained such credit among them that they no longer doubted but that they should meet with success. That same night, about ten o'clock of the 30th, while proceeding cautiously along they suddenly met a war party of the Iroquois who were passing down the western bank of the lake in canoes. The exact location of the spot where this meeting took place is still in dispute ; but it seems probable that it was on one of these spurs of land which put out into the lake in the towns either of Dresden or Putnam.

The Iroquois, on their part, upon discrying so unexpectedly their ancient enemies made all haste to erect a palisade by cutting down trees with their stone hatchets[1] ; and as it was mutually understood between the opposing parties that hostilities were not to begin until day-break, the remainder of the night was spent by both sides in inter-

[1] As Champlain, in his journal states that the Iroquois used stone and other hatchets, a number of writers have vainly endeavored to speculate if these "other" hatchets do not mean made of steel or iron, some arguing that this fact shows that the Iroquois had of themselves advanced to proficiencies in making use of iron. The true explanation would seem that these iron hatchets had been taken from the Algonquins in their forays—which hatchets in turn had been given to the Algonquins in trade by Champlain on his first landing in 1603.

changing the vilest and coarsest epithets with each other, intermingled with singing, dancing and painting their bodies.

"You Huron dogs are cowards," the Iroquois would shout from their barricade of logs. "How dare you come against the *Hedonosaune?* Have we not whipped you often before?"

"We will show you *Mingo* squaws what we are," the Hurons would reply. "You have beaten us sometimes when you had two to one; but you dare not fight us man to man; and now we will whip you even if you have the most."

"The scalps of the Hurons hang thick in our lodges: our squaws and our children play with them every day. Soon they will play with yours; you cannot stand before our arms."

"Oh, ho!" would a Huron yell out in reply, "your arms will be worthless before these which we have. We have weapons you have never seen before. You will fall before them as if the Great Spirit had stricken you with his lightning."

"And thus with boasts and taunts, with shouts and screams, with plentiful repetitions of their epithets of 'dog' 'coward' 'slave' and 'squaw' the summer night passed swift, away." "Indeed" says Champlain, "this commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace and boasting gave increasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants—much like the beleaguers and beseiged in a beleaguered town."

The fact that all Indians give great weight to dreams was an additional impetus to the bravery of the Hurons in the coming conflict as all doubt on their part as to the result of the impending conflict was laid aside. Hence, as soon as the dawn began to shed its light over the placid lake, the Hurons were, so to speak, believing as they did that this dream showed "he was twice armed who had his quarrel just," rushed into the fray with avidity. They were, however, met by the Iroquois with equal enthusiasm; and Champlain himself in his Journal is compelled, with genuine admiration, to pay a glowing tribute to their robust, athletic forms, the exceeding gravity of their deportment and the confidence with which, emerging from their extemporized barricade, they took up their position. The Iroquois were led by three chieftains each of whom were distinguished by three feathers upon the top of his head, larger than those worn by the other warriors. These chiefs were considered so formidable by his Indian allies that they beseiged Champlain, at all hazzards to bring them down with the "white man's

magical weapons of war." The result of their solicitations is thus given by Champlain in his account of the ensuing engagement.[1]

"The moment we landed they [the Algonquins and Hurons] began to run about two hundred paces towards their enemies who stood firm and had not yet perceived my companions, who went into the bush with some savages. Our Indians commenced calling in a loud voice, and opening their ranks, placed me at their head about twenty paces in advance, in which order we marched until I was within thirty paces of the enemy. The moment they saw me they halted, gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us I raised my arbequebus and aiming directly at one of the three chiefs two of them fell to the ground by this shot, and one of them received a wound of which he afterwards died. I had put four balls in my arbequebus. Our party, on witnessing a shot so favorable to them, set up such tremendous shouts that thunder could not have been heard, and yet there was no lack of arrows on one side or the other. The Iroquois were greatly astonished at seeing two men killed so instantly, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow proof armor woven of cotton and thread and wood; this frightened them very much. While as I was reloading, one of my companions in the bush fired a shot which so astonished them anew, seeing their chiefs slain, that they lost courage, took to flight, and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depths of the forest, whither pursuing them I killed some others. Our savages also killed several of these and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest carried off the wounded. Fifteen or sixteen of our party were wounded by arrows, but they were promptly cured."

Three hours after the combat, the victors were on their way back to Canada. On their return, Champlain was greatly disgusted with the tortures to which his allies subjected their prisoners and, finally, unable to endure the sight longer, especially of one whose agonies were particularly aggravating, he seized his arbequebus and put an end to his sufferings. In Champlain's remonstrance against this torture he says he had told them that the French never so used their prisoners. "Not indeed," says Parkman, "their prisoners of war; but had Champlain stood a few months later in the frenzied crowd on the *Place de la Gréve* at Paris—had he seen the regicide, Ravaillac, the veins of his forehead bursting with anguish, the hot lead and oil seething in his lacerated

[1] Voyages de la Nouvo France.

breast, and the horses vainly panting to drag his strong limbs assunder—he might have felt that Indian barbarity had found its match in the hell-born ingenuity of grave and learned judges."

The victors made a prompt retreat from the scene of their triumph. Three or four days brought them to the mouth of the Richelieu[1] But when they entered the St. Lawrence River, the allies became alarmed with fears that their enemies were in pursuit of them and notwithstanding Champlain's encouragement, loosing all their courage, they fled down the stream at the rate of thirty leagues a day. The Hurons and Algonquins made for the Ottawa—their homeward route—and also for the purpose of putting as much space between them and the Iroquois as they could—each with a share of prisoners for future torments. However, they all parted with Champlain highly pleased; and from this time onward, their several tribes became firmly attached to the French and their interests.

I have dwelt at length upon this expedition of Champlain, not only because it was the first conflict in New York on the Canadian border between the whites and the aboriginals, but also of the momentus consequences which this sally of Champlain entailed upon American civilization. Indeed, as it has been well and most justly said, "Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the "Five Nations." Here was the beginning, in some measures doubtless the cause, of a long suit of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood."

CHAPTER III.

William and Mary's War, 1681-1697 — Queen Anne's War, 1702-1713 — The old French and Indian War, 1744-1748 — Captain John Schuyler's Journal, 1790.

For nearly one hundred years after Champlain's raid, nothing of stirring interest occurred in the county, it being for that length of time merely a war-path used by predatory bands of Indians, Dutch and French troops as they, each in turn, made their forays, either upon the Canadian or Dutch frontiers.

[1] Also called the St. John and the Sorel Rivers. See note *ante*.

The result of the alliance between Champlain and the Adirondacks, as before hinted, was a most bitter hostility on the part of the Iroquois towards the French, which continued, without intermission, until after the conquest of New York from the Dutch in 1664. During that long period even the artful Jesuits failed to make any considerable impression upon them—especially upon the Mohawks, at whose hands three of their number (Fathers Joques, Brebœuf and Lallemand) suffered martyrdom with the spirit of primitive apostles. More than once, likewise, before and after that date, the Iroquois swept over the French settlements with the torch and tomahawk, tracking their paths in blood and carrying consternation even to the gates of Quebec. At length, with a view of putting an end to these forays, M. de Courcelles, Governor of Canada, thought to administer a staggering blow to the Mohawks by invading their villages, thus carrying the atrocities of war to their very doors. Accordingly, in the winter of 1666, that Governor despatched under a French officer, M. de Tracy, a party, consisting of some five hundred French troops and two hundred Canadians, which proceeded up Lake Champlain on snow-shoes and thence by way of the site of Fort Edward, through the forests to the vicinity of Schenectady. The expedition, however, was a total failure; for, owing to their ignorance of the country and the intense cold of an unusually severe winter, by the time its destination was reached, the party had nearly perished. To add, moreover, to its discomfiture, some Mohawks, taking advantage of its deplorable condition, ambushed and killed a number of M. de Tracy's command; whereupon the remainder of his force, after sufferings that seem almost incredible, finally reached Canada.

Meanwhile, the Revolution of 1687, which brought William and Mary upon the throne, having been followed by war between England and France, the Colonies were of course involved in the conflict; and as a consequence, the Iroquois—especially the Mohawks and Onondagas,—being supplied with arms by the Government of New York, rekindled their war-fires, painted their faces anew, and became, to the Canadian border, a greater terror than ever. In the latter part of 1687, a band of Mohawks destroyed the village of Chambley, bringing a number of their captives who had escaped the tomahawk to Albany. Again, two years afterward, in August, 1689, fifteen hundred Indians landed upon the Island of Montreal and slew every man and beast that they found.

Indeed, these frequent and bloody incursions became such a serious

obstacle to the growing prosperity of Canada, that Count Frontenac, then Governor of Canada, revived the policy of attempting to detach the Six-Nations from the English interest. To this end, through the efforts of a Jesuit priest, residing among the Oneidas, all the "confederates," save the Mohawks, were induced to meet the emmissaries of the French in council at Onondaga. At the same time, with a view of making an unfavorable impression upon the Mohawks, as to the power of the English to defend their own settlements against the arms of the French King, a secret expedition was set on foot against Schenectady. The expedition passed, as usual through a portion of the county—which resulted in a frightful massacre of the slumbering inhabitants of that devoted town, on the night of the 8th of February, 1690. But the "Six Nations" were neither won to the interests of the French either by the persuasions of their agents at Onondaga or by the terrors of the scene of Schenectady.[1] The veteran chief, Sadekanaghtie, an Onondaga chief of great eminence acted the skilful diplomatist at the council, while the Mohawks, deeply sympathized with their suffering neighbors at Schenectady and harrassed the invaders to good purpose on their retreat—attacking their rear near the present site of Fort Edward, and sending their war parties again into Canada, even to the attack once more on the Island of Montreal.

The massacre at Schenectady, accompanied, as it was, by frightful Indian atrocities elsewhere along the border around New York, determined the eastern Colonies to attempt the conquest of Canada. In pursuance of this determination Gen. John Winthrop, with a thousand Connecticut and New York troops, in the summer of 1690, set out from Albany with the intention of capturing Montreal. Proceeding up the Hudson, he crossed the county to Wood Creek and down this stream to the present village of Whitehall. But his expedition was

[1] When the attack on Schenectady began at 11 o'clock at night never were people in a more wretched consternation. Before they were risen from their beds, the enemy entered their houses and began the perpetration of the most inhuman barbarities, with the most dreadful slaughter of the citizens. "No tongue," says Col. Schuyler, "can express the cruelties which were committed. The whole village was instantly in a blaze. Women, with child, ripped open, and their infants cast into the flames or dashed against the posts of the doors. Sixty-three persons were massacred at the midnight hour; the Dutch Church and sixty-three houses were burned to ashes; the whole place, with the exception of five houses, left standing and no more. Twenty-seven men and boys capable of walking were carried prisoners to Canada, a few persons fled naked to Albany, through a deep snow which fell that night in a terrible storm; and twenty-five of these fugitives lost their limbs in the flight through the severity of the storm." "Bonney's Historical Gleanings." —Such was one result among many of a nearly similar character, of Champlain's shameful and entirly unprovoked raid on the Iroquois!

very similar to that of the King of France who "marched his army up the hill and down again;" for, giving as an excuse, that the Mohawks had failed to support him in such numbers as to warrant proceeding further, he returned to Albany.

Chagrined at such an unlooked for result, Captain John Schuyler,[1] a younger brother of Major Peter and grandfather of General Schuyler of Revolutionary fame—got together a volunteer force of twenty-nine whites, and one hundred and twenty Indians, and started out for a foray on the Canadian border. His journal of this attempt to annoy the French is given in the proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society (vol. I.) and is particularly interesting as giving some of the earliest names of localities in Washington county. As it is, the volume of the New Jersey Historical Society containing it, is now of very great rarity, and I, therefore give the Journal in full.[2]

JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN JOHN SCHUYLER.

"Journal of Captain John Schuyler who voluntarily embarked at Hout-Kill [Wood Creek] on the 13th of August, 1690, with 29 Christians [whites] and 120 Savages [Indians] whom he recruited at Wood Creek, as volunteers under his command to fight the enemy. Nearly about the swamps [het vevdronken land in the original MS.] meaning the low lands that bordered Wood Creek. I met Captain Sander [Alexander] Glen on his way back to Albany because the greatest number returned. The aforesaid Sanders had in his company twenty-eight whites [Christians] and five Savages [Indians] and came from Tsimonorosie [Ticonderoga[3]] where Capt. Sanders had been waiting eight

[1] Captain John Schuyler was born in Albany, April 5th, 1668, and was the youngest son of Phillip Pieterse Schuyler of Amsterdam, Holland, and Margaret Van Sleechtenhorst of New Kerck, and grandson of Pieter Schuyler, who about the year 1632, removed with his family from Amsterdam and established himself in the present state of New Jersey. In May, 1698, John Schuyler, then a colonel and a member of the King's council for New York, was at the head of the deputation sent by the Earl of Bellomont,* Governor of New York, to the Count de Frontenac, at Montreal, with the communication of the Peace of Ryswyck.

* For an account of the treacherous conduct of the Earl of Bellomont, regarding Capt. Kidd, the "Buccaneer," the reader is referred to my "Life of Wm. Kidd."

[2] JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN JOHN SCHUYLER, on his expedition to Canada and Fort La Prairie during the latter part of August, 1690—Translated by S. Alofsen, from the original Dutch Manuscript at present (1845) in the possession of Robert Schuyler, Esq,. of New York—For the loan of which precious document I am indebted to the courtesy of my friend Wm. S. Styker, Adjutant-General of the State of New Jersey.

[3] Ticonderoga is known in American History as "Fort Vaudreuil," "Carillon," and "Ticonderoga," or, as the British called it, "Ticonderago." Its first name was derived from one of the earliest French Governor-Generals of Canada; the second took the name from the twinkling

days for his whole corps. From these, Captain John Schuyler, thirteen Christians and five Savages to continue with Captain Schuyler on the voyage to Canada and there to fight their mutual enemy. When the rest of the company had left us, and we had advanced nearly two hours on our voyage, we found two canoes which had been sent out to spy and which had shot an elk. After we had done eating and had supplied our canoes we proceeded on our way as far as Canaghsionie [now Whitehall.] The 15th day of August we came one German mile above the *Crayn Punt* [Crown-Point[1]]. The 16th ditto, we advanced as far as Kanardero [Westport] and resolved at that place to travel by night, and that night went around to near the spot where Ambrosio Corlaer drowned, and there one of our savages fell into convulsions charmed and conjured by the Devil, and said that a great battle had taken place at Cubeck [Quebec] and that much heavy cannon must have been fired there; and that one hundred canoes with Savages had come down the river [the Mohawk] from Coederogqua [Cadaraqui or Fort Frontenac, now Kingston on Lake Ontario.] And about one hour after sunrise we went to Oghraro, where I placed the first guard and nominated Barent Wemp as officer of the Guard. The 17th ditto, in the evening, we proceeded to Ogharonde. A Tsenondoga [Onondaga] Savage of our company died there of sickness, when the Onnidi [Oneida] Savage gave a *bandt sewandt* [wampum-belt] for the atonement of the dead.[2] That day, Captain Schuyler with his subalturn officers and the chief of the Savages, resolved where they should make their attack upon the enemy, and they found good by the majority to fall upon Laplarie; [La Prairie] whereupon the Makivase [Mohawk or Maquas] gave a wampum-belt to the Schaghkoekse [Scatikoke] Savages, as a token to stand by each other, and what they do call onnoghquasa in a Goeva. [The meaning of this is not plain]. The Onniderse [Oneida] Savages did the same to the Maqua [Mohawk] Savages by some hand-full of *sewandt* [wampum] and in this manner this resolution was decidedly agreed upon and confirmed with *kusikaje* [shaking of hands] as well as by the Christians,

musical ripple of the rapids at the outlet of Lake George (Carillon meaning literally "a chime of bells") while the third is a composite Indian word referring to its situation, or rather to the cascades formed by the overflow of Lake George. About 1774 in a curious poem about this region, Col. Arent Schuyler de Peyster, Eighth (King's regiment of) foot, adds another spelling—Tycandarougue, which doubtless was the pronounciation.

[1] Crown Point corrupted from the Dutch Cruin Punt—meaning "The Summit Point."

[2] We easily trace in this the teachings of the Jesuit Missionaries regarding masses for the dead.

as by the Savages as to who should be their chiefs or headmen, Carristasio and Tehoesequatho and Juriaen the ferocious. The 18th ditto, set out in the evening, and about midnight we saw a light fall down from out the sky to the south, by which we were all perplexed what token this might be. The 19th ditto, on account of the hard wind, we laid still, because we could not proceed, and we were laying about three miles above the sand bank of Siamble [Chambley[1]] The 20th ditto, we sent out spies along the west side of the river Siamble and found there a shield of a vanguard from Canada and 14 palisades to which they had bound their prisoners which they had fetched from New England. The 21st ditto, we proceeded to about one mile below the above mentioned sand-bank of Chambley, when we again sent out spies [scouts ?] who discovered some places where French and Savage spies had been keeping double night-watch and that the same had embarked for Siamble. There, after having first placed our canoes and provisions in safety, we, the 22nd ditto, pursued our voyage by land and traveled that day to close under La Prairie—the road being very difficult on account of the softness of the clay, through which we had to pass, so that two of our Christians returned to our canoes. Coming through the clay, we heard much firing of musketry, by which we were astonished what it might be. The 22nd ditto, in the morning, I sent spies toward the fort to see how it was ; coming home, said all the folks were leaving the fort of La Prairie to cut corn. Then we resolved in what manner we should hinder them from obtaining the fort again and agreed to do so by stopping their way to the fort; but by the eagerness of the young Savages such was prevented, because Christians as well as Savages fell on with a war-cry, which displeased the officer, and that they fell on without orders having been given ; but they [nevertheless] made 19 prisoners, six scalps, under which were four women folk. The first prisoner was examined, asking him, what the firing of yesterday at La Prairie signified ? said, the Governor, yesterday went away with 800 men and the people discharged their muskets at their departure, because their scouts had not heard from us. Then we fell upon their cattle ; we pierced and shot to death nearly 150 head of oxen and cows, and then we set fire to all their horses and barns which we found in the fields, their hay, and everything else which would take fire. Then

[1] The River Richelieu, Sorel, Chamble (or Chambley) and the St. Johns—all of which names were given to this river.

we *Christians* [?] resolved to fall upon the Fort, but, could not move the Savages to give their consent to help us attack the fort [probably on account of the Indian fear of cannon; see report of Muskan in 1775.] The fort fired alarms when Monrejall [Montreal] and Siamble [Chambly] answered, so that we resolved to depart with our prisoners to Albany. A Savage of ours was stabbed to death, whom we burned in a barn, and we went that day seven German miles on our way back. Then the Savages killed two French prisoners because they could not travel on account of their wounds. A little while after this we sat down to eat and thanked the Governor of Canada (The Count de Frontignac) for his salute of heavy cannon during our meal—they fired from the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon from all three of the forts. Thursday, we traveled to the River Chambley where our canoes were lying. The 24th ditto, we went as far as Fort Lamotte; the 25th ditto, we reached the sand point, where we shot two elks. The 26th ditto, we came to the little stone fort, and from there sent a canoe with men to Albany to bring the news of what had happened to us. The 27th ditto, we proceeded to Canaghsione [Whitehall] and there shot nine elks. The 28th ditto, we travelled to the little *het valletje* [mill dam] above Saraghtoge. The 30th of August we arrived at Albany, under the command of Captain John Schuyler.[1]

It will thus be seen that the sole issue of this expedition of Captain John Schuyler was only the bringing to Albany of nineteen prisoners and six scalps taken from those slain in this raid.

At length, disgusted by these meager results, Major Peter Schuyler, then the Mayor of Albany, was ordered to conduct another expedition into Canada. He was selected for this duty as no one understood Indian affairs better than he; while his influence over the Iroquois was so great, that whatever Quider[2], as they called him, either recommended or disproved, had the force of law. This power over them was supported, and had been obtained, by repeated offices of kindness, and his signal bravery and activity in the defense of his country. Indeed, the Indians had conferred on him the name of Cayenquinago, or "The

[1] This Journal, I trust, will make plain to the reader, the atrocious barbarities of these border forays—whether undertaken by the Colonists or the French, it was the same; and this is still more noticable, when it is remembered that this cold-blooded narration of these cruel exploits—in which the writer of the Journal seems to glory—was not written by a Savage, but by one high up in the councils of a so-called civilized nation. Further comment, however, surely is unnecessary!

[2] Quider, the Iroquois pronounciation of Peter. Having no labials in their languages they could not say Peter.

Great Swift Arrow," as a compliment for a remarkably rapid journey made by him from New York to Schenectady on a sudden emergency.

Collecting, therefore, a party of some five hundred Mohawks, and taking the same route as had been followed by his brother the year before, on the 26th of June, he reached the site of Fort Edward and on the 31st that of Fort-Anne. Tarrying here only long enough to build canoes[1], his command floated down to the mouth of Wood Creek (Whitehall) and thence embarked on their voyage down the Lake. In his attacks upon La Prairie—the object of his journey—he was entirely successful; and after killing three hundred of the enemy, he returned in safety to Albany.

Despairing, at length, of making a peace with the Five Nations[2] Count Frontenac determined to strike a blow upon the Mohawks in their own country—which purpose was securely executed in the month of February, 1693. Accordingly, he sent against that tribe a body of four hundred and twenty-five troops and two hundred Huron-Wyandotts under the command of the French Partizan, de Mantelle. This command on snow-shoes and with its commissariat on sledges entered Lake George by the carrying-place at Ticonderoga; and skirting the ice of that Lake along the western border of Washington county, it suddenly emerged from the primeval forest in front of the "Mohawk Castles." For once that vigilant race of warriors were taken completely by surprise; two of these castles being entered and captured without much resistance—the warriors of both having been mostly absent at Schenectady. On assailing the third, or "upper Castle," however, the invaders met with a different reception. The warriors within, to the number of forty were engaged in a war-dance preparatory to going upon some military expedition upon which they were about embarking; and

[1] The making of a canoe was as follows: The Indians having selected from the forest the smoothest bodied and largest bass-wood or elm tree, the bark was carefully peeled in one entire sheet, free from cracks or holes. It was then spread out upon the ground, the smooth side downward, and held in this position by heavy stones and blocks of wood placed upon it. The sides and ends were then bent upwards, and retained in this position by numerous small stakes, so driven into the ground as to press against them. Thus, the shape of a boat was given to the sheet of bark which being securely held at every point by weights and stakes for several days until it became thoroughly dried, then retained its form. A few braces and other supports to render it more firm were then added; and the rude craft was ready to be launched and carry its burden over the water.—*Dr. Asa Fitch.*

[2] It will be observed, in this narrative, that I frequently speak of the "Five Nations" and the "Six Nations," The explanation is this, viz: that up to 1735, the "Five Nations composing the Iroquois, was intact, until in that year, by taking in the Tuscaroras of North Carolina it was henceforth known as the "Six Nations."

though inferior in force, yet they yielded not without a struggle, nor, indeed, until thirty of the assailants had been slain. About three hundred of the Mohawks were taken prisoners in this invasion, in respect to which the people of Schenectady have been charged with bad conduct. They neither aided their neighbors, nor even apprized them of the approach of danger, although informed of the fact in due season themselves. But "Quider," the fast friend of the Indians, and his brother John, at once took the field at the head of the militia of Albany, hastily called together; and harrassed the invaders during their retreat. Sharply pursuing them, he caught up with their extinguished camp-fires near Greenfield Center (5 miles from Saratoga Springs.) Two miles further on, the pursuing party learned, through a Christian Indian boy, that the French were only three miles in advance. Losing no time, they at once broke up their camp and marched to within a mile of the enemy, where the French had hurriedly thrown up a barricade near what is now known as the "Stiles' Tavern" in Wilton, on the eastern border of the Palmertown Mountains.[1] Quider's party soon appeared before the hurridly improvized camp of the French. The forest at once rang with the war-whoops of the Savages; and the English Indians set to work to entrench themselves behind fallen trees. Meanwhile, the French and their Indian allies sallied out to dislodge them. The attack was fierce and the resistance equally so. With the French, a Priest of the "Mission of the Mountain" named Gay, was in the thick of the fight; and when he saw his followers run, he threw himself before them, crying "what are you afraid of?" We are fighting with Infidels who have nothing human but their shape. Have you forgotten that the Holy Virgin is our leader and our protector, and that you are subjects of the King of France, whose name makes all Europe tremble? Three times the French renewed the attack in vain. They then gave up the attempt and lay quietly behind their barricades of trees. So, also, did their English opponents. The morning was dark and dreary—a drifting snow-storm filling the air. The English were out of provisions and in a starving condition. The Indians on the English side, did not lack for provisions, having received some unknown to their

[1] How little does the casual visitor at Saratoga Springs, realize that, within a ride of one hour, he can drive to this spot, and bring himself into the events of our border war-fare of scarcely two hundred years since! Many of the visitors, who are interested in the country's annals would gladly take the opportunity of going to this spot—though many of them (as in the case of the Saratoga Monument) distant only by rail one-half hour, care little about it only thinking of their immediate pleasure!

white friends. "Schuyler was invited to taste some of the broth which they had prepared, but his appetite was spoiled when he saw them ladle out a man's hand out of the kettle. His allies were making their breakfast on the bodies of the dead Frenchmen!"

The French, in the early morning under cover of a severe snow storm, took the route through Lake George, while their dusky allies struck over the highlands in the town of Putnam, now in Washington county, to Lake Champlain. In one of the skirmishes, de Mantelle was killed; and, indeed, had it not been for the protection of a snow-storm and the accidental resting of a large cake of ice upon the Hudson, thus forming a bridge for their escape, the entire force of the French would have been cut off and either slain or captured. Nor, did the pursuers fare very much better. Schuyler's Indian allies were so short of food that they fed upon the dead bodies of their enemies; and the latter, before reaching Canada, were forced to subsist upon the leather of their shoes and belts!

QUEEN ANNE'S WAR.

Although the Peace of Ryswick in 1597, put an end, for the time being, to these barbarities, yet in the spring of 1702, hostilities were again proclaimed by England against France and Spain; and it was in the progress of this conflict that the first changes from a primeval wilderness to partial clearings began to appear in this county. Happily, too, the Five Nations had just previously concluded a formal treaty, of neutrality with the Canadian French, and consequently, the murderous forays of the Algonquins and Iroquois on the confines of Canada and New York were not renewed on a great scale. Washington county, however, was still the thoroughfare for small predatory bands; but it was not until 1709 that any expedition of importance passed through its territory. But, before entering into a narrative of that expedition it will be of benefit to the reader to give a description of the route from Albany to Canada, especially as it became famous in the military operations of the Colonies from this time until the close of the Revolutionary war—that portion of it which lay across this county being particularly noted as its most formidable part. Nor, in this matter, can I do better, perhaps, than to quote, on this point, the following description from the pen of that eminent local historian, Dr. Asa Fitch. He writes:

"In passing from the Hudson to Lake Champlain, a greater amount of carriage overland had to be here encountered than occurred in all

the rest of the route; and this portage, consequently, came to be designated as "the Great Carrying-Place." It began at the present village of Fort Edward, whence three routes diverged to different points upon the Lakes. The *eastern* route was by way of Fort Anne and Wood Creek to the head of the Lake at the present village of Whitehall, a distance of twenty-four miles; but aided by bateaux on Wood Creek, the land carriage on this route was only from six to ten miles. Indeed, in time of high water, loaded bateaux, and at all times, canoes, could pass from the Hudson up Fort Edward creek three miles, whence was a portage of one mile and a half to a point on Wood Creek where it was similarly navigable. The *middle* route diverged from the one already divided, near Fort Anne and passed through Welsh Hollow to the head of South Bay—an arm of Lake Champlain reaching three or four miles southwest of Whitehall. When there was a deficiency of bateaux on Wood Creek this route was resorted to for land-carriage in preference to the longer one to Whitehall. The *western* route was by way of Glens Falls to the head of Lake George, a distance of fourteen miles. The sandy soil in this direction always furnished a fine road, unaffected by stormy weather, and through a more healthy district than were portions of the other routes;[1] but it had the disadvantage of an additional carrying-place at the outlet of Lake George. From Albany to Fort Edward, around the falls and rapids in the Hudson, a land-carriage was required amounting in the aggregate to twelve miles. These several portages, ere they obtained their distinctive names, were designated by numbers: "the Great Carrying-Place," being the first, Fort Miller Falls the second, the fall at Saratoga Dam, the third, etc."

Immediately, upon the breaking out of hostilities the frontier towns of New England were ruthlessly ravaged by the tomahawk and scalping knife. It was seen, also, that it would be impossible for the rival French and English colonists to continue under two separate sovereigns with such contiguity of territory; and consequently, the most rigorous measures must be adopted if this momentous question was to be definitely settled. Accordingly, the British Ministry, after war had been formally declared, lost no time in adopting measures and organizing a plan for the conquest of the French in America. This plan contemplated an attack by water, by way of the St. Lawrence, upon Quebec; while, simultaneously, a force of fifteen hundred men from New York,

[1] Owing to the low lands along Wood Creek malignant dysentery often made its appearance among the troops posted in its vicinity.

Conneticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were to rendezvous at Albany preparatory to the capture of Montreal by way of Lake Champlain. Although all of the above colonies were cordial in their support of this movement yet, that of New York entered most enthusiastically into the undertaking. The Five Nations, through the efforts of "Quider" (Peter Schuyler) straightway took up the hatchet and sent five hundred of their warriors into the field; while, in addition to the independent companies of the Colony four hundred and eighty-seven men were mustered into the service; thus forming with the other troops from the other provinces a body fifteen hundred strong. And to show how earnest New York was in this matter, the commissioners for procuring and transporting provisions and other supplies, were authorized to "break open houses, to impress vessels, teamsters, horses and wagons." Of the carpenters and house-joiners, impressed into this service, thirty were sent in advance to the head of the Lake at Whitehall, where a hundred bateaux and the same number of bark canoes were constructed; while, at the several carrying-places along the route, block-houses, barricades and storehouses were built. At the same time, as preliminary to the advance of the army, New York put forth all its energy to open a road at its own expense, which not only greatly facilitated the movements of the troops, but the forwarding of the supplies for the army with celerity and safety.

This road began nearly opposite the present village of Schuylerville on the east side of the Hudson and ran up that river's bank to Fort Edward and thence by way of Wood Creek to the head of Lake Champlain—a distance of forty miles through a dense primeval forest. Along this route three forts were erected. The northernmost one of these, on the west side of Wood Creek, was built partly from funds furnished by the British government and was named, in honor of the reigning sovereign, Fort Anne[1]. Another was erected at the beginning of the "Great Carrying-Place" between the Hudson and the head of Wood Creek—on the same site as where Fort Edward was afterwards built—and was called Fort Nicholson in honor of the officer in command of this expedition; while the third, called Saraghtoga,[2] was erected in the

[1] The present Champlain canal passes partly through the spot which it encircled.

[2] Saratoga is an Indian word of the Iroquois language—*Saratoga*, *Kayaderoga*, and *Sarahoga* as it is variously written—and in view of the great confusion existing in regard to it an explanation is in place. The word means "*The Place of the Swift Water.*" "*Saragh*," *signifying* "*Swift water*," "*aga*" or "*oga*" in the Iroquois dialect being merely an inflection or termination mean-

present town of Easton, on the summit of one of the river hills opposite Schuylerville, about a mile south of the present road from that village to Galesville. These last two forts were built entirely at the expense of the Province of New York. All these forts were built entirely of wood, and were surrounded by palisades so constructed as to render their garrisons almost impervious to the fire of musketry—and as, at that time, cannons brought against them through the wilderness were undreamed of, these defences were deemed amply able to ward of attacks either from the French or hostile Indians. The fort erected at Saratoga is the only one of which any description (detailed or otherwise) has come down to us; and singularly enough, it is from the pen not of a contemporaneous native officer or even private, but from that of a foreigner—the Sweedish naturalist Kalm,[1] who visited it fifty years after its erection, viz; in 1749. He writes: "Saratoga has been a fort built of wood by the English to stop the attacks of the French Indians upon the English inhabitants in these parts, and to serve as a rampart to Albany. It is situated on a hill, on the east side of the River Hudson, and is built of thick posts driven into the ground close to each other, in the manner of palisades, forming a square, the length of whose sides was within the reach of a musket shot [*i. e.* a musket fired from side of the fort could carry a ball to the opposite side.] At each corner are the houses of the officers, and within the palisades are the barracks, all of timber."

Finally, all the arrangements for the descent upon Canada being complete, the army under the command of Col. Nicholson, left Albany and encamped at Fort Anne, where they awaited intelligence of the arrival of the forces from England destined for the assault on Quebec, in order that both attacks might be made in complete accord—each army co-operating with the other.

Meanwhile, M. de Vandreuil, the Governor of Canada, learning of Nicholson's formidable force at Wood Creek, dispatched a force of fifteen

ing* "the place of" or "the people of" hence, Ticonderoga "the place where the Lake (Lake George) shuts itself"; Scand*aga* "the place or the people of the roaring water;" Ni*agara*, "the place of the falling waters," etc. Formerly, Schuyler's settlement on the Hudson, (near Schuylerville) was known by the name of Saratoga or "swift water" to distinguish that part of the river from the "still-water" which there begins and extends down to the present village of Stillwater—Saratoga Lake was afterwards thus named from its proximity to *Sarag*htoga on the River; and when the Springs became famous, as they were within the district, they were named *Saratoga Springs*. The above is undoubtedly the true origin of the name, notwithstanding so called authorities have endeavored to give different solutions.

* Letter of Sir William Johnson to Arthur Lee, of the Philosophical Society, upon the language of the Six Nations, February 28, 1772. Can there be any better authority?

[1] I shall have occasion further on to quote from this same gentleman.

hundred troops to Lake Champlain to oppose that officer's further advance; but learning through his scouts that the English army was superior to his own, as well that it was strongly posted, he caused his men to return. Nor, were the two expeditions on the English side more successful. The fleet destined for the attack on Quebec was diverted and sent instead to support Portugal against the power of Castile; while Nicholson's army, discouraged by delays, and greatly reduced in strength by a malignant and very fatal dysentery which broke out among his troops as they lay encamped on the bank of Wood Creek,[1] returned to Albany with his army where it was soon afterward disbanded.

In 1711, another attempt was made by the Colonists for the invasion of Canada. Col. Nicholson was again placed in command, and with Cols. Schuyler, Ingolsby and Whitney, and with two thousand English, one thousand Germans and Dutch, and one thousand Indians of the Five Nations, he began his march towards Lake Champlain, taking, however, in view of his past experience at Wood Creek, the Lake George route. At the same time, an army of sixty-four hundred men, under Gen. Hill, sailed from Boston for a simultaneous attack on Quebec. A storm, however, coming up in the St. Lawrence, which drowned three thousand of his men, Hill, abandoning the expedition, returned to Cape Breton; and Nicholson, learning of this failure, returned once more to Albany.

These two abortive attempts upon Canada not only greatly discouraged the Colonists, but occasioned for a time, derisive comment on the part of the Five Nations for the inglorious end of the efforts of their English allies, whom they began to look upon as a "weak and cowardly people." "Indeed," such a fatality seemed to attend every attempt to conquer Canada that many good people were almost constrained to believe that Providence had pre-determined that all such attempts should be frustrated." In fact, the outlook for New York was dark. The Indians

[1] This sickness was said by Charlevoix to have been produced by the treachery of Nicholson's Indian allies who designedly threw the skins of those animals taken in hunting into the creek. Doctor Fitch, however, questions this statement, and ascribes it to a malignant dysentery brought on by the troops drinking the stagnant water which flowed into the creek from the surrounding marches. *See my previous note.* The dreadful nature of the disease may be conjectured from the statement of the Jesuit, Father Marreuil, who had been taken prisoner by the English and confined in Albany. He states, that when on his release, he returned to Canada, and passed over the spot where Nicholson's army had encamped, he judged from the number of graves which he counted that at a low estimate a thousand were there buried. Estimating Nicholson's force at 1500, fully sixty-six per cent must have fallen victims to this dreadful scourge!

became restless and listened favorably to the renewed propositions of peace from the French, who now boldly threatened— and so assured the Iroquois—an invasion of the Province of New York both by sea and land. Fortunately, however, the Peace of Utrecht in the spring of 1713 dispelled these clouds of gloom—the French King, Louis XIV, by this treaty, releasing his nominal Sovereignity over the Iroquois, and recognizing their country as subject to the Dominion of Great Britain.

THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

The repose which the Colonies had so long enjoyed since the Peace of Utrecht, under the administration of Sir Robert Walpole—owing probably not more to the policy of that minister than to the pacific temper of the Duke of Orleans—the Regent of France during the minority of Louis XV—was, of course, ended by the receipt of the Declaration of War against France in 1744. Indeed, the news of this declaration had not reached the colonies before Duquesnel, the French Governor of Cape Breton, invaded the Island of Canseau, burnt the houses, and made prisoners both of the garrison and its inhabitants.

The declaration of hostilities was announced to the General Assembly of New York by the Colonial Governor, Clinton, on the 18th of July, 1744, as a measure that had become indispensable to the honor and dignity of the crown; but, above all because of the movements of France in behalf of the Popish Pretender. In his address, he urged immediate and strong measures for the security not only of the City of New York, but for the general defence of the Colony and especially of the Frontiers.

Meanwhile, during the period of peace that had elapsed from 1713 to 1744, what means had been provided by the New York colonies, looking toward future troubles? absolutely nothing! No permanent settlement had ever been established in what is now Washington county as a bulwark to French aggressions. Fort Anne (not Fort St. Ann, as it has been incorrectly called from ignorance of the origin of its name) and built, as has been seen, in 1709, had been occupied for a few years only and then burned by Nicholson on the return of his army to Albany in 1711 (Kalm by the way, saw the remains of its burnt palisades when he passed them in 1749, forty years after its erection.) The "Little Stone Fort," mentioned by Capt. John Schuyler in 1690, in his Journal from which I have before quoted was evidently of no value even as a defense against the Adirondacks; and Fort Saratoga was therefore the

nearest post to the Canadian posts of La Prairie and Chambley in the north. Such, then was the condition of affairs, when in 1744, the "Old French war" broke out; and from the above description of the northern defences of New York, it will readily be seen that the war found that province utterly unprepared for this emergency. It was, therefore, not surprising that Clinton, in his announcement of hostilities, should have intimated that measures had already been taken for strengthening the posts of Oswego and Saratoga—which measures had consisted in some attention having been given to keeping the fort at Saratoga in repair, and having on the outbreak of hostilities dispatched a detachment of troops to garrison that fort. The next year Col. Phillip Schuyler was sent by the Colonial Government to erect six block-houses at Saratoga.[1] This was a work entailing great personal danger, as hostile Indians continually lurked behind every tree in the forest awaiting their opportunity to bring down any one within the range of their rifles. The house of Col. Lydius on the site of Fort Nicholson was burned and his son taken to Canada as a captive. Finally, on the 16th of November, 1745, an attack by some four hundred French and two hundred and twenty Indians under the command of a French partizan officer named Molang, was made upon the fort at Saratoga itself; and although it was not taken, yet not only was it virtually destroyed but the damage inflicted upon the surrounding property, was considerable. The artifice practiced by the Indians and French in their attack on the fort, is thus narrated by Kalm.

"A party of French, with their Indians, concealed themselves by night in a thicket near the fort. In the morning, some of their Indians as they had previously resolved, went to have a nearer view of the fort. The English fired upon them as soon as they saw them at a distance; the Indians pretended to be wounded, fell down, got up again, ran a little way and dropped again. About half of the garrison rushed out to take them prisoners, but as soon as they were come up with them the French and the remaining Indians came out of the bushes betwixt the fortress and the English, surrounded them and took them prisoners. Those who remained in the fort had hardly time to shut the gates, nor could they fire upon the enemy because they equally exposed their countrymen to danger, and they were vexed to see their enemies take

[1] The reader should bear in mind that when "Fort Saratoga" is mentioned it was in the town of Easton, Washington county, opposite the present town of Schuylerville.

and carry them off in their sight and under their cannon." The saw mills—which had to their owners became quite lucrative, and other buildings on the opposite bank of the river near the mouth of Fish Creek were burned to the ground except a new mill standing out of their course, as were other dwellings scattered along the river in the vicinity of those residing at this place. Hoyt says, in his "Indian wars," the greater part of them were killed by the tomahawk while others, scarcely so fortunate, were carried into captivity. The affair is represented as having been barbarous; and while I have not been able to find the number of persons killed, the slaughter must have been considerable, since Governor Clinton, in a speech to the Assembly several weeks afterwards, says: "Many of our people were murdered." Among the slain was the brave Captain Schuyler, a brother of Colonel Phillip Schuyler. More than one hundred captives were taken away, a majority of whom were blacks—slaves it is presumed. Thirty families were sacrificed in the massacre; a description of the horrors of which would be but a repetition of the story of Schenectady, fifty-five years before. So adroitly had the enemy concocted their plans that every house must have been attacked at nearly the same instant of time. One family only escaped, the footsteps of whose flight were lighted by the conflagragation. From Saratoga, the invaders crossed the Hudson, and swept with equal desolation over the village of Hoosic lying just beyond the southern limits of this county. A small fort at this place, commanded by Col. Hawks, made a spirited defence but was compelled to surrender. These events laid Washington and other frontier counties naked and open to the ravages of the enemy down to the very gates of Albany, spreading general consternation through the interior of the Province. As a consequence, the inhabitants in the settlements most exposed rushed to Albany for security; and the males of that city, capable of bearing arms, were obliged to go upon the watch in the environs, each in his turn every other night.

In the succeeding winter of 1746, the New York Colonial Assembly at the request of the Schuyler family, voted a hundred and fifty pounds to build a fort in place of Fort Saratoga—now, as before stated, in a useless and deserted condition. It was not, however, purely patriotism on the family's part, but it was intended to guard the large fields east of the old fort, which notwithstanding the destruction of the houses and mills it was hoped might be guarded. Accordingly, in the spring of that year, on a hill considerably west of the old site of Fort Saratoga,

a new fortress was built. The new fort was much larger than the old one, being a hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred and fifty wide, with six wooden redoubts for barracks. It was fortified with six 12 pound and six 18 pound cannon and received the name of Fort Clinton in honor of the English Governor George Clinton—father of Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander in the Revolution.

In the early part of June, 1747, Col. (afterwards Sir William Johnson) was advised that the French, with their always loyal Indian allies (thanks to Champlain) were again showing themselves in the vicinity of Fort Clinton near the old site of Fort Saratoga. By the 16th of the same month, he was also informed, by the return of an unsuccessful war-party of the Schoharies, of the approach upon Lake Champlain of a fleet of three hundred canoes, and admonished to be on his guard against a surprise. Immediately, on the arrival of this intelligence at Saratoga, Capt. Chew was ordered forth with a detachment of one hundred men to reconnoiter the country between that post and the head of Lake Champlain. Falling in with the enemy on the 19th of June, an action ensued in which fifteen of his men were killed and forty-seven more, with himself, taken prisoners. The detachment encountered by Chew, was commanded by the famous French partizan La Corn de St. Luc, who immediately fell back upon a much larger force, occupying the path of communication between the Hudson and the Lake. But La Corn did not fall back without leaving a detachment of three hundred men, under M. Laquel, to lurk about Fort Saratoga, and cut off approaching supplies and reinforcements. According to the representation of one of the enemy's Indians, who deserted and came to Saratoga, the main force of the French at the "Great Carrying-Place," consisted of twelve companies. The Indian informed farther, that St. Luc was to advance again immediately with artillery and mining tools, to lay siege to the Fort. Meantime, the three hundred who had been left in the environs of the Fort, under M. Laquel, performed bold service by appearing openly and attempting to fire a block-house, used, as they supposed, as a magazine, by shooting burning arrows, against its walls. "The person appointed to perform this duty," said the commander of the Fort in a letter written to Col. Johnson, "had a blanket carried before him that he might not discover (to the garrison ?) the fire upon the tops of his arrows. The main body of the enemy soon moved down to Fish Creek about a mile south of Fort Clinton, and a detachment of their troops was thrown between that post and Albany. Col. Schuyler at

once marched with his regiment, together with such other forces as he could raise on the instant to meet the invaders; who, however, though greatly superior in numbers, retired at his approach and fell back to Crown Point.

Fort Clinton was held by the Colony during the remainder of the summer; but, in the fall, the garrison were withdrawn and the fort burned by order of Governor Clinton, his reason being that the Provincial Assembly would not vote sufficient money to keep it in thorough repair. Indeed the wonder is that Clinton had not adopted this measure long before. In the early spring of 1747, the officers wrote from Fort Clinton (or "Saratoga" as it was interchangably still called) that the garrison of that fort were almost in a state of mutiny from lack of pay, and that they were fearful the garrison would desert in a body. Col. Roberts also soon after wrote Col. Wm. Johnson announcing the desertion of thirty-four men from a single company; and, indeed, the garrison had become so much weakened as to create serious apprehensions that the fort would be lost; while the officers stationed at that fort wrote to the Governor that they could not persuade the designated quotas of the northern militia companies for the defence of that jeoparded position to remain. The fort at this time was garrisoned by the New Jersey levies, commanded by Col. Peter Schuyler; but as Mr. Clinton was inflexable in his purpose of drawing no more upon the Crown, there was grave danger of a speedy evacuation of the post for want of provisons In fact, information to that effect from Col. Schuyler himself, caused the Assembly to address the Governor on the 9th of September, praying earnestly for the adoption of such measures as would prevent the destruction of the forces, and prevent the fortress from falling into the hands of the enemy with its heavy cannon and stores. In the event of the threatened desertion of the Jersey men, the House suggested that the post might be regarrisoned by a detachment from the new levies destined against Canada, or if these levies were not still within his Excellency's command, they prayed that a portion of the independent fusileers might be sent thither, the Assembly pledging the necessary supplies for that service. But before this address had been presented, the Governor had rendered any answer thereto unnecessary by a message of a very decided character in reply to the resolutions of the House of the preceding week, in which all the demands for supplies were reiterated, with a threat that unless the house should revoke its determination not to provide for the transportation of supplies to the outposts he should

be under the necessity of withdrawing the garrisons both from Oswego and Saratoga (Ft. Clinton)—points which would of course be immediately occupied by the enemy. The Assembly, however, still proving contumacious, the Governor was forced, as we have seen, to the dismantling of the fort and the withdrawl of its garrison in pursuance of his threat.

Aside from these events here related, little of moment occurred in Washington county, during the remainder of the war. Block-houses, in addition to the dilapidated fort at Saratoga were, by order of the Assembly, erected and a garrison maintained during the continuance of the war. A definite Treaty of Peace, however was soon after concluded, on the 7th of October 1748, at Aix La Chapelle; though considering the circumstances under which it was concluded, and the relative strength of the parties and the condition of the alliance at the head of which was England, for the farther prosecution of the contest, it was a most inglorious peace.

Thus ended the "old French War," produced by the wickedness of Frederick, "the evils of which were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and Red-men scalped by the Great Lakes of America[1]."

CHAPTER IV.

KALM'S JOURNEY THROUGH WHAT IS NOW WASHINGTON COUNTY IN 1749: AND THE FIRST BEGINNINGS OF SETTLEMENTS IN ITS TERRITORY.

Now, that the Peace of Aix La Chapelle, in 1748, has happily put an end, for the time being at least, to the many bloody atrocities which I have been compelled, as a truthful historian, to place before the reader, this is a fitting opportunity to carry him into more peaceful scenes. Hence, he is invited first to look upon Washington county as it then was, through the eyes of the distinguished Sweedish botanist Kalm. This gentleman, whom I have before quoted, was evidently a person of very shrewd observation. He had crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of exploring the *fauna* and *flora* of this country; and the

[1] Macauley's *Life of Frederick the Great.*

restoration of peace had enabled him to journey leisurely through what is now Washington county into Canada.

With a guide he left Albany in a canoe, on the 23d of June, 1749, and proceeded up the river. Most of the farms above Albany lay along the river, all the houses were built of logs, the interstices being filled with clay. He observed that contiguous to each house was a small garden, in which squash, water-melon and kidney beans were reared—all having an orchard of apple trees. In Halfmoon was a large Dutch barn, which seems to have afforded him much amusement and this was the last building he saw in the Province; for every house and barn north of that had been burned by the Indians during the war. The owners, however, were now returning to their houseless farms or clearings—their families being huddled into temporary shanties—some of them, even, having no shelter except a slight shed made of a few boards.

From his *Journal*, it would seem as if it cost our travellers much labor to get their canoe up the several rapids from the mouth of the Mohawk to Stillwater near Fort Saratoga.

He passed two Indians in their bark canoes. Occasionally he came across a clearing which had been turned into cornfields and meadows before the war but were now entirely deserted: He reached Saratoga, June 24th, and lay over night in a hut of boards orected by a family who had ventured to return after the massacre. "On the following morning," says the narrative, "we proceeded up the river, but after we had advanced about an English mile, we fell in with a waterfall [Saratoga Dam] which cost us a deal of pains before we could get our canoe over it. Above the fall the river is very deep, the water slides along silently and increases suddenly near the shores. After rowing several miles, we passed another water fall [Fort. Miller] which is longer and more dangerous than the preceding one. We intended to have gone quite up to Fort Nicholson [Fort Edward] in the canoe, but we found it impossible to get over this upper fall, the canoe being heavy and scarce any water in the river, except in one place where it flowed over the rock, and where it was impossible to get up on account of the steepness and violence of the fall. We were, accordingly, obliged to leave our canoe here, and to carry our baggage through unfrequented woods to Fort Anne, on the river Wood Creek, during which we were quite spent on account of the heat. We passed the night in the midst of the forest, plagued with mosquetos, gnats and wood-lice, and in fear of all kinds of snakes." At Fort Anne he describes the weather as being

oppressively hot, while he was again tormented by midges (black flies ?) and mosquetoes. Speaking of the gnats he says they are very minute and are ten times worse than the larger ones, the mosquetos; for their size renders them next to imperceptible; they are careless of their lives, suck their fill of blood, and cause a burning pain" The insect, here alluded to, says Dr. Fitch, we readily recognize as being the *Simuruien noievum* of Dr. Harris, which still occurs in woodland districts in June, throughout this vicinity. More recent researches plainly show that Kalm was in error in regarding this and the mosqueto as identical with similar European insects.[1]

Embarking with their guide, as they paddled down Wood Creek they came near having their canoe stove in by running upon the sunken logs which abounded in this stream. But with much care this calamity was avoided; and finally they reached the French post at Crown Point. Here Kalm tarried till an opportunity occurred for his passing down the Lake to Canada, while his guide returned to Albany. In his progress through the country he makes observations respecting the musk rat, the sassafras, the chestnut, the fir or hemlock, the hawthorn, aub-hillocks, wood-lice, the arbor-vitae, the elder, the iron-wood, squirrels, the "Giant's Pots" worn in the rock at Fort Miller, and other valuable objects of a similar character. He also made many discoveries of rare and beautiful plants before unknown to Europeans; and in our swamps and lowlands a modest flower, the *Kalmia Glauca* (swamp laurel) blooms in perpetual remembrance of his visit."

EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

Although the County and the Colonies, in general, were once more at peace, yet the exposed situation of this territory to attacks from Canada, entirely discouraged its settlement at this period. It is true, that a few bold emigrants occasionally made their way into this country; but the majority preferred (and with reason) to locate west of Albany in the neighborhood of the friendly Mohawks, rather than run the risk of having themselves and families tomahawked and scalped or taken captives into Canada by locating so near the Canadian frontier. Scarcely, therefore, any advance was made in settling the country to the north of Albany at this period. Moreover, all thoughts of enter-

[1] Dr. Fitch, in this remark, is undoubtedly correct—for Fitch has long been recognized as perhaps, the greatest authority on entimology in the United States.

prises of this nature, were given up, when, in 1731, the French, taking advantage of the pusillanimity of the English built and occupied Crown-Point on Lake Champlain, twenty miles north of this county, and Fort Frederick, on the promontory called by the Iroquois Ticonderoga—the definition of which is "There the lake shuts itself." The erection of these two forts at these places, far within the territory which Great Britain had ever regarded as her own and upon the very ground to which this province had, for over thirty years previously asserted its jurisdiction by the grant made to Dellins (to which allusion has been made in the introductory chapter) was felt to be a most impudent and audacious proceeding, palpably contravening the treaty stipulation existing between England and France, and, as has been hinted, the seemingly manifest indifference of the mother country to resent this occupation of its territory, and thus afford no protection to settlers, who otherwise might gladly have taken up land, was a great hindrance to the early settlement of this country. Indeed, all the northern colonies (as is seen by the minutes of the various assemblies) looked with feelings of sad forboding and dismay upon the establishment of Crown Point and Fort St. Frederick, forseeing that, on the recurrance of hostilities, it would be a nest from which bands of savage mauraders and scalping parties would be continually issuing to lay waste with fire and tomahawk the frontier settlements, even the people of Albany, dreading lest some of these calamities would fall to their lot. George Washington, himself, also, in the House of Burgesses in Virginia, predicted much trouble in the future for the Colonies—"if this flagrant defiance of treaties was to go unredressed."

The New England Colonial Assemblies, also, were fierce in their condemnation of this outrage, and indeed, it is really marvellous that *Great Britain* (not the Provinces as has been alleged) should have so passively submitted to such an alarming encroachment. The mother country, however, having thus tamely submitted, the colony of New York took the matters up, and began to devise some way in which these encroachments could be rendered nugatory.

And among the various schemes proposed for averting the dangers to which the Province of New York was exposed from the French settlements at Crown Point and Ticonderoga that which promised to be the most successful, was the project of planting a strong colony of hardy, resolute, energetic settlers upon the vacant lands between the

Hudson River and Lake Champlain.[1] Could such a settlement be formed, it would be a cordon through which the enemy could not easily break to molest the country below. But from what part of the British Empire could settlers, possessing the desired qualities, be drawn? The question was not difficult of solution. Their corporal habits and powers of endurance, their stability of sentiment and indisputable perseverance, and more than all else, their noted antipathy to Popery and their execration of France and Frenchmen, as the espousers of the Pretender's claims to the British throne, set forth in strong relief the Protestant inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland, as the very people for forming the proposed settlement. A proclamation was, therefore, published by the Governor, and circulated through north Britain, inviting "loyal Protestant Highlands" from that country to colonize the vacant land in this district—setting forth the liberal terms on which these lands would be granted them.

Captain Laughton Campbell was, by this proclamation, induced to visit this country in the year 1737. He traversed the country, and was pleased with its soil. The Indians whom he here met, admired his athletic form and the gay colors of his tartan costume and entreated him to come and live in their neighborhood. Lieut.-Governor Clarke, the acting Governor of the Province of New York, at that time, also urged him to found a settlement here, promising him a grant of thirty thousand acres, free from all charges, except those of the survey and the King's quit-rent. Thus allowed, Captain Campbell returned to Scotland, and sold his estate situated on the Island of Iola, and collected a company of eighty-three protestant families comprising four hundred and twenty-three adults and a large number of children. The delays, disappointments and calamities with which these adventurers from the Heberdees were destined to be tantalized and disheartened ere they reached the goal for which they ever were starting, may almost remind one of the journeyings of Israel to the Land of Promise. Defraying the expenses of their passage, Capt. Campbell arrived in New York with part of this company in 1738, the remainder coming over the following

[1] The account in this chapter which here follows, I have taken almost in its entirity from Dr. Fitch's *Historical Scenes of Washington County*. It would have been a comparatively easy matter to have changed his phraseology, and so have not acknowledged any indebtedness, but, I prefer to give it to the reader just as he wrote it—and it stands a monument to his great power of research—for it should be remembered that when he entered this field, 1849, it was one entirely unploughed—nor do subsequent investigations (save in a few minute and unimportant particulars) contravene his statements.

year. "Private faith and public honor," says Smith in his history of New York, "loudly demanded the fair execution of a project so expensive to the undertaker and beneficial to the colony."

But the prospect of having a large tract speedily improved and thereby rapidly enhanced in value, excited the cupidity of the Governor and the Surveyor-General, and they refused to make out the promised conveyance unless they received the usual fees therefor and were also allowed a share with Campbell in the grant. Upon his refusal to take the land upon these terms, the Governor began tampering with the emigrants to induce them to settle upon the proposed lands independent of Captain Campbell. The Assembly of the Province was in session at this time but that body and the executive were in open hostility to each other. To alarm them, therefore, into a compliance with his wishes in this affair, the Governor, on the 13th of October, 1738, communicated to the Assembly that the French were intending to commence settlements at Wood Creek and advised them without delay, to provide for the immediate settlement in that district of the Scotch emigrants just arrived, and for whose relief he asked aid. But ere the Assembly had acted on this subject the Governor became so exasperated with their opposition to him that he dissolved them and ordered a new election.

In his opening speech, March 23, 1739, the Governor said: "The peopling of that part of the county to the north of Saratoga will be of great advantage to the Province in strengthening the frontier and enlarging your trade. I hope, therefore, you will give them some needful assistance. This subject was further pressed upon the attention of the Assembly by a "pathetic petition from these poor strangers;" and Mr. Livingston's compassion for them in their destitute situation was so excited that he introduced a motion for a gift of seven pounds to each family to enable them to settle the lands at Wood Creek. But the suspicions at once arose in the minds of some of the members that this money would go to the Governor to pay his fees for signing the grant. Thus influenced by their suspicions they rejected the proposition.

An abhorence of being dupes to the self-interested motives of those in power, is the only apology that can be made in behalf of the Assembly for thus withholding their patronage from a measure of such importance to the province. Had the proposed settlement been commenced at this time, it would doubtedlessly have formed a powerful barrier on this frontier at the outbreak of the French War of 1744, and would have

warded off those calamities with which the feeble and scattered Dutch settlements were then assailed.

Hence, the illusion of these poor emigrants that they were to be speedily located and build up another Argyleshire in the wilds of America was dispelled; and the forlorn situation in which they now saw themselves placed, was, even to their stout hearts, all but overwhelming. Poor and friendless, in a strange land, ignorant of the language, costumes, modes of labor, where could they hope to obtain shelter? Where could their wives and little ones find food unless the ravens fed them? to escape from impending starvation many enlisted in an expedition against the West Indies, while others wandered forth from New York and became scattered among the Dutch inhabitants of the several river counties above that city.

Captain Campbell, after finding that he could not obtain the grant from the Governor, upon the terms that had been promised, memorilized the Board of Trade in England; but the difficulties and delays attending the step, were so great, that his means became exhausted and he was unable longer to keep his emigrants from starvation. With the poor remains of his broken fortune, he purchased and settled down upon a small farm in the Province. A few years after, in 1745, when the Rebellion broke out in Scotland, he hastened back to that country and served under the Duke of Cumberland. After the war, he returned hither to his family, and soon afterwards died, leaving a widow and six children to feel in after-years the consequences of his disappointments. Such is the sad history of one whose high sense of honor and sound judgment, whose energy, patriotism and military talents, eminently fitted him for the enterprise in which he embarked. But for the baseness of those in power, there can be little doubt that the name of Laughton Campbell would now be inscribed in the annals of our State, as the Sir William Johnson of the Upper Hudson.

After the failure of Campbell's undertaking, the project was much discussed of purchasing the "Saratoga Patent" from its proprietors and settling it with friendly Indians, erecting a fort thereon, and cultivating the lands for them, and thus form a barrier to protect the country below. But no steps were undertaken towards carrying out the scheme.

THE FIRST FAMILY LOCATED IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Within the bounds of Washington county, we have no indications of but one family as located at this period; and in regard to this family

our information is very meager as has already been stated in my Introduction. The claim of Dellins to the lands from the Batten Kill to Crown Point appears to have been transferred by him to the Rev. John Lydius—although it appears that 1600 acres on the Hudson above the mouth of the Batten Kill had been granted May 5th, 1732 to Cornelius Cuyler (a merchant in Albany) and Wm. Kettlehuyn. But probably, for the purpose of strengthening their claim by possession of residence upon this tract, Col. Lydius,[1] a son of the minister, erected a house at Fort Edward and resided there with his family, engaging in traffic with the Indians—one of the most lucrative branches of business in the Province at that time. His daughter Catharine was born here at this period, and was as near as I can ascertain the *first* child born of civilized parents in Washington county.[2] She married Henry Cuyler, and died at an advanced age at Greenbush, April, 1820. Of her four sons, the two oldest entered the British service in the time of the Revolutionary War. One of these rose to the rank of a colonel in the army and was killed in Portugal; the other was a post-captain in the navy. Her third son, William Howe Cuyler, in the war of 1812, was an aide-de-camp in the American army on the Niagara frontier, and walking along the river bank one dark night with a lighted lantern, was killed by a shot from the opposite shore. Of her youngest son, Burton, we have no information. Her three daughters were Mrs. John Sprole, Mrs. —— Le Roy and Mrs. Richard L. Smith.

Such then, was the condition of Washington county, at the time of which we are now writing. The silence of its primeval wilderness was unbroken, save by the hooting of the owl or the scream of the panther; and its solitude was undisturbed except by savage beasts, or still more Savage tribes as the latter passed two and fro upon the war-path.

[1] As I am writing this I have before me a paper *The New York Weekly Journal*, January 27, 1734, addressed to Mr. John Henry Lydius—Albany.—S.

[2] I am fully aware that this statement is disputed, but I prefer, *every time* to take the authority of Dr. Fitch to *any* other.—S.

CHAPTER V.

The French War, 1754–63 — Sketch of Fort Edward — Visits to It of Distinguished Travellers.

Blood had been spilled; Washington defeated; and the scalping knife unsheathed from the Ohio to the Kennebec; yet England and France were still at peace. Notwithstanding the bold assumptions of France, the vacillating course of the Newcastle Ministry rendered a definite policy toward that government impossible; and although the defeat at the Great Meadows roused the ministry sufficiently to ask the advice of Horatio Gates, a youghtful officer just arrived from Nova Scotia, yet they soon relapsed into their former imbecility, leaving the charge of American affairs to the Duke of Cumberland, at that time the Captain-General of the armies of Great Britain.

The Duke of Cumberland, who has been described as "cruel and sanguinary," regarded the opportunity thus afforded for indulging in his favorite pastime, war, with delight; and rightly judging that the French were bent on hostilities, he dispatched in January, 1755, while the ministry was still hesitating, two regiments to America under the command of Edward Braddock—a supercilious officer and one more acquainted with military manoeuvers in Hyde Park with men in glittering uniforms than with Indian warfare. He sailed from Cork the 14th of January, and arived in the Chesapeake the latter part of February. The French, thoroughly cognizant of the intentions of the English, notwithstanding the absurd diplomatic subtleties with which England's foolish prime-minister was amusing the French Court, immediately made preparations for sending large reinforcements into Canada; and with such a design a fleet of transports carrying troops under the command of Baron Dieskau, a veteran soldier, sailed from Brest early in May.

Meanwhile, as the prospect of war became more certain the alarm of the colonists grew so great as to induce the Governor of New York to send a message to the Assembly on the 4th of February in which he reminded them of the weak state of the frontier fortifications, should the French make—which was quite possible—a descent upon the Province. Albany he thought, should therefore be fortified without delay, and a

strong fort built at some advanced place upon the Hudson, whence scouts could be sent out to gain intelligence and give timely notice of the enemy's approach.

While New York was thus showing its active interest in the ucal of the Colony, a conference of the Colonial Governor had been called by Braddock, shortly after his arrival in Virginia, to meet on the 14th of April at Alexandria, Va., to devise measures for a vigorous prosecution of the war against the French. Yet, at the same time, it was distinctly understood (as no formal declaration of war had as yet passed between the two Governments) that Canada was not to be invaded, but only French encroachments along the frontier repelled.

A. this conference, four separate expeditions were planned by Braddock and the Royal Governors—the first for the complete reduction of Nova Scotia was to be commanded by Monckton, the Lieutenant Governor of that Province; a second under Braddock himself, was to recover the Ohio Valley; the third under the command of Shirley was to expel the French from Niagara, and form a junction with Braddock's forces; and the fourth was to be given to Major-General William Johnson, having for its object the capture of Crown Point. The latter was to have under him the provincial militia of New York and the warriors of the Six Nations[1]; and his acknowledged influence over the latter, especially, gave great promise of success.

The result of three of these so carefully planned expedition are matters of record and does not come within the province of this History Monckton's expedition in Nova Scotia, aside from his brutal act of expelling the inoffensive and peaceful Acadians, was of no moment in regard to the effect of the war; Braddock's Expedition failed with his death and defeat, most ignomiously; while, Shirley, in his attempt on Niagara, got no farther than Oswego, on account of a severe storm on the Lake which destroyed his fleet and the consequent desertion of his Indian allies.

Thus, two, and in fact, three of the expeditions so carefully planned at Alexandria had signally failed. The hope of all the Colonies were now centered, in fearful suspense, upon the result of the expedition of Major-General Johnson. Crown Point had been strongly reinforced.

[1] The "Five Nations" had now become the "Six Nations" as stated in a previous note, owing to the former having finally adopted the Tuscaroras of North and South Carolina, into the confederacy. The reasons for this adoption do not properly come within the province of this history and are therfore not given.

Dieskau, who had advanced to South Bay (Whitehall) at the head of Lake Champlain, with a force of fifteen hundred French, Canadians and Indians, was watching with eagle eye his movements. Should Johnson fail the hopes of the Colonies are lost !

But the end of June (1755) all the forces destined for the reduction of Crown Point had assembled at Albany. They were composed chiefly of Provincial militia from the Colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. New York had contributed one regiment to the expedition, and New Hampshire had raised for the same object, five hundred sturdy mountaineers, and had placed them under the command of Colonel Joshua Blanchard, who had as one of his lieutenants John Stark, afterward the hero of Bennington.

In the beginning of August, General Lyman was sent forward with some six hundred men—the greater part of the troops to erect a fort on the east bank of the Hudson River at the "Great Carrying Place" between that river and Lake George, and which afterwards received from General Johnson the name of Fort Edward. This was in accordance with the recommendation of the Governor to the Assembly which has been before referred to [1]

And here, before following up the army and military tactics of General Johnson, a description of this fort—a fort which, as it will afterward be seen, was destined to play such an important part not only in this present French War, but in that of the Revolution, will be given.

SKETCH OF FORT EDWARD.

Fort Edward, a short distance from which the death of Jane McCrea took place—an event which will be narrated in its proper place in this History—has an important niche in American history. In Colonial times it was a central point of interest both to the Whites and to the Indians; and, as we have seen, in the wars of William and Mary, Queen Anne's, the old French, and the French Wars both sides were equally anxious to possess it. In consequence, as we shall still further see, in the progress of this history, many thrilling adventures occurred in its immediate vicinity.

The first white man, says Sir William Johnson, who settled in the

[1] It was while on his way to Lake George that in pursuance of the same general plan, that Lyman in August of this year, halted his troops and built a fort in old Saratoga at the mouth of Fish Creek (now Schuylerville on the Hudson,) and named it Fort Hardy in honor of Sir Charles Hardy then Governor of New York.

town, was Colonel John Henry Lydius, son of a Dutch minister of Albany. Lydius was a man of extensive acquaintance with the Indians, having resided much among them in Canada for several years when he married, and again at Lake George. He erected several mills on an island opposited the present village of Fort Edward; and hence the name the place long went by—"Lydius' Mills." His daughter, Catharine, was, as I have previously mentioned, *the first white child* born in Washington county. The street in the Village of Fort Edward, now Broadway, was formerly called Lydius, after its founder. Colonel Lydius carried on an extensive trade with the Indians at this point for several years. He was, however, extremely unpopular with the Redmen, who justly accused him of having on various occasions, cheated them in land transactions. This feeling on the part of the Indians, at length culminated in 1747 (as has been noted) in which year they burned his house on the Island and carried his son prisoner into Canada.

Old Fort Edward stood close on the east bank of the Hudson, a few rods below the present railroad bridge. Nothing now (1899) remains of it, except as in the case of Fort Hardy at Schuylerville, a few slight mounds, where were the earth works, and the broken bricks and pottery which are mixed plentifully with the soil. At the best, it consisted only of a square fortified by two bastions on the east side, and by two semi-bastions on the side towards the river. It was built, as we have seen, in 1709 by the English for the protection of the northern frontier, and was called Fort Nicholson after its builder, Colonel Nicholson. Afterwards, it was known as Fort Lydius. After the failure of Colonel Nicholson's remarkable, though entirely abortive, expedition for the subjugation of Canada—an expedition the organization of which cost the Colonies and that of New York in particular a vast amount of money—the fort was abandoned and allowed to go to decay.

As before stated, in 1755, the English under General (afterward Sir William Johnson) made a forward movement towards the capture of Crown Point, and as one of the preliminary steps to this expedition General Phineas Lyman was sent forward to rebuild the fort. The site of the old fortification was abandoned, because it was too much commanded and a large redoubt, with a simple parapet and a wretched palisade was built on a more elevated spot not far distant. It stood close on the bank of the Hudson on the north side of the mouth of Fort Edward Creek. It was constructed of timber and earth. The ramparts were sixteen feet high and twenty-two feet thick and mounted

six cannon; and withall, a deep fosse was excavated in front of its two sides fronting upon and being protected by the above said Creek. In addition, moreover, to the several buildings which stood inside of the walls of the fort, and which accommodated 200 men, large storehouses and barracks were reared on the island opposite to it in the river. The first received the name of Fort Lyman from its builder and was a most important *dépôt* for the munitions of war in the northern movement of the English forces; besides which it was a general rendezvous of the army, and became afterwards a large hospital for the sick and wounded. As has been mentioned, this place also received the name of "The Great Carrying Place"—the reason for this designation being that the rapids and falls in the river above the fort made it impossible to ascend any farther with the bateaux. Consequently, the goods, arms and amunition were here unloaded, and carried overland either to Wood Creek at Fort Anne, where they were reshipped and thence taken to Lake Champlain, or else to the head of Lake George and thence down that lake to the carrying place at its foot into Lake Champlain by way of Ticonderoga.

In 1755, Israel Putnam was in General Lyman's regiment as the captain of a company, and was in all probability with him in the rebuilding of the fort. At any rate, he was frequently there during 1755 and the two succeeding years, and formed in the fort a headquarters for himself and his rangers. In 1757, he performed some heroic feats in its behalf—which will be narrated in detail in their proper place. In that year, a band of Indians approached it with the secrecy and craftiness so characteristic of the race and attempted to surprise and capture the garrison, but Putnam, then a major, was not easily taken. He and his men were ready for the Savages and put them speedily to flight. In the winter of that same year, the fort was accidentally set on fire. The flames spread rapidly, and for a time, it looked as though every thing would be destroyed. The powder magazine was in great danger, as the flames were getting very near it. Putnam, thereupon, placed himself between the fire and the magazine; and for an hour and a half, fought the flames until they were finally subdued. The covering of the magazine was scortched and blackened, and the brave Putnam came out of the conflict with his face, arms and hands fearfully burned. Many weeks passed before he recovered from his injuries. Two years afterward, 1758, Putnam and a few of his followers,

were again chased by the Indians in their canoes to a short distance below the fort. They were in a bateau and rapidly rowed down the river with their pursuers close behind them. Approaching the Falls at Fort Miller, there seemed to be no way of escape but by going over them. So the bateau was steered to the Falls and went over the verge. The Indians fired, and looked for the utter destruction of the crew, when, to their utter amazement, they were seen gliding rapidly away unharmed! Neither the leap over the Fort Miller Falls, nor the rapids below, nor their bullets had harmed their supposed victims; and henceforth, the Indians (as in the similar case of Washington at the fight of Braddock) considered Putnam as under the special protection of the Great Spirit!

During the year 1757, the fort was garrisoned by colonial troops under Colonel Haviland—for the protection of the northern frontier of the county. This appears from the following extracts from an Orderly Book—the manuscript of which belonged to General Phineas Lyman, and which has only within the last few months been purchased and printed at his own expense by Dr. W. Seward Webb. In his preface to this Orderly Book Dr. Webb speaks justly of General Lyman "as a man whose sterling qualities were not recognized by his English colleagues and superiors. The credit that was owing to him was given to others; but a study of the campaign of 1756, shows how ably he performed his part, and how much its success depended upon his efforts." Even General Johnson, as we have seen, completely ignored Lyman—a circumstance which must ever remain a blot upon that General's otherwise justly acquired fame.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORDERLY BOOK.

"*Fort Edward, July 27, 1757.* Parole *Fort William Henry*: The Lines are not to turn out Upon any Alarm Till ye Proper Signals are Made of ye 23d Instant. The Officer Commanding ye Covering Party at ye Brick-kill is Emmediately upon Hearing any Shots in The Woods To Take Upon Him ye Com^d^ of the Workman and File Into ye Woods So far as ye May Judge necessary in order to Get Upon ye Enemy's Rear and at ye Same Time To Send one Man of His Party To ye Commanding Off^r^ To Acquaint Him of it."

Parole *Hallyfax* "FORT EDWARD, *July 28, 1757.*

All ye Salers, Ship Carpenters and Boatman that Were Returned By ye Several Corps to Hold them Selves in readiness to March To ye Lake [Lake George]

The Ranging Companys Being to fire at a Mark Between ye Hours of 4 and 6 o'clock. The Troops To Be Immediately Acquainted with it that They May Not Be Alarmed with it—In ye Same Time ye Commanding offr of ye Sevl Regts may Send Such Men as Cannot Draw their Charges to Fire them off In Presence of an Uncommissined offr who will take Care that their Men Fire Their Pieces When No Accident May Happen "

Parole *Lindon.*[1] "FORT EDWARD, NOV. 10TH 1757

Col. Haviland's Orders, All ye Massachusetts Rhod-Islanders and Conneticutts (Except ye two companys of ye Conneticut Rangers) to hold them Selves in Readiness to march as soon as Carriage can be provided the men of these Corps now on Duty are to be Relieved by ye N. Yorkers.[2]

Mayr Rogers is to order a Guard of Rangers to post proper Sentry from it, in ye Live Stock Garden and Fire wood and No Sort of thing to be taken out of ye Garden without proper leave from Col. Haviland and no fire wood to be touch'd as they will be answerable for it and ye offender punished with the utmost Severity.

The Guard at ye Island End of ye Bridge [The one opposite Fort Edward] not to Suffer any more to pass over toward ye Garden after the Retreat—and any Preson [person] yt [that] is known (Either of ye Troops in Garson [Garrison] or on ye Island) to put down any part of a Hut on Either Side ye water will be brought to a Court Marschal for ye Same unless he Shall have particular leave for it.

Parole *Hampton.* FORT EDWARD, NOV. 10, 1757.

The Massachusetts and Rhodislanders to march Emmediately. They are to apply to Mr Lesley for carriage or proceed according to ye orders they have Recd from Lord Loudoun."

The Fort retained the name of Fort Lyman[3] but a few years, when it was changed to that of Fort Edward, in honor of Edward, Duke of York, a grandson of George II, or the brother of George III. During the Revolutionary War (as it will later on be seen) it was at times held

[1] The writer evidently was in advance of his age—having already adopted the phonetic spelling

[2] Robert Rogers, born Dunbarton, N. H., about 1730; died in England in 1800. During the French War he commanded with great credit to himself, a battalion of rangers who rendered excellent service. This battalion was the model from which Rufus Putnam (a cousin of "Old Put") organized the company of rangers which so effectively protected the Ohio Company settlements during the Indian War, 1791–1795. In 1760, Major Rogers, with 200 men, took possession of Detroit. In 1766, he was appointed by the King, Governor of Michilinacnac. He was subsequently accused of plotting to sell the Post to the French and was sent in irons to Montreal, tried by Court Martial and acquited, but deprived of his office. Shortly after the outbreak of the Revolution, he was arrested by Gen. Washington as a spy. Released upon parole he violated it, joined the British army and placed in command of the Queen's Rangers. In 1765 he published a "Journal of the French War." His "Journal of the Siege of Detroit" was published in 1860. He was, taken all in all, a notable character.

[3] Major-General Phineas Lyman, after whom the fort was first named, and to whom allusion has already been made, was born at Durham, Conn., about 1716; was graduated in 1738 at Yale College, in which he was afterwards a tutor three years; and settled as a lawyer in Suffield. He

by the British but was the greater portion of the time in the hands of the Americans, affording protection to the farmers of the surrounding country, who frequently flocked into it when fearful of the raids of the Indians and Tories.

And now, at this point, and in order to present a sketch of Fort Edward in *its entirety* I must request the reader to follow me some years ahead of the time reached in this history of Washington county, to events which took place during the Revolutionary War.

At the approach of Burgoyne's army from Fort Anne it was evacuated by the Americans by order of Gen. Schuyler until after the surrender of the British Army at Saratoga. While Burgoyne lay at Fort Miller, it was occupied by General Riedesel with his Brunswicker's. While here Riedesel buried two large bateaux inside of the Fort for the benefit of Col. St. Leger in case the latter should retreat by way of this place, marking the spot by two crosses to give the appearance of two graves. St. Leger, however, fell back on Oswego, and the bateaux were afterward found by the American Army—Riedesel was also quartered for three weeks on the garrison ground at Fort Amherst,[1] at the Half-way brook between the present village of Glens Falls and Lake George.[2]

Schuyler was greatly blamed for not defending Fort Edward, though there was really no fort to defend, as Schuyler writes to Gen. Washington in July 1777, "of Fort Edward there is nothing left but ruins. I have frequently galloped my horse in at one side and out at the other.".

Ticonderoga, as will be seen further on, had to be evacuated because it was commanded by Sugar Loaf Mountain. Fort Edward was in like

filled several public offices. In 1755, he was appointed Major-General and Commander-in-chief of the Connecticut forces and built Fort Lyman (as previously mentioned) near Fort Edward, N. Y. In 1758, he served under Abercromby. He was at the capture of Crown-Point by Amherst, and at the surrender of Montreal. In 1762, he commanded the Provincial troops in the expedition against Havana. In 1763, he went to England, as the agent of his brother officers, to receive their prize-money; also as agent of land on the Mississippi and wasted eleven years of his life. Being deluded for years by idle promises, his mind finally sunk down to imbecility, at last his wife, who was a sister of Prest. Dwight's father, sent his second son to England to solicit his return in 1774. A tract of 20,000 acres was granted to the petitioners, Feb. 2d, 1775, after his return, he embarked with his eldest son for the Mississippi, and both died soon after their arrival at West Florida in 1775. *Dwight's Travels.*

[1] The Fort Amherst here mentioned was a fortified camp, rather than a "Fort."

[2] Madam Riedesel joined her husband at Fort Edward. "The following day passed Ticonderoga, and about noon, arrived at Fort George [the present village of Caldwell at the head of Lake George] where we dined with Col. Anstruther, an exceeding good and amiable man, who commanded the 62d Regiment. In the afternoon we seated ourselves in a calash and reached Fort Edward on the same day, which was the 14th of August (1777)—*Stone's Translation of Madame Riedesel's Journal.*

manner commanded on all sides. Major Gerard, the Marquis de Chastellux who visited it in the winter of 1780, described it as situated in a basin or valley both as to the ground and encircling forests. "*Such is Fort Edward*," he writes "*so much spoken of in Europe* although it could at no time have been able to resist 500 men, with four pieces of cannon." The fact is Fort Edward was not a strong position and Kalm criticized both of these forts justly, on his visit to America in 1749. "They were" he wrote, "the result of jobs, badly located and badly built, with the design to put money into some favorite's pockets.[1]"

The Marquis de Chastellux closes his description of his trip to the Fort in the following graphic and picturesque words :

"I stopped here [Fort Edward] an hour to refresh my horses, and about noon set off to proceed as far as the *cataract* [Glens Falls] which is eight miles beyond it. On leaving the valley, I pursued the road to Lake George, I had scarcely lost sight of Fort Edward before the spectacle of devastation presented itself to my eyes, and continued to do so as far as the place I stopped at. Those who were in Burgoyne's way alone experienced the horrors of his expedition. Peace and industry had conducted cultivators admist these ancient forests, men contented and happy before the period of this war ; but on the last invasion of the Savages, the desolation has spread from Fort Schuyler [Fort Stanwix, the present village of Rome, N. Y.] to Fort Edward. I beheld nothing around me but the remains of conflagrations; a few bricks proof against the fire, were the only indications of ruined houses and homes; whilst the fences still entire, and cleared out lands announced that these deplorable habitations had once been the abode of riches and happiness.

"Arrived at the height of the cataract it was necessary for us to quit our sledges and walk a mile to the Hudson River. The snow was fifteen inches deep, which rendered this walk rather difficult and obliged us to proceed in Indian file in order to break a path. Each of us put ourselves alternately at the head of this little column, as the wild geese relieve each other to occupy the summit of the angle they form in their flight. The sight of the cataract was, however, an ample recompense. The Mohawk River at the Cohoes seems to fall from its own dead weight; that of the Hudson frets and becomes enraged. It foams and forms a whirlpool, and flies like a serpent making its escape, still continuing its menaces by horrible hisses.

[1] By this remark of Kalm, it would seem as if the political contractors of the present day for the building of our public works, are not much worse than those of an earlier period. Yet it is the fashion to hold up the past as being so much superior to the present in purity and uprightness.

"It was near two when we regained or sledges, having two and twenty miles to return to Saratoga, so that we trod back our steps as fast as possible, but we still had to halt at Fort Edward to refresh our horses. We employed this time, as we had done in the morning, in warming ourselves by the fires of the officers who commanded the garrison. There are five in number, and have about one hundred and fifty soldiers. They are stationed in this desert for the whole winter; and I leave the reader to imagine whether the garrison be much more gay than the two most melancholy ones of Gravalines or Briancon, our own in France. We set off again in an hour, and we had not gone far, before, just before dark, I had the satisfaction of seeing the first game I had met on my journey. It was a bevy of quails. They were perched to the number of seven upon a fence. I got out of my sledge to have a nearer view of them. They suffered me to approach within four paces; and to make them rise I was obliged to throw my cane at them; they all went off together in a flight similiar to that of partridges, and like them they are sedentary."

Fort Edward, in fact, seems always to have been a point of unusual interest to distinguished travellers. Thus, in 1796, President Dwight of Yale College visited the place.[1] He thus speaks of it:

"Fort Edward was planned by Captain Ayres[2] an engineer on the British Service, and completed by Gen. Schuyler[3] in the year 1755, principally with a design to check Savage incursions, and to be a depot for millitary stores and to protect the persons employed in transporting them. We found the work almost entire. It is built of earth, in the form of an irregular square, with three small bastions on the north, west, northeast and southeast angles and a counterfeit on the southwest. On two sides it was fronted by a ditch; under the third runs the Hudson the fourth is the bank of a deep sunk rivulet. From a sudden attack, therefore, it was well secured; but being in the neighborhood of several higher grounds, could not have been defended against artillery half an hour.[4] Its original name was Fort Lyman; derived from Major General

[1] In giving these extracts from the works of eminent tourists, I have taken for granted that the inhabitants of Washington county would be glad to know how a part of their county was viewed at this time.

[2] Captain William Eyre, is here referred to—a distinguished engineer of that day, and one of Gen. Braddock's most skillful artillerists. His services will again be alluded to.

[3] A mistake. It was completed by General Lyman.

[4] This it will be remembered was the opinion of the Marquis de Chantellux, an account of whose visit is given in this chapter.

Lyman, who at that time commanded the New England forces encamped here."

"And, Dr. Benjamin Silliman of Yale College also thus speaks of a visit he made to Fort Edward in 1819. He says :

"At this Fort [Fort Edward] we first observed the canal which is destined to connect the head waters of Lake Champlain with those of the Hudson. It is now on the point of being united with this river, and they are constructing the walls of the canal of a very handsome hewn stone, which is obtained, as I am informed, near Fort Anne and presents to the eye aided by a magnifier very minute plates and veins. It is of a dark hue and is shaped into handsome blocks by the tools of the workmen. I was gratified to see such firm and massy walls, constructed of this stone ; indeed, in point of solidity and beauty, they would do honor to the modern wet docks of Great Britain. It is intended to have a lock at this place, where there is a considerable descent into the Hudson.

"There is a village at Fort Edward bearing the same name, and I ought to have remarked that there are villages at Stillwater, Saratoga,[1] and Fort Miller; but there is nothing particularly interesting in any of them. Fort Edward, however, is memorable on account of its former importance. It is situated near the great bend of the Hudson, and formed the immediate connection with Lake George, which is sixteen miles, and with Lake Champlain, twenty-two miles distant. It was originally only an entrenched camp, but as its situation was important, it was soon converted into a regular fort. The walls appear to be, in some places, still twenty feet high, notwithstanding what time and the plow have done to reduce them; for the interior of the Fort, and the parapet are now in some places, planted with potatoes.

"In the last French War, it was an important station; and, in Gen. Burgoyne's campaign, it formed the medium of communication with Lake George, whence the provisions were brought forward for the use of the British Army, which was detained on this account at and near Fort Edward for six weeks—by which means, they lost the best part of the season for millitary operations; and as they moved down the river they relinquished the connection with Fort Edward and Lake George, and were never able to recover it."

After the French War, the fortification at Fort Edward became so dilapidated, that it was seldom occupied by any of the troops that were

[1] This does not refer, of course, to the present watering place of Saratoga Springs.

from time to time stationed there. Canada being now conquered it was supposed that there would be no further use for it; and accordingly, just before the Revolutionary War, a Dr. Smythe erected from the *debris* of the Fort, "The Red House," as it was called, for his dwelling.[1] Burgoyne occupied this house as his headquarters when at this place.

In closing the early history of this classic town—Fort Edward—it may be of interest to give the following very interesting incident, written by the late Jonathan Eastman of Concord, N. H., in regard to Burgoyne, which is given at length in the "Memoirs of General Stark" published at Concord, N. H. in 1831. Eastman writes:

"Just below Fort Edward, on the margin of a small brook, falling into the Hudson, the Americans[2] discovered there three graves neatly turfed, and having at the head-boards the names of three British officers. In walking over them, they sounded hollow and upon digging, the soldiers discovered three fine bateaux each capable of containing fifty men. They were well covered with boards; and were intended by some of Burgoyne's party to aid a retreat."

It will be seen, however, by referring to the letter of General Riedesel (Burgoyne's German ally) published in vol. I of my *Memoirs* of that General, that Eastman is mistaken in thinking that these bateaux were designed to facilitate Burgoyne's retreat—an idea that the British General, when at Fort Edward, never for a moment entertained.[3] The real object in burying these bateaux was to aid Col. Barry St. Leger in crossing the Hudson in case that through the failure of his expedition against Fort Stanwix, it should become necessary for him to retreat into Canada. In any event this precaution was useless, as St. Leger, after his defeat by General Herkimer, retired into Canada by way of Oswego.[4]

[1] This house is still (1900) standing in a fair state of preservation, near the five combined locks of the canal east of Sandy Hill.

[2] By "Americans," the writer refers to those troops under Stark who by a detour had taken possession of Fort Edward—thus aiding in surrounding Burgoyne and thus partly compelling him to surrender. This circumstance of the burial of the bateaux is referred to a page or two back.

[3] "British never retreat" was what, it will be remembered, Burgoyne had pompously proclaimed from Fort Edward.

[4] See my "Burgoyne's Campaign and St. Leger's Expedition."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRENCH WAR CONTINUED — MAJOR GENERAL JOHNSON'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE FRENCH AND HIS DEFEAT OF BARON DIESKAU — THE MORAL AND PHYSICAL RESULTS OF HIS VICTORY.

The reader, after this long digression, may, perhaps, remember that in the beginning of the last chapter, Major General Johnson was on the eve of setting out from Albany—the rendezvous of the army—for Crown Point to take command of the fourth expedition which had been planned by Braddock and the Royal Governors at Alexandria.

It had been the intention of Johnson to have gone forward at the same time as Gen. Lyman; and he would have done so, had he not been detained by the leaky condition of the bateaux, and also by difficulties which arose at this time between himself and Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, on account of the latter, in defiance of the wishes of Johnson, employing Col. Lydius at Fort Edward in Indian diplomacy. Before, therefore, Johnson could join his army, the dissensions sown among the Indians by Lydius must be healed. This caused a delay of several days; and even then just as he had arranged everything, as he supposed to the satisfaction of the Six Nations, a deputation came to him on the eve of his departure, refusing to proceed with him farther, until matters had been explained to them more clearly.

These difficulties having been finally adjusted, Johnson, upon the 8th of August, set out from Albany with the stores and artillery and—with the exception of the New York and Rhode Island militia, which were still behind—with the rest of the troops. He was also accompanied by King Hendrick with fifty Mohawk warriors, and also by the afterward celebrated Joseph Brant, then a mere lad of thirteen years. Upon his arrival at the Great Carrying-Place (Fort Edward) he was joined by two hundred more braves, thus increasing the number of his Indian allies to about two hundred and fifty.

The General found the New England troops, already arrived at Fort Edward, burning with ardor and impatient of delay. The news of Braddock's defeat, far from disheartening, only made them the more desirous to be led against Crown Point. To them, this expedition was for the defence of their firesides. "I endeavor to keep myself calm and quiet under our slow progress and await God's time," wrote Thomas

Williams, one of the Provincials, at this time to his wife.[1] But to them the advance was slow. Gen. Lyman felt equally restive under the delay. So much so, indeed, that before Johnson's arrival and after getting the building of Fort Edward well under way, he had set three hundred of his men at work cutting a road from Fort Edward to Fort Anne, supposing that the army would proceed against Crown Point by way of Wood Creek and Lake Champlain. Johnson, however, in view of a council of war, which he proposed to call for the purpose of deciding upon the best route, countermanded the order, and sent out a scouting party of forty soldiers and three Indians to reconnoitre the whole country in that vicinity. The scouts having returned, a council was called on the 22nd, in which the officers upon hearing their report unamiously gave it as their opinion "that the road to Lake St. Sacrament [Lake George] appeared to them the most eligible, and that it ought to be immediately set about." It was also determined to send forward two thousand men to cut a road through the woods to the head of the Lake, and erect there suitable buildings in which to store arms and other munitions of war when they should arrive.

Leaving General Lyman, therefore, at Fort Edward to await the arrival of the rest of the troops and the New Hampshire men to complete and garrison the Fort, Johnson set out on the 26th with thirty four hundred men for the Lake a distance of fourteen and a half miles—reaching it at dusk of the twenty-eighth. The position which he selected for his camp was a strong one, it being protected on the rear by the Lake, and on both flanks by a thickly wooded swamp. His first act on his arrival there, was to change the name of the lake from St. Sacrament to Lake George,[2] "not only," as he loyally writes, "in honor of his Majesty but to ascertain his undoubted dominion there." Although for many years previously this lake had been used as a means of communication both for warlike and commercial purposes between

[1] This same letter is given by the Historian, Parkman, in his "Montcalm and Wolfe" sent him by me—of which he gives due acknowledgement.

[2] The ancient Indian name of this Lake was Andiataroete—"there the lake shuts itself." The French Missionary Father Joques named it *St. Sacrament*; not, as some suppose, Mr. Cooper among them—on account of the purity of its waters, but because he arrived at the Lake upon the eve of the festival day of that name. The early Roman Catholic discoverers frequently connect the discovery of places with the festival name in the calendar. "Ils auiverant, la ville du St. Sacrament, au bout du lac qui est joint au grand lac de Champlain. Les Iroquois le nomment Andiataroete, comme qui disoir *la on lac le ferme*. Le Pere le nomma le lac du St. Sacrament." *Jesuit Relations* 1645-6. Mr. Cooper in his *Last of the Mohicans* suggests the name of Horicon for this lake after a tribe of Indians that resided near its banks. This, though quite poetical, is merely fanciful; as indeed he claims, and has not the merit of historic truth.

Canada and Albany, yet Johnson found a primeval forest where "no house was ever before built, nor a spot of land cleared." The soldiers were immediately set to work clearing a place for a camp of five thousand men, and providing shelter for the military stores. Meanwhile Gen. Lyman, having left at Ford Edward two hundred and fifty New England troops, and five companies from New York which had finally arrived, joined the camp at Lake George on the 3d of September, bringing with him all the heavy artillery.

All now was activity in the Provincial Camp. Wagons laden with munitions of war came and went across the portage. The wild flowers of the forest were crushed beneath the rude tread of armed men. The noise of a hundred hammers echoed through the mountain fastnesses; while keel after keel cut the crystal waters of the Lake. By day, the French Mountain frowned defiantly at those by whom its repose had first been broken; and at night the panther from the neighboring thicket looked forth upon the stalwart forms reclining by the watch-fires. "Prayers," wrote Johnson, "have a good effect, especially among the New England men;" and on the Sabbath, while the Indians were reclining at a distance under the forest shade, or skimming the waters in their birchen canoes, the New England troops had gathered around the man of God,[1] to listen to his words of comfort, and to unite with him in supplication at the throne of the Most High.

Johnson had expected to be joined at the Lake by many more warriors of the Six Nations. In this he was disappointed. A few braves, it is true, dropped in at the camp, but by no means in the number which the Indians had assured him would come. The old Mohegan[2], Sachem, Hendrick, was mortified at the paucity of the number, and availed himself of a council, held on the 4th, to explain to Johnson and his officers why so few braves had joined his standard. This was the last formal speech that the great Mohawk Chieftain lived to make. True as tempered steel to the interests of the English—like Massasoit of early New England days his last moments were in harmony with those of his life—spent in keeping the Six Nations steadfast to their alliance. Although he was a rude brave of the forest, yet his noble appreciation of the public welfare, the more polished Governor of Massachusetts, Shirley, who had through jealousy, done every thing in his power to thwart Johnson, might well have imitated.

[1] Rev. Stephen Williams of Long Meadow, Mass, Chaplain of William's Regiment.

[2] Hendrick was a Mohawk only by adoption.

General Johnson's plan of operations was to build a fort at the head of the Lake, and to remain there until a sufficient number of bateaux could be constructed in which to transport his stores and artillery to Crown Point. As soon as those were in readiness, he designed to proceed down the Lake, with all his available forces to Ticonderoga, and there remain until strengthened by sufficient reinforcements, he could successfully attack Crown Point—the objective point of his expedition. Ticonderoga had long been considered by military men as a "very dangerous and important pass;" and it was his design to construct on that promontory a fort which should command the only two water passes to the lower settlements. This movement was, therefore, well planned; for if it should not be deemed advisable to attack Crown Point, the French could at least, be prevented from passing down either of the Lakes. The General was also the more anxious to proceed, from intelligence received through his scouts, that a small party of French had already occupied this important pass—really in this campaign, the Thermopylæ of America. Before, however, his arrangements could be completed, the rapid movements of the enemy foiled this well conceived design.

Early in July, deVaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, who was informed through papers taken from Braddock, of Shirley's proposed expedition against Niagara, arranged a well concerted attack upon Oswego. Learning, however, that the English were advancing by way of St. Sacrament (Lake George) against Crown Point, he changed his purpose; and, calling back the troops already on their way to Oswego, sent them, under Baron Dieskau, to meet the forces of Gen. Johnson. Leaving a large force at Crown Point, the Baron took six hundred Indians, seven hundred Canadians, and two hundred regulars and proceeding up Lake Champlain, landed at the head of that Lake—South Bay, now Whitehall.[1] The intention of the French General was first to attack Fort Edward, and then to cut off the retreat of Johnson and annihilate his army. This accomplished, Albany and the lower settlements, and, perhaps even New York, were to be destroyed. This plan was in harmony with the motto upon the Baron's arms "Boldness Wins;" and though it was brilliant it was also rash.

On the evening of the fourth day after disembarking at South Bay, the French Army found itself through the treachery of his Iroquois guides, on the road to Lake George, four miles distant from Fort

[1] The Indian name of Whitehall was *Kah-cho-quate-na*—"The place where dip fish."

Edward. Here the Baron halted and sent forward a party of Indians under St. Pièrre to reconnoiter. They soon returned having killed a courier whom Gen. Johnson had sent to warn the garrison at Fort Edward of their danger. As it was evident from this, that the commander of the Fort was now on the alert, Dieskau gave the Indians the choice either of attacking the fort or marching against the camp at the Lake. The Indians, who had a peculiar horror of artillery, having learned through a prisoner that the camp at the Lake was destitute of cannon, positively refused to attack the fort, but expressed their willingness to be led against the latter. Those of the Iroquois, also, who were with Dieskau, having been beguiled from their allegiance to the British Crown by le Vaudreuil, also refused because Fort Edward, they said, was on English soil. Having thus ascertained the disposition of his Indian allies, the French General gave up, for the present, his original design; and marching through the forest in the northerly part of the present towns of Kingsbury and Queensbury, encamped on the margin of a small pond on the east of the Lake George road, and near the northern spur of the French Mountain.

On the evening of the 7th of September, Johnson was apprized through scouts, that a road had been cut from South Bay, and that a large body of men were marching to the Hudson. The General immediately sent expresses to New York and New England for reinforcements, and at the same time dispatched two messengers to Fort Edward to warn Col. Blanchard of the advance of the French army. One of these couriers, was, as has been stated, intercepted and killed, but the other returned at midnight, bringing the startling intelligence that the enemy were only four miles from the Fort. A council of war was called early the next morning, in which it was the general opinion of both officers and Indians that a detachment of one thousand troops and two hundred Indians should be sent out in aid of Fort Edward "to catch the enemy in their retreat, either as victors or as defeated in their design." Hendrick, alone, disapproved of the number. "If," said that sage counsellor, "they are to fight they are too few; if they are to be killed they are too many;" and again, when it was proposed to send out the detachment in three parties, the Mohawk Chieftain, picking up three sticks from the ground, said "Put these together and you cannot break them; take them one by one, and you will do it easily." His advice, however, on both points was disregarded; and the Provincials, under the gallant Col. Ephraim Williams, and the confede-

rate warriors led by the venerable Mohawk brave, set out without delay in three divisions, and marched toward the Fort, where it was supposed the enemy would be found. As soon as they left the camp, Johnson had some trees felled to form, with the wagons and bateaux, a rude breastwork; and at the same time, some heavy cannon, destined for the attack on Crown Point, were drawn up from the shore of the Lake and posted in advantageous positions.

Meanwhile, Dieskau, advised through his Indian scouts of the advance of Col. Williams, arranged in a defile near at hand an ambuscade in the shape of a crescent; the regulars being stationed in the centre, and the Canadians and Indians on either side where they were concealed on the right by thickets, and on the left by rocks and trees.

Col. Williams advanced with his division to Rocky Brook, about two miles from the camp, and halted until he should be overtaken by Lieut. Whiting and Hendrick with the rest of the party. As soon as they came up, the Colonel, singularly, unsuspicious of danger, and neglecting his usual precaution of throwing ahead skirmishers; gave the order to advance; and the entire column preceded by Hendrick and his warriors, marched briskly forward and entered the fatal defile. It had been the express orders of Dieskau that his men should reserve their fire until the English were entirely within the half-circle. Fortunately, however, before the detachment were wholly within the ambush, one of Dieskau's Iroquois, relenting, fired a musket purposely to warn the Mohawks of their danger under Hendrick.[1] Instantly, terriffic yells and rattling of musketry filled the air, as volley after volley was poured with murderous effect upon the left of Williams' column, and upon the Indians in front. Hendrick, who was in advance of his braves, and who being corpulent and mounted on horseback, formed a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets, fell dead at the first fire. Col. Williams was also killed in the early part of the action, being shot through the head as he was standing upon a huge boulder which he had mounted the better to direct the movements of his men.[2] A hurried retreat of the Provincials

[1] *Statement by Dieskau himself.* Other accounts say that the gun was accidently discharged.

[2] Two of Col. Williams' companions immediately concealed the body from the scalp-knives of the advancing Indians, and it was found after the battle unmutilated and was buried some twenty rods southeast of where he fell at the foot of a huge pine beside the military road. In 1835, his nephew, Dr. W. H. Williams of Raleigh, N. C., dissinterred and carried off the skull. The boulder on which Col. Williams fell is now surmounted by a Marble Monument, twelve feet high, erected by the *alumni* of Williams' College, and bears appropriate inscriptions on each of its sides. It is a pity that steps have not been taken to mark also with a monument the place where the great Mohegan, Hendrick, fell. Certainly his memory is in every respect worthy of being thus commemorated.

now followed, with the enemy close on their heels, alternately yelling and firing. Reaching a small pond[1] near the road, a portion of the Provincials rallied, and stationing themselves behind it, each man for himself, checked the pursuit until the arrival of Lieut. Col. Cole, whom Johnson, as soon as he heard the firing had sent out with three hundred men to cover the retreat. Under the guidance of Whiting and Cole this was successfully effected; and the party, which a little while before had gone forth confident in their strength clambered over the barricades of Johnson's camp, weary and dejected.

Had the French commander been able as he intended to have taken advantage of the confusion produced in Johnson's camp by the arrival of the panic stricken fugitives, and, while his men were flushed with success rushed forward and carried the breastworks by storm, he would doubtless have been successful. But the Indians and Canadians, coming in sight of Johnson's cannon, halted and finally skulked off to the edge of the woods leaving the regulars to begin the attack. This delay lost the Baron the victory, and gave the Provincials full fifteen minutes in which to improve their defences, and recover from their previous trepidation.

The attack was begun by the regulars who advanced in perfect order against the center, firing by platoons. As their polished arms were first discovered advancing from the woods, a slight tremor seized the Provincials, but after the first few volleys they lost all fear and fought with coolness and desperation.[2] Finding that no impression could be made upon the centre, Dieskau changed his attack to the left but with no better effect. He next attempted to turn Johnson's right where were stationed the regiments of Ruggles, Titcomb and the late Col. Williams. A terrific fight followed; both parties feeling that the issue of the

[1] Since called Bloody Pond, from the tradition that many of those slain in this skirmish were thrown into it—though, Dr. Fitch disputes this and ascribes the origin of the name to the circumstances that such numbers here fell dead into and along the pond that the brook issuing from it was the following morning seen to be discolored with blood for some distance below. Both reasons may be correct. The pond which is nearly circular and is generally covered in their season with the pond lily, is probably much smaller than formerly. In 1825, the skeleton of a man was dug up from the depth of 1½ feet at a spot near the Pond which very likely was at the time of the battle covered with water. Close to the skeleton there were found a marble pipe, and some silver eyed buttons bearing the royal stamp. This pipe may have been bought of an Indian; as I have a similar one of marble in my collection, made by the early aboriginals.

[2] Joseph Brant, in relating the particulars of this bloody fight to Dr. Stewart, acknowledged that this being his first action at which he was present, he was seized with such a tremor when the firing began, that he was obliged to take hold of a small sapling to steady himself; but that, after the discharge of a few volleys, he recovered the use of his limbs and the composure of his mind so as to support the character of a brave man, of which he was exceedingly ambitious.

struggle had now arrived. In the words of an officer present, "there seemed nothing but thunder and lightning and perpetual pillars of smoke, and the bullets flew like hail-stones." The Provincials, said Dieskau after the battle, "fought like devils;" and, in some instances leaping over the breastworks, and clubbing their arms they fought hand to hand and face to face. Finally, the old fashioned musket, in the hands of the New England farmers, proving superior to the glittering bayonet, the regulars were again driven back leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. During this attack upon the right, a party of Abenakis and Canadians posting themselves in a morass[1], for a time made considerable havoc, but a few shells thrown among them scattered that tribe in the greatest confusion. Thus driven back at all points, the enemy began to waver, which was no sooner perceived by the Provincials, than leaping over their defences with a loud shout, they fought them until the Lake became red as the crimson flowers that still blossom upon its margin.[2]

This fierce onset decided the day; and the French breaking their ranks, sought in wild disorder the cover of the woods. The French suffered little in this action from the artillery, which, aimed generally too high, did but small execution—except, by the crashing of the balls in the tree tops, to scare the Indians. All the credit is due to the personal valor of the soldiers and officers themselves.

In this battle almost all the French regulars were killed. Dieskau, although he had received three balls in his legs and one across his knee while fighting close to the barricades,[3] refused to leave the field; and supported by the stump of a tree, continued amid the whistling of bullets, calmly to give his orders. Finally, as his troops were about to retreat, a renegade Frenchman maliciously discharged his musket through both of the Baron's hips, inflicting a very severe wound.

[1] The summer visitor to the Fort William Hotel at Caldwell, Lake George, can easily recognize this morass at the present day.

[2] The *Lobelia Cardenalis*, commonly called the *Indian Eye Bright*. The author has frequently seen and gathered large clusters of this beautiful blossom, growing on the banks of Lake George and Bloody Pond. The late Alfred B. Street has embalmed this flower in a touching Indian legend, in his entertaining *Woods and Waters*.

[3] I am reminded by this circumstance of a remark which my friend, Hon. C. C. Lester, made lately while looking at Trumbull's paintings of the Death of Montgomery at Quebec, and Warren at Bunker Hill, in my library,—that the mode of fighting in those days was very different from that of the present—where the General commanding, at a good and safe distance from the scene of conflict, directs with his spy-glass from a far off eminence the movements of his troops. Indeed, this change was noticable even in the time of Napoleon the Great. Who ever knew of him, except in his earliest campaign in Italy under the "Directory," to expose his precious body to danger!

Lieut. Col. Pommeroy, coming up at this moment, the Baron was, by his orders, conveyed by eight men in a blanket to the tent of the American commander, where he received every attention due to a brave but unfortunate man—Gen. Johnson refusing to have his own wounds dressed until those of his late opponent had been properly attended to.[1] Le Gardeur de St. Piérre, the same officer who had defeated Washington the previous year on the Ohio, received his death wound in the skirmish of the morning. His last words were: "fight on boys, *this is Johnson, not Braddock!*"

In the beginning of the action, Gen. Johnson "displayed a firm and steady mind," and conducted himself with great bravery; but soon receiving a painful wound in the hips, he was forced to retire, leaving the command to Maj.-Gen. Lyman. During all of the fight which lasted from half-past ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, Lyman behaved with distinguished bravery; repeatedly showing himself in front of the defences in order to encourage his men; and yet, will it be credited when it is stated that Lyman lingered only a few years in poverty and disappointment and died without receiving even the notice of the British Government! Still, in our day, instances of similar ingratitude have been known even by republics—though it has become a common saying that even "Republics are ungrateful."

The misfortunes of the enemy were not, however, at an end. Toward evening of the same day, as the shattered remnants of the French army were seated near Rocky Brook, refreshing themselves after the late exhaustive battle, they were suddenly attacked by a party of two hundred New Hampshire troops under Capt. Maginnis, who were on their way to Lake George from Fort Edward, and completely routed, leaving, in the words of an eye witness, "their garments and weapons of war for miles together like the Assayrians in their flight." The brave

[1] Too much cannot be said in praise of Dieskau. He was morally as great as he was brave. He remained a short time, while recuperating from his wounds, as the guest of Gen. Schuyler at Albany. Before he left America a warm friendship sprang up between himself and his conqueror, and previously to his returning to France he presented Johnson with a magnificent sword as a token of his regard. Johnson acknowledged this gift in a feeling letter to the Baron which MS. letter is in my possession—and if space permitted I would here give it at length. "I know not what at present will be my fate," wrote Dieskau to Count D'Argenson, Sept. 14, 1755. "From M. de Johnson, the General of the English army, I am receiving all the attention possible to be expected from a brave man, full of honor and feeling." The French Government entertained, notwithstanding his defeat, a high idea of his services. It gave him 12,000 *livres* as Major-General, 25,000 more as commander of the forces in America, and a retaining pension of 4,000. Dieskau died in 1767, in France, the ultimate consequence of his wounds received in this action.

Maginnis, however, received a contusion on the head from a spent bullet, and died soon after reaching the camp.

The bodies of those slain in this skirmish were buried in the bottom of the glen, beneath the shadow of everlasting rocks. It is a sweet, wild haunt,—the sunbeam falls there with a softened radiance—and a brook near by murmers plaintively as if mourning for the dead.

In the three actions of the day, about two hundred and twenty of the Provincials were killed, and ninety-one wounded. Their loss was greater than it might otherwise have been, from the fact that several were hit by poisoned bullets rolled up in copper and yellow arsenic—thus mere flesh wounds soon mortified, some of the soldiers dying in convulsions.[1] Of the Six Nations forty of their braves perished.

[The following letter, written by Abigail Dwight, a sister of Col. Ephraim and Surgeon Thomas Williams (an extract of whose letter has just been quoted) to an intimate friend Abraham Bockee, then a shop-keeper in New York City, has recently been unearthed from a mass of MS. letters, by his great, great, grand daughter, Martha Bockee Flint. As this letter throws much light upon the *politics* of the campaign of 1755, and, withal, brings the reader into intimate relations with two of the principal actors in those scenes, I give it nearly in its entirety. The fact is, also, that so far as I know, this is the *only private* letter extant describing the battle; and therefore, it is of superlative value.

Stockbridge, 10 Novemr., 1755.

Dear Sir:

It is long since I received your kind favour of Septemr. Wee of our mournful afflicted family have Ben plunged into such a depth of Sorrow from ye late Sad Catastrophy at Lake George yt could scarcely attend to anything but Lamentation and Weeping. My Eldest Brother, Coll: Ephraim Williams was among ye slain as you have doubtless heard. He was a most Generous, pleasant Charming man, admired and loved by all yt knew him; from his universall acquaintance with ye world, having Travilled 3 years abroad into all nations, and his great experience in commercial affairs.

He was chosen for one of ye Principal Officers to conduct our Crownpoint Expedition. But allass, in front of Batall He must Be one of ye first men yt fell. Ye will of God is done and wee must Submit. Many Gentmen are pleased to Say not one Man in the whole Army could have been so Great a Loss. He was sent out with ye Command of Seven or eight Hundred Men. About eight o'clock, having marched about four miles from ye camp met ye french Army and at yt unhappy Spot they had a severe engagement and my poor Brot fell. Poor Brot Siah was an Ensign in his Regement & Happened to be about ye Distance of Seven rods abreast. Took a tree

[1] "Michael Harrington died of the wound he received through the fleshy part of the thigh, the ball undoubtedly poisoned; as also one Johnathan Burt of Brimfield by a poisoned ball through the man could cot stop the mortification which seized the wounded part, and presently, a few hours arm; and one Brisbee, by a slight shot in the leg which threw him into convulsions. The art of shut up the scene. Oh cursed malice, that the fatal lead should not be thought sufficient without being rolled up with a solution of copper and yellow arsenic, as I am thoughtful was the case, by many of the poisoned balls which were brought in out of their bullet-pouches, taken among the plunder. MS. letter in my possession, Surgeon Thomas Williams to his wife. This is the only instance that I recollect of the use of poisoned bullets in battle.

to stand his Ground Agreeable to yee Orders. Discharged his gun at an Indian about 5 rod before him which took his Life. He fell and yelled. My Brother squat to Charge before he retreated & as he was throwing in his Powder he Receivd a shot from one of ye Savages who flanked him, into his Right thigh Ye Ball came out at his Left Buttock cut of ye String of his Bladder in passing through his Body. Imedeately saw from whence came ye Shot, ye Savage running toward him with his hatchet. He instantly started and run about ½ a mile, life failing crept into a Hole made By two trees Blown up by ye roots. Lay in Water until he was a little Revived, saw his blood so thick where he went in yt. he Expected to be followed for his Scalpe.

When ye Retreate had passed him took Courage and went out & as one and another was retreating without Wounds sometimes got a little help by hanging to men's Shoulders. Sometimes when All left him, as was ye case several times, he crawled along himself till at length was quite spent & for saken by All his fleeing friends. Giving over Hopes of Deliverance there came by a young mohawk in his Retreat, offered his Back, took him up & run near a quarter of a mile with him into ye camp. So marvellous a wonder was his Escape from ye jawes of ye Devourer.

Well, now his life was almost gone, ye enemy almost upon ye Camp, ye Battal come on & long as it lasted no care could be had for ye wounded. But all things are ordered in Wisdom. My Second Brother, Doct Thomas Williams being ye Chief Surgion of ye Regement. took a most Special Care, provided ye Best Attendance for a long time, Yet he was looked upon as past all Hope & Helpe. His wound mortified & much flesh cut out of it. After all as Divine Providence would have it, by Degrees he mended and got Home in a Horse litter and Yesterday Sat upright in his Chair some minites. Sends his Kind love to your self and Mrs. Bockee.

So bad a Wound perhaps one in 10 thousand was never cured. And all soe ye poor Distressed army Held there in Sickness, Die by roods & not Discharged. Held and Nothing Done, and all ye World with Half an Eye must know Nothing can be Done at this Advanced Season, and ye first Plan it was Plain as ye Sun in ye fairest day, as Soon as Braddock was defeated yt ye Crownpoint Army would have all Canada to fight, and with ye Savages and Regulars could make 25,000 men and would Do it at any Expense rather than have ye finest Key and Dore to their whole Country cut off ye Hinges and for us to Desire it ye vast expense of Money and what is Infinitely Better, Blood in such wicked Profusion, is not only sorded cruelty. But ye most redikelous and unjustifiable Murder of our Selves.

Suppossing we had Got it under yẽ greatest possible Desadvantages with ye loss of thousands of precious lives, and no other point saved, what advantage could it be to us? Why not a single farthing, for it is impossable we could Keep it against their whole country's water carrage for ye conveyance of all their strength Both men and Artilery which comes as easy as a freight from you to Albany, & What can we do toward Supporting our Selves there if we had ye Possession of it this Winter when we can hardly keep the Army at Lake George with 6 days provision Beforehand when we had ye rest of ye year and ye Summer to carry it in. If they Demolished it ye French could in one month's time Build it again. Upon ye whole, it looks as if our Councils were darkened. Wisdom in a remarkable manner hid from those yt should be wise.

When there is a Plan laid with a rational prospekt yt can succeed against ye french, wee shall probably see a War declared—ye whole Country of Canada in ye

severall Dispersions of it attackt at once. Then their strength will Be Divided, their Provision will serve for our Supplies and not ye first Army cut off before ye second can possibly Be in Readiness to make an attack and wee shall have men found yt shall chuse to fight ye common Enemy rather than their own men or ye trees, & wont Be Sacraficed to serve no purpose except to prepare a lazy camp with a Generll yt would contentedly lye by without Business for 20 days & never order so much as an Intrenchment throwed up to cover every Mans Body in case of Battals ye work of 20 minits or very Little more, and then its Hopeful we shall have an Engineer yt rather chuses to Levil his cannon to answer Battal & not at trees 20 foot from the ground at a time when firewood was not wanted & a gunner should perceive ye mistake. He would not be offered ye sword if he opened his mouth.

But allass my good friend, time fails me and I know Ive tired your patience. You will know by a Little what a great Deal means, its ye universal opinion of our wise genm. this way yt. wee have lost at Lake George more than wee have gained. We know of Little gain. But we know yt. wee have lost a nr. of Brave, Valient officers and men Equil in all respects to any we have taken—men whose country can't for another campaign furnish their Equils. A major under my Dear Brother. 3 captns. and sundry Leftns, I knew personally. All Died with him in Battal. Some of ye Best Men for Courage and Conduct & cant be mourned to much. I find By your Newspapers you know but Little of ye Matter as it really stands.

* * * *

I conclude with great Esteem your very obliged afflicted friend & very Humble servent Abigail Dwight.

The loss of the French was between three and four hundred.

The months of October and November were chiefly occupied in building a strong fort at the head of the Lake. A fortification at this point was rightly considered by Johnson extremely important as it would thus command the passage into Canada by way of Fort Edward and Lake George in the same way as Fort Anne commanded the one by way of Wood Creek. Its importance had also been seen by the Lieut.-Governor of New York, who, in the preceding year had urged the erection of a fort at the southern extremity of St. Sacrament on the ground that it would be a defense against the French and a protection for the Mohawks. A council of war held at the camp, on the 7th of September, had recommended the expediency of building a small picketed fort without delay. This was opposed by the General who thought that a strong fortification should be constructed capable of holding, in an emergency, five hundred men. He, however, yielded to the will of the majority, and a fort was begun, which went on so slowly that by the last of September it was not nearly completed; only a dozen men at one time being found by Johnson engaged on the work.

On the 29th, advices were received from Sir Charles Hardy, the new

Governor of New York, stating that it was the wish of himself and his Majesty's Council that a durable and commodious fort should be constructed as soon as possible. Upon this wish being communicated to a council of war it was immediately decided to erect a fort which should meet his views. The General, accordingly, sent to Fort Edward for all the shovels and spades which the officer at that post could spare, and the fort was forthwith begun. The work, however, did not progress so rapidly as Johnson desired. "The fort," he writes on the 7th of October, "goes on, all things considered, *pretty well.*" On September 15th, there was an unusual muster of troops in Massachusetts to reinforce Johnson:[1] Hence, the New England men knowing that they were expected to proceed, and therefore, the more impatient to carry out the wishes of their friends at home, and not seeing the necessity of a fort, did not enter into the work with alacrity. It was using their services, they selfishly thought, solely for the benefit of New York—not perceiving that a fort at this place, which would hold the French in check, was as much needed for the protection of their own frontiers as for those of their sister Province. The work, therefore, lingered along, and it was not until the middle of November, that the fort was completed receiving from Johnson the name of William Henry, in honor of two Princes of the Royal blood.[2]

But little more was accomplished during the remainder of the campaign. Scouting parties, it is true, under Captain Rogers, the famous ranger, amused themselves with surprises upon the enemy, often executing them so adroitly that many of the French in the vicinity of Fort Frederick (Ticonderoga) bit the dust—one Frenchman being taken and scalped under the very wall of that Fort.[3] It was now, however, late in the autumn; and a council of war having decided on the 28th of November, that it was too late in the season to proceed farther with the expedition, the General disbanded his army; and leaving six

[1] See an old *Almanac for* 1755, owned by Rev. Samuel Townsend.

[2] Mr. Bancroft, I think, is mistaken in calling this a '*useless* fort of wood." It was successfully defended in the spring of 1757 (as we shall see further on) against a force of two thousand troops, supplied with three hundred scaling ladders and it was only captured the succeeding summer (1758) by the abject cowardice of Gen. Webb. While it was not, of course, a fortification of the first or, perhaps, second class, it was far from "*useless.*"

[3] A full and detailed account of this raid, as well as others of a similar character, will be given in a future chapter.

hundred men to garrison the Fort, resigned his commission, and returned in the middle of December to his home at Mount Johnson.[1]

In the conduct of this campaign, Gen. Johnson has been severely censured in two particulars: first, in not following up the routed army of Dieskau, and thus preventing its escape down Lake Champlain; and secondly, that instead of boldly advancing against Crown-Point, he allowed the autumn to pass away in comparative inactivity, contenting himself in constructing a "useless fort."

Regarding the first of these charges, there can be no question, that in not following up the French army, the General committed a grave blunder by allowing his caution to prevail over the better judgment of his officers. Gen. Lyman begged, that with his men flushed with recent victory and anxious for the pursuit, he might be sent after the enemy. The reply given to him by the General—"that he had reason to expect a renewal of the attack, and that it would be dangerous to weaken the main body of the army by sending out detachments to scour the country," is not sufficient to justify his refusal of Lyman's request. Exhausted and dispirited as the enemy were, they were in no condition to have made a successful defence, much less to have resumed the aggressive; and the probability is that if Gen. Lyman's suggestion had been followed, the gates of Fort Frederick never would have opened to receive the broken and dejected ranks of Dieskau's army.

Respecting the second and more serious of these criticisms, however, Gen. Johnson is not so culpable as may at first appear. It was well known to the General, both through scouts which he had dispatched for that purpose, and the Baron's captured papers, that Crown-Point was heavily garrisoned, and that at Ticonderoga strong breastworks had been thrown up. The experience, moreover, of the last engagement had shown him how difficult it was for even thoroughly trained troops to capture rude and hastily constructed defences; and he therefore very wisely hesitated before attacking, with raw and undisciplined militia, breastworks which had been carefully put up, and which were defended by regulars, trained under the best Generals of Europe.[2] In addition to this, the artillery of the enemy which on the first movement

[1] About a mile west of Amsterdam. The house is still (1899) standing and is plainly visible to the passenger as he passes by on the N. Y. C. R. R.

[2] The experience of Abercrombie, in 1758, in attacking the breastworks erected by Montcalm, at Ticonderoga (an account of which will be given in its proper place) and also the battle of Bunker Hill, twenty-five years afterwards, show that Johnson did well to hesitate.

down the Lake could be easily and with comparative celerity transported down the Lake from Crown-Point to Ticonderoga, was such as to make an attack hazardous in the extreme, unless with a very strong army of disciplined troops, and with a sufficient supply of heavy ordnance, neither of which Johnson possessed. He, also, was greatly hampered by the remissness of contractors, whom no exertions on his part could stimulate into activity; and all he could do under these untoward circumstances, was to emyloy his men in constructing a fort (which it will be remembered, he had been ordered to erect by the New York Assembly) hoping by this course to prevent any insubordination that might arise through idleness. He was, also, unwilling to have his retreat cut off by way of South Bay (Whitehall) and Wood Creek, in case he was unsuccessful, by not having an open communication with Fort Edward and Albany. Boldness, alone, does not always constitute good generalship; and he who neglects to provide for every *foreseen* contingency, is deficient in the first requisite of a good general.

Although General Johnson, owing to causes over which he had no control, failed in the original object of the expedition, yet his services in making one of the four expeditions planned at Alexandria only partially successful, were appreciated both by the Crown and by the people of his own Province—the former creating him in November a Baronet of Great Britain, and the latter greeting him with an illumination and a triumphal procession on his arrival at New York on the last of December.[1] Parliament, also voted him its thanks for his victory, together with the handsome sum of £5000.

The action of the 8th of September, 1755, so far as concerns the number of men engaged, was not a great battle; but when viewed in its immediate strategical results, it well deserves a prominent place among the battles of American history. The late Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer thus eloquently sums up its results.

"I. The battle of Lake George is memorable in defeating a well laid, dangerous scheme of the enemy and in saving the Province from scenes of bloodshed and desolation. If Dieskau had succeeded in overthrowing Johnson in his entrenchments, his advance upon Fort Edward would have been easily successful, and thence his march to Albany [and to New York] would have been triumphant. Old Hendrick, at the convention of the preceding year [at Albany when Franklin and the

[1] It is to be presumed that for that day (from all accounts) this was fully equal to the late "Dewey Celebration" in New York City!

Royal Governors were present] had warned the Province of its danger. "You are without any fortifications," said he. "It is but a step from Canada hither, and the French may easily come and turn you out of doors." The conflagration of our Northern Settlements would have been followed by the desolation of Albany and Schenectady; and although Dieskau must have soon been compelled to retreat, it is impossible to estimate the bloodshed, plunder and general losses which might have taken place. God's Providence was on our side. The victory of Lake George undoubtedly rescued the Province from injury and woe beyond computation; considered, therefore, in its strategical results, the battle was one of the important engagements in American history.

"II. The battle of Lake George is remarkable for its *influence in rallying the spirit of the American Colonies.* Much had been expected from the three expeditions sent against the French: but disappointment and sorrow had already followed Braddock's terrible defeat. It was more than the moaning of the forest pine in the ears of the solitary traveller; it was the blaze of lighting falling upon the mountain oak in his very path, followed by the crash of thunder: all the Provinces were amazed, awe-struck, paralyzed for a time; but recovering from the first shock of the calamity, they were aroused to avenge their loss. Their hopes were turned to Lake George, and not in vain. Johnson's victory was received as the precursor of a recovered military position and fame, and was hailed as the means of deliverance from a bold and cruel foe. Few battles ever produced more immediate results in rekindling military and martial enthusiasm. Not only were the Colonies filled with rejoicing, but the influence of the triumph went over to England: and the deeds of our fathers at the camp of Lake George became familiar to the ears of Royalty and were applauded by the eloquence of Parliament. The moral effects of a battle in which the forces arrayed against each other were comparatively small have rarely been greater in the whole range of military annals.

"III. Viewed simply in a military aspect, the Battle of Lake George was the *only successful achievement within the Thirteen Colonies during the campaign of 1755.* Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela, and Shirley's retreat from Oswego, brought ruin upon the expeditions framed for the reduction of Forts Duquesne and Niagara. Although the Northern Expedition failed in its object of reducing Fort Frederick, it had a show of glory in the brilliant success of a hard fought battle.

Success in one direction often overbalances disappointment in another. The victory of General Johnson was the great event of the campaign of 1755, solitary in the honors of its military triumph, and shining out, bright as brass, from the clouds of night.

"IV. The victory of Lake George occurred in a series of campaigns that *ended in the conquest of Canada and of the Valley of the Great West.* Here in the forest, was the base of a line of operations on which were wrought out great problems of war. The mountains of the Lake were landmarks to conduct our armies from summit to summit of achievement, until, passing on all barriers, they found their resting place in the Valley of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. Unknown results of territorial acquisition and of political and religious destiny lay concealed in the expedition which started for the capture of a single fort on Lake Champlain, and for the defence of the limited boundary line of a Province. * * * The American victory of Lake George was not an isolated item of our campaign. It was more than a simple triumph in an unbroken wilderness—a military achievement of the New York and New England yeomanry. It headed a series of successes that were followed by the gain of Kingdoms. It heralded the deliverance from French aggressions and agitations. * * * Johnson's victory had a true influence of relation to this end. As the southern inlet near Fort George joins itself to the Lake, whose waters flow to the north, and, tossed over cascades and waterfalls, pass into the St. Lawrence, so the expedition of 1755, identifying itself with a vast expanse of agencies, pressed forward over the rocks and reverses of campaigns, into Canada. But Canada was only a part of the great acquisitions of the war. The whole northwest was wrested from France, together with the Valley of the Mississippi lying easterly of that river, with the exception of the the Island of Orleans.

"V. The battle of Lake George was furthermore memorable *in its suggestions of Provincial Princess, and its lessons of warfare to the Colonies preparatory to their Independence.* The battle was fought by Provincial troops and chiefly by the hardy sons of glorious New England. The veteran regulars of Old England had been beaten in the forests of Western Pennsylvania, or remained inactive in the Niagara expedition. Through some unaccountable cause, the expedition, which was on the direct line of Canada, and nearest to the French reinforcements, known to be at hand, was consigned to the exclusive

care of native Colonial soldiers; and bravely did they do their duty; and in this battle and in this war, the Colonies practically learned the value of union and the unconquerable energies of a free people."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WINTER OF 1756–7 PASSES WITH NO CONCERTED ACTION ON THE PART OF THE ENGLISH AGAINST THE ENEMY — RAIDS OF ROGERS, STARK AND PUTNAM — ATTACK OF THE FRENCH UPON FORT WILLIAM HENRY — DEFEAT OF THE ENEMY AND THEIR RETREAT.

The winter of 1756–57 wore away in gloomy inactivity; its repose being unbroken save by the sending out of scouting parties occasionally to watch the movements of the enemy in the vicinity of Fort St. Frederick (Ticonderoga) and Crown-Point. Some of these parties, under the command of Captain Rogers of the New Hampshire regiment and Captain Israel Putnam of Connecticut, went directly down Lake George; others, under Stark, ranging the forests in the vicinity of Fort Anne, Dresden and Putnam. Serving under Putnam at this time was a certain Lieutenant Noah Grant, said to have been the great-grandfather of President U. S. Grant, but on what reputable authority this statement is made, I know not. The expedition against Ticonderoga, owing to the unusual mildness of the season, was given up, and the French were left for some months to mature their plans of conquest unmolested.

Meanwhile, another plan was put on foot for the capture of Crown-Point. With this view, some six thousand men were raised by New York and New England and placed under the command of Gen. Seth Winslow, who, notwithstanding his lamentable failures, hitherto, seems to have retained the public confidence. At Fort Edward Winslow was joined by that imbecile, Gen. James Abercromby,[1] who brought with him a body of British regulars. The army, thus gathered, accomplished nothing except to march to Fort William Henry, and thence back to Albany. This barren result was, however, somewhat redeemed by, as usual, a Provincial officer.

[1] Not Abercrombie as it is generally spelled, as is seen by a MS. letter of his in my possession.

Before the army returned to Albany in October, and while a council of war was sitting at the great Carrying-Place (Fort Edward) to answer an *important* (!) question propounded by Gen. Abercromby, "What effect a junction of the King's troops, in the campaign against Crown-Point would have upon his Majesty's service.[1]" Capt. Robert Rogers, the uncrowned ranger, had performed a splendid feat upon Lake Champlain—a feat characterized by romantic and daring courage.

In June, 1756, a force of 600 men under La Corn de St. Luc landed at South Bay, and after destroying at Half-way Brook a party of teamsters, who, under a small convey of troops, were transporting the baggage and provisions of Winslow's army from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry, escaped toward Fort St. Frederick by the same way they came. Accordingly, early in June, Rogers with Putnam, in order to intercept the mauraders, embarked with seventy-five men in five whale-boats, carrying two small cannon, and landed on one of the picturesque islands that adorn the Lake. The next day, his men landed their boats some five miles distant from the Island, and carrying them six miles over a mountain to the narrows, re-embarked about eight miles below Whitehall in the present town of Dresden. Here they lay concealed in ambush waiting until St. Luc's party should pass by on their way to Ticonderoga. Nor was it long before his boats laden with the plunder so recently taken, appeared. A rapid discharge of musketry and grape from the cannon, sunk several of the boats and killed a number of the enemy, the remainder escaping with all speed down the Lake. Fearing that the French, heavily reinforced, would rally, they returned to Fort William Henry, encountering on their way back, a large party of French and Indians at Sabbath-Day Point.

After resting a few days, Rogers, with fifty men, went down Lake George coasting its eastern shore nearly to its foot. Here, carrying their whale-boats over the mountains of the northern part of Putnam they re-embarked at South Bay on the 3d of July. Passing down the Lake, reconnoitering as they went, rowing by night and lying concealed by day, they successively passed Fort St. Frederick and Crown Point—sailing down some thirty miles below the latter fort, while hiding during the day, many boats—sometimes a hundred at a time—and two large schooners passed the place of their concealment, some of the boats

[1] MS. letter Surgeon Williams to his wife dated at Fort Edward in the authors' possession. "It appears to me that the settling ranks among ourselves may (if gone into according to some gentleman's minds) be campaign enough for one year."

sailing so near that they could distinctly hear the orders given by the officers in command.

On the evening of the 7th of July, the scouts, which Capt. Rogers had sent out for a reconnoissance, reported that a schooner was lying at anchor a mile below their place of ambush. The rangers immediately lightened their boats and were preparing to board her when two bateaux[1] manned by twelve men were discovered coming up the Lake. Waiting until they had approached sufficiently near to the bank, the rangers suddenly showed themselves and fired, at the same time hailing the crews and offering quarter. Without responding to this offer, the boatmen, hastily turning their prows towards the opposite shore, attempted to escape. In this movement, however, the rangers anticipated them; for leaping into their light whale-boats, they gave chase, and soon captured the vessels and the bateaux, killing three of the crew and wounding two, one of whom shortly after died of his wounds. Not one escaped to carry tidings. The vessels, with their cargoes, were then sunk—the latter consisting chiefly of grain, wine and brandy—the rangers not having the facilities to carry them back to Fort William Henry.

By this daring achievement in the very heart of the enemy's country, the garrison of Crown-Point were deprived of eight hundred bushels of flour, and a large quantity of money. The destruction of the cargoes being completed, the brave ranger and his equally gallant band, drew up their whale-boats on the shore, and concealing them in the brush-wood, marched through the woods on the east bank of Lake George, reaching Fort William Henry with their prisoners on the fifeenth of July.

Military affairs during the remainder of this year remained generally

[1] Bateaux are so frequently mentioned in this history as being used on Lake George and Champlain and on Wood Creek, that I think the reader will be interested in having a description of them. The bateaux of the army (afterwards known as "Durham boats" or barges) were flat-bottom boats, having a plank around them to walk on or to pole, from thirty-five to forty feet long, each extremity terminating in a point; six feet beam in the center; usual weight, four and one-half tons; worked by oars; a mast sail; capable of carrying 1500 lbs of cargo; drag ropes for turning and long poles for "setting through the currents and rapids." The sides were about four feet high; and for the convenience of the rowers, four or five benches were laid across, sometimes more, according to the length of the bateaux. Four men managed them in summer, but in the fall another rower was always added. "It is," says Weld, who travelled here after the Revolution, "a very awkward sort of vessel either for rowing or sailing; but it is preferred to a boat with a keel for two very obvious reasons: first, because it draws less water, at the same time it carries a large burden; and secondly, it is much safer on lakes or large rivers, where storms are frequent. A proof of this came under our observation the day of our leaving Montreal in 1796. We had reached a wide part of the river, and were sailing along with a favorable wind, when suddenly the horizon grew very dark and a dreadful storm arose accompanied with loud peals of thunder and torrents of rain. Before the sail could be taken in the ropes, which held it, were snapped in pieces. * * * The bateau was

in a quiescent state. Rogers and Stark, however, with their natural inclination for a forest and adventurous life, in January of the following year, (1757), planned a reconnoissance that, for bravery and dare-devil adventure, even exceeded their exploits of the previous year.

With seventy-five men, Rogers and Stark set out, and, travelling now on the ice, and now on snow-shoes, they skirted the eastern bank of Lake George; crossed over on the third day out to Lake Champlain and captured some sledges which they met. From the prisoners thus taken, it was learned that Fort St. Frederick was strongly garrisoned. A few of the men in the sledges having escaped, Rogers knew that a party would at once be sent out to attack him; and he, therefore, ordered an immediate return to Fort William Henry.[1]

On their way back, as they were tramping over the snow in single file, they unexpectedly found themselves face to face with a force of French and Indians who had skillfully prepared an ambush—I say "skillfully" advisedly, as it must have been so to take Rogers and Stark—such experienced woodsmen—by surprise.

In the conflict which now followed. Rogers was wounded in the head; and Stark, thereupon assuming the command, from a neighboring eminence formed his line and "firmly stood, in snow four feet in depth from two o'clock till nightfall," and repelled every attack of the enemy during that period. Stark also valiantly maintained his ground; and

consequently driven ashore, but the bottom of it being quite flat, it was carried southerly upon the beach without sustaining any injury; and the men, leaping out, drew it upon dry land where we remained out of all danger till the storm was over. A keel-boat, however, of the same size, could not have approached nearer to the shore than thirty feet, and then it would have stuck fast in the sand, and probably have been filled with water." Weld, who appears to have been a very shrewd observer, also gives an account of the manner in which the boatmen manipulate their craft. "The men," he writes, "set their poles together at the same moment, and all worked at the same side of the bateaux. The steersman, however, shifts his pole occasionally from side to side in order to keep the vessel in an even direction. The poles commonly used are about eight feet in length, extremely light and headed with iron, on coming to a deep bay or inlet, the men abandon the poles, take to their oars, and strike, if possible, directly across the mouth of the bay; but if the current is too strong, they pole entirely round the bay. Whenever the wind is favorable they set their sail * * * The exertion required to stem the current is so great that the men are obliged to stop very frequently to take breath. The places where they stop are regularly ascertained, some of them, where the current is very rapid, are not more than half a mile distant, one from the other; others one or two, but none of them more than four miles apart. Each of these places, the boatmen, who are almost all French Canadians, denominate '*one pipe*,' because they are allowed to stop at it and fill their pipes.

[1] The reader is, of course, aware that an account of these expeditions which took place on Lake George is not irrelevant to the present history. That Lake forms the northwestern boundary of Washington county and hence all of these raids here given and to be narrated, further on, occurred properly within the limits of that county; and whenever, as I said, in my Introductory Chapter, events are spoken of as happening in contiguous territory, they necessarily form a part of the narration—if a correct understanding of these events is to be arrived at.

wherever the fire was the hottest he was found encouraging his men, going so far even as to threaten "to shoot the first man who should attempt to fly." The French gave up the fight at the approach of dusk; and those of the Rangers (forty-eight in number) who were unharmed, marched all night, through the woods and in defiance of the cold of a severe winter's night, reaching the foot of Lake George the following morning. At this point Stark, notwithstanding the terrible fatigue he had endured, pushed on to the fort at the head of the Lake, by himself, where, procuring sledges he returned for the wounded, all of whom (he himself drawing a loaded sledge) were finally brought back in safety to the Fort. Stark thus "stood out through three days and two nights of incessant and severe toil, engaged for nearly four hours in a hot combat; and the remainder of the time in travelling over snows and ice." "We effeminate men of the present day," writes Dr. Fitch, "can scarcely credit that any human frame was ever capable of such endurance."

But, notwithstanding these raids, which, when successful, helped to sustain the faltering hopes of the colonists, clouds of black portent hung over the opening of the new year, 1757.

Nothing so loses the respect of the Red Man as imbecility. The inactivity of the English during the year succeeding Baron Dieskau's defeat, and the consequent successes of the French, had in a measure, aided the latter to alienate the "Confederacy of the Six Nations" from the English interest; and an occurrence, therefore, which happened at this time by turning a little the scale, conduced greatly towards keeping these tribes loyal—a circumstance of incalculable moment to the Colonists in the war now impending.

The report brought in by Mohawk scouts to Sir William Johnson in the early spring of 1757, that a French army was on its way to attack Fort Edward and the lower settlements, was not without foundation. On the 15th of March of that year a strong force under the command of Rigaud de Vaudreuil (a brother of the then Governor of Canada) left Ticonderoga to ravage the frontiers of New York. Sleds, drawn by dogs, carried their provisions and munitions of war. Silently, under the overhanging cliffs of the Putnam Mountains, this body glided along on snow-shoes, slept at night on bear-skins with snow for their mattresses; and covered only with sail cloth, skirted the western border of Dresden and the northwestern corner of Fort Anne; and, on the evening of the 17th, encamped three miles from Fort William Henry—the immediate object of their journey.

At two o'clock on the morning of the following day the attention of a ranger sentinel on the ramparts of that fort was attracted to a mysterious light at some distance down the Lake. The conjectures to which this appearance gave rise were soon set at rest, when the gray dawn disclosed on the ice in front of the fort fifteen hundred French regulars, Canadians and Indians, armed with three hundred scaling-ladders and everything necessary for a vigorous attack. Hardly, however, had the sun appeared above the horizon, when the guns of the fort served by William Eyre,[1] one of Braddock's most skillful engineers and artillerists, compel the enemy to retire with considerable loss. Towards noon, with their forces arranged in a semi-circle, they renewed the attack, but with no better success. At midnight of the same day they attempt a surprise, but accomplish nothing except the burning of the sloops and most of the bateaux. Finally, their demand for a surrender being refused, and another spirited attack being bravely repelled by the undaunted garrison, the French beat a retreat; and being seized by a panic—the cause of which has never been ascertained—they flee precipitately down the Lake, leaving behind them twelve hundred of their sledges and a great quantity of millitary equipments. In the loss of men the enemy suffered severely; and the warm April sun revealed many a ghastly form wrapped in a winding sheet of snow.

The following anecdote of General John Stark, who was in command of Fort William Henry at the time of this attack is related by Caleb Stark in his biography of his grandfather:

"While going his rounds, on the evening of the sixteenth, Captain Stark overheard a squad of his men who were of the Scotch-Irish race, planning a celebration in honor of St. Patrick, for the next night. He afterward said that he had then no presentiment of approaching danger, but disliked these wild Irish demonstrations. He, therefore, called for the ranger sutler, Samuel Blodget, and gave him directions to deliver the rangers their regular rations of grog until the evening of the seventeenth; and after that no more, without a written order from himself. On that evening he retired to his quarters, directing his orderly sergeant to say to all applicants for written orders that he was confined to his bunk with a lame right hand, and must not be disturbed. The Irish troops (regulars) secured an extra supply of rum on the night of the sixteenth, and began their carousal which they carried on with

[1] The same officer, under whose supervision Fort Edward was built. See note in advance, when I speak of Dr. Dwight's visit to Washington county.

unabated vigor through the night and during the ensuing day in honor of St. Patrick and his wife Sheelah. They drank so freely that the officer of the day could find none of them fit for duty as sentinels, and the rangers—those, at least who were sober—supplied their places. The rangers, seeing the Irish thus enjoying themselves, desired the same privilege. The sutler imformed them of his orders, and the captain's quarters were beset to obtain a written order. The orderly refused to disturb his officer, as he was confined with a painfully lame right hand, and could not write. The soldiers felt somewhat cross, but bore their disappointments like philosophers. Upon the advance of the enemy notice was at once conveyed to the ranger captain. Instantly, the lame hand was restored to its normal condition, and he was among his men, who were silently mustered upon the walls." The near approach of danger dissipated the fumes of liquor from the brains of the regulars, and the garrison was soon in condition for the vigorous and successful defence which they afterward made. Had it not been for this ruse on the part of Stark, it is hardly problematical what would have been the result of this night assault of the French.

The news of this attack was conveyed to Sir William Johnson in a letter from Colonel (afterward General Gage of Revolutionary fame) on Sunday, the twentieth of March. He immediately issued orders for the militia on the Mohawk river to muster at his house as soon as possible, and sent Arent Stevens, his Indian interpreter, to the Mohawks, who, with others of the Six Nations, then at Mount Johnson, agreed to march forthwith. Such was the prompt response to his call, that at daybreak of Monday morning, he set out with the Indians and twelve hundred militia, reaching Fort Edward, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth. Receiving, however, on his arrival at that Fort intelligence from Major Eyre that the enemy had retreated, he returned on the twenty-sixth to to his home at Mount Johnson.

CHAPTER VIII.

1757.

THE FRENCH WAR CONTINUED — MONTCALM'S CAPTURE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY AND THE SUBSEQUENT MASSACRE — ATTACK BY THE OTTAWAS ON FORT EDWARD EASILY REPULSED BY PUTNAM'S RANGERS.

On the twentieth of June, Lord Loudoun, with six thousand regulars sailed from New York for Halifax, preparatory to investing Louisburgh. General Webb, now second in command, was detailed with six thousand men to garrison Fort William Henry, Fort Edward and the forts along the Mohawk Valley; General Stanwix with two thousand men, was assigned to the west; and Colonel Bouquet was directed to guard the borders of the Carolinas from the incursions of the Southern Indians.

General Daniel Webb was probably the most consummate coward that the British Ministry ever sent either to her American or other Colonies. In addition to which he lacked even the simplest rudiments of military science. Indeed, he was merely an instance of the then British army system—(so aptly described by Thackeray in his *Henry Esmond*)—putting in nobodies to please the mistresses either of the King or his prime-ministers. The previous year, after the capture of Oswego, that officer had fled down the Mohawk in a pitiable state of physical collapse caused by abject fear—greatly to the disgust of the soldiers and the public. However, by great exertions on the part of Sir William Johnson, an army of several thousand Provincials, together with some regiments of regular troops, assembled under Webb's orders and rendezvoused at Fort Edward. The last of July General Webb started from that post for Fort William Henry under an escort of two hundred men commanded by Major Putnam. But Major Putnam soon after Webb's arrival, having ascertained through his scouts, that General Montcalm was rapidly approaching, Webb incontinently and in all haste returned to Fort Edward under a strong escort. The first act after his placing his body in safety within the friendly walls of Fort Edward was to dispatch Colonel George Monro—"a sturdy Scotch officer."—with his regiment to Fort William Henry—with orders to take the command of that fort—which was by this time known to be in the most imminent danger. Accordingly, that brave Scotch officer

set out from Fort Edward on the second of August, arriving at the fort just as the French were about to take possession of the road between the two forts. The garrison was, by this means, increased to nearly twenty-five hundred men; while Webb had between *four* and *five* thousand at Fort Edward. But, as though this force was not sufficient for troops acting on the defensive behind solid defences, Webb sent expresses throughout the Colonies of New York and New England urgently praying for reinforcements. The call, notwithstanding the contempt in which Webb was held by the Colonial Governors, met with an immediate response. All the militia of New York north of the Highlands was called out while a "fourth of the able bodied men of Connecticut were drafted." A number of other Colonies responded with almost equal alacrity; and soon the soil of Washington county was trodden by large bodies of militia, marching from every direction toward Fort Edward. But as it will be seen later on, all this suberb patriotism and these great efforts were rendered nugatory by the cowardice of the General in command.

Loudoun arrived in Halifax on the last day of June; and was soon joined by Admiral Holburn with sixteen ships of the line, and by George Viscount Howe, with six thousand disciplined troops—thus increasing his land force to eleven thousand well appointed and effective men. Everything, therefore, augured well for the expedition; and the sails, flapping idly in the favoring breezes, urged to immediate departure. But to the sluggish mind of Loudoun (a fit companion for his contemporary brother, General Webb) this was altogether too hasty a proceeding! A vegetable garden must first be planted for the use of the army, and a parade-ground laid out, on which his regulars could attain yet higher discipline. Thus, while the troops were winning golden opinions from the Commander-in-Chief for their proficiency in fighting mock battles, and storming sham fortresses, the beautiful July was frittered away. Roused at length by the murmuring of both officers and men, Loudoun gave orders to embark for Louisburgh. Scarcely, however, was the first anchor weighed, when, learning that Louisburgh had received an additional reinforcement, and that the French fleet outnumbered by *one* vessel his own, he reversed his orders, and with his troops returned to New York; having accomplished nothing, save the intercepting of a small vessel bearing dispatches from the Governor of Louisiana, of a Peace recently concluded by the latter with the Cherokees!

Meanwhile, General Montcalm was not an indifferent spectator of these occurrences. With an eagle eye he had followed the movements of the Commander-in-Chief;[1] and while the latter was watching the growth of his cabbages under a July sun, he rightly judged that the time had come for a descent upon Fort William Henry.

While the fate of that fortress was already determined upon by the French General, the partizans of the latter were not inactive. On the twenty-third of July, Lieutenant Marin, a Canadian officer and the same one who had destroyed the "Lydius Mills" at the Great Carrying-Place in 1745, appeared before Fort Edward at the head of two hundred men; and after a brisk skirmish, returned with thirty-two scalps and one prisoner taken from under the very guns of the Fort. On this French partizan's return to Quebec, in excuse for not bringing more prisoners, he told Montcalm that "he did not amuse himself by taking prisoners."

Almost at the same time, another scene equal in barbarity, was witnessed on the farther boundary of this county. Desirous of emulating the exploit of Lieutenant Marin, Lieutenant Corbière, also a Canadian officer, with fifty Canadians and three hundred Ottawas lay in ambush among the islands of Lake George, near Sabbath-Day Point, all day and night of the twenty-sixth. At sunrise of the twenty-seventh, twenty-two bateaux, having on board a New Jersey regiment of three hundred soldiers, under the command of Colonel Palmer,[2] were seen on the Lake. Rising with terrific yells from their concealment, the Indians attacked the English with such ferocity that only two of the barges escaped. Twenty of the boats were either captured or sunk; and keeping time with their paddles to a wild and wierd melody, the Indians returned down the Lake, having their canoes decorated with the scalps of one hundred and sixty Englishmen.[3]

[1] It must, ere this, have occurred to the reader who has followed me in this history, how much farther ahead the French always were in the matter of obtaining information of the movements of the English, than the latter. This which only shows the imbecility of the British Generals will be much more apparent when I come to narrate the "Burgoyne Campaign."

[2] Not Parker as has been generally stated.

[3] It has always been a much mooted question whether any of our Northern Indians (the Algonquins, Adirondacks, Hurons, etc.) ever practiced canibalism. The *Jesuit Relations*, it is true, seem to say they did. But it was, if it ever occurred, to make them brave by eating the hearts of their enemies rather than as food. Thus, when Roubard, a French historian, says that on this particular occasion of "his own knowledge" one of the slain Provincials was actually boiled and eaten by the "ferocious Ottawas," we must admit it. See, also, some pages back, when one of the French opposed to Col. Peter Schuyler, was boiled. This, however, was, to assuage hunger and escape starvation.

Montcalm was a true soldier. Disdaining the effeminate accompaniments of civilization, he strove to inure his men to hardship, himself setting the example. "In such an expedition," he said to his officers who were disposed to grumble, "a blanket and a bear-skin are the bed of a warrior. Imitate me. A soldier's allowance ought to suffice us." Still, with the thoughtfulness which characterized him, he did not forbid a mattress when age or infirmity rendered one necessary. Inspirited by his example, hundreds of the Red men from the shores of the Great Lakes to the forests of Acadia and Maine, flocked to his standard. "Father," said they, "we are come to do your will;" and the close of July found him at the foot of Lake George with ten thousand men—two thousand of whom were Indians.[1]

The Savages yelled with delight as they pushed off their bark canoes from the shore. Montcalm followed with the bulk of his army in two hundred and fifty boats; while De Levi, with the remainder, marched through the forest on the Western shore of Lake George, guided by some of the recreant Iroquois from the Sault St. Louis. On the first of August, a council of war was held in their boats in the North-west Bay; and on the second, Montcalm disembarked with his troops and artillery in a cove about two miles from Fort William Henry, where he was entirely sheltered from its cannon. De Levi encamped with his regulars directly in the rear of the fort, and where is (1900) the site of Fort Gage; while the Canadians and Indians under St. Luc, took up a position on the road to Fort Edward, thus cutting off all communication with that garrison. Montcalm, with the main body of his army, occupied a wood about three-quarters of a mile from the fort, north of a small creek, and near the site of the Court House in the Village of Caldwell. To resist these formidable preparations, Lieutenant-Colonel Monro had but four hundred and forty-nine men within the fort, and only seventeen hundred men in a fortified camp on the rocky eminence now (1900) the site of Fort George.

The French commander, having sent, on the fourth of August, a summons to Monro to surrender, and having received a *point blanc* refusal, opened upon the fort a battery of nine cannon and two mortars.

[1] MS. letter: Doriel to Paulmy, 31st July, 1757.

Two days afterwards, two more batteries having been placed in position, played on the English camp with telling effect. Meanwhile, the brave Monro, confident of reinforcements from Webb, to whom he had dispatched an express messenger informing him of his situation, plied his guns with spirit, throwing vast quantities of shot and shell into the enemy's camp. The men in the intrenchments also worked hard, pouring a galling fire into the French, by day; and each night, by the light of the fires, toiling to repair the breaches made in their defences.

Colonel Monro's hope of reinforcements was vain. With *four thousand* men, Webb lay at Fort Edward, listening in abject terror to the distant roar of the artillery.[1] For this conduct of Webb, there is not the slightest palliation. The approach of Montcalm, as we have seen, had not taken him by surprise. Sir William Johnson had written him to be on his guard; that the French were short of provisions, and that, if they came, they would come in large numbers, and would "make a bold push."[2] He had also received intelligence that Montcalm was moving up Lake Champlain with an army "numerous as the leaves of the trees." Beyond, however, sending to the Lieutenant-Governor and the Baronet to hurry up the militia, he did nothing for the relief of the beleaguered garrison, although express after express arrived, from its gallant commander imploring aid.

Sir William Johnson was at Fort Johnson, holding an important council with the Cherokees, when news arrived on the first of August from Webb, of the approach of Montcalm. Notwithstanding he had his "hands and head full,"[3] yet, he abruptly broke up the conference, and hastily collecting what militia and Indians he could muster, started for the relief of Webb, arriving at Fort Edward two days after the investment of Fort William Henry. Seeing at once the position of affairs, he begged that he might be sent to the relief of Monro. After repeated solicitations, his request was granted; but scarcely was he fairly on his way[4] with Putnam's Rangers and some Provincials who

[1] I say "distant;" though the roar of the artillery was heard as far south as Albany; nor, is this strange, as the ravines between the mountains acted, so to speak, as a speaking trumpet.

[2] MS. Letter: Johnson to Webb. The correctness of this information given by Johnson, is verified by a letter from Doreil to Paulmy, under date of 14th August, 1757, in which the writer says: "In the article of subsistence, we are in the greatest distress since winter; and each person in Quebec has been for more than a month reduced to four ounces of bread. It is but too evident that a long time will elapse before we shall be more at our ease."

[3] MS. Letter. Johnson to Webb, 1st August, 1757, in my possession.

[4] He had got as far as the present site of William's monument

had volunteered to share the danger, when Webb ordered him and his detachment back, sending in their place a letter to Monro full of exaggerations, and advising him to surrender! Could poltroonery have gone further! This letter was intercepted by Montcalm, who immediately sent it to Monro, with the request that he would follow Webb's advice and thus save any further effusion of blood. That gallant officer thanked him for his courtesy, and renewed his firing. At length, ten of his cannon having burst, his ammunition being nearly exhausted, and all hope from his commanding officer being at an end, Colonel Monro, on the ninth, hoisted the white flag.

The terms given by Montcalm to the garrison were fair. They were to march out with all the honors of war, taking with them their baggage and small arms, and also one cannon out of respect for the gallant defence they had made. In return, they were to pledge themselves that they would not bear arms against the French for eighteen months; and were to deliver up at Ticonderoga within four months all the French and Indian prisoners which they had taken since the beginning of the war. Montcalm, on his part, pledged himself to furnish them with an escort of at least five hundred men, to accompany them seven miles on the road to Fort Edward.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, Montcalm took formal possession of the Fort, the garrison of which joined their comrades in their entrenchments. The French General knowing well the Indian character, especially warned the English against giving the Savages anything that might intoxicate them. Well would it have been had this timely and judicious caution been followed. But the Indians, unable to obtain any rum from the French, begged it of the English, who disregarding Montcalm's advice, and hoping in this manner to win the good will of the Indians, freely supplied them with that drink during the entire night.[1] At sunrise, the Indians gathered around the intrenchments; and as the English began their march, the Savages, maddened by their night's debauch, hovered around them, brandishing their tomahawks and uttering horrid yells. Still, even at this time, had the English stood their ground, or even manifested any firmness whatever, it is probable that the scenes which followed would never have occurred; but loosing all presence of mind, they fled down the road in the wildest confusion, throwing down their baggage, arms and even their clothes.[2]

[1] Vaudreuil to Morras, Sept. 1757.

[2] See *Dr. Dwight's Travels.* Also, Vaudreuil to Morras, Sept. 1757.

This, of course, only increased the rage and violence of the Indians, who now boldly attacked them, plundering some, scalping others, and taking many prisoners.

Of the few individuals, the incidents of whose perilous escape on this occasion have been handed down to us, I quote the account of the afterwards celebrated traveller, Jonathan Carver, who chanced to be present during this flight. He says:

"At the camp, I had my money, buckles, coat, waistcoat and hat wrested from me; and though I applied to a French sentinel near by for protection, I was only called an 'English Dog,' and was violently pushed back into the midst of the Savages. Subsequently, when it was found that our only chance of life was to break through the hordes of Savages by which we were environed, I, with twenty more, sprang into the midst of the Indians. In a moment we were all separated, and what was the fate of my companions, I could not learn, till some months after, when I found that only six or seven of them had effected their escape. Intent only on my own hazardous situation, I endeavored to make my way through my Savage enemies in the best manner possible. Some I overturned, being at that time young and athletic, and others I passed by, dexterously avoiding their weapons; till, at last, two very stout chiefs of the most savage tribes, as I could distinguish by their dress and whose strength I could not resist, laid hold of me by each arm, and began to force me through the crowd. But, before we had got many yards an English gentleman of some distinction, as I could discern by his breeches (the only clothing he had on) which were of fine scarlet velvet, rushed close by us. One of the Indians instantly springing on this new object, endeavored to seize him as his prey; but the gentleman being strong, threw him on the ground, and would probably have got away, had not he who held my other arm, quitted me to assist his brother. I seized the opportunity, and hastened away to join another party of English troops that were yet unbroken, and stood in a body at some distance; but before I had taken many steps, I hastily cast my eyes towards the gentleman and saw the Indians' tomahawks gash in his back, and heard him utter his last groan.[1] I had left this shocking scene but a few yards, when a fine boy, about twelve years of age, that had hitherto escaped, came up to me, and begged that I would let him

[1] It would be futile, I know, to trace this gentleman's family in England; still some of his descendants may even yet say that their ancestor was never heard from after the French War in America.

lay hold of me, so that he might stand some chance of getting out of the hands of the Savages. I told him that I would give him every assistance in my power; and to this purpose, bid him to lay hold; but in a few moments he was torn from my side, and by his shrieks I judged he was soon demolished."

The miserable remnants of this ill-starred garrison, after straggling through the woods, reached Fort Edward singly or in small parties. Many, after sleeping one or two nights in the open air, came in, in a most pitiable and forlorn condition, nearly or quite naked—their bodies gashed with the knife or tomahawk and some of them in a state of delirium from the awful horrors they had passed through. Major Putnam was dispatched with his rangers the following morning to watch the motions of Montcalm, and arrived as the rear-guard of the French force, after demolishing and burning all the fortifications, was disappearing down the Lake on its return to Ticonderoga. "The spectacle," says Putnam, "that was presented was so shockingly diabolical, that human eyes were scarcely able to endure the sight. Though fourteen thousand persons[1] had been congregated upon that spot the preceding morning, not a living thing was now standing there. But, scattered over and covering the ground thick as the leaves of autumn, lay the ghastly corpses, weltering in their gore, mangled and mutilated with all the wantonness of Indian fierceness and barbarity; some with their throats cut; others with their brains oozing out from their cloven heads; and yet others, with the hair and scalp torn away, leaving only the naked, bloody skull. Upon the plain all was now still and silent, save an occasional faint moan from some poor victim, in whom the spark of life yet lingered. Within the camp enclosure, innumerable fragments of human bones and carcasses half consumed were still frying and broiling in the decaying fires. In fact, devastation, barbarity and horror, indescribably awful, everywhere appeared."

Montcalm was in his tent when the news of the behavior of his Savage allies was brought to him. With all possible speed he hastened to the spot; and with De Levi and other officers rushed into the mêlée, exposing himself to death; using prayers, threats and caresses; begging the interposition of the Chiefs and interpretors; and in short applying every means in his power to stop the horrid carnage. The French soldiers, also aided their General, receiving, in many instances, serious wounds—one

[1] Bad enough at the best—still, Putnam certainly exaggerates this number.

of them, indeed, being killed.[1] Finally, after thirty of the Provincials had been massacred,[2] those of the soldiers who had not succeeded in reaching Fort Edward were rescued from the Indians, and sent into Fort William Henry; receiving new clothes and every attention that humanity could suggest. The next day the unfortunates (not including those who, as we have seen, reached Fort Edward on their own hook, as it were,) numbering four hundred, were sent under a strong guard to that Fort—two Chiefs of each Nation being detailed with the party, as an additional protection against any further assaults from their warriors. Two hundred of the garrison were carried by the Indians to Montreal; but they, together with those taken from the bateaux under Colonel Palmer were immediately ransomed by De Vandreuil, and sent by an armed vessel to Halifax.

Dreadful as was this example of Punic faith on the part of the Indians, Montcalm himself must be exonerated from being instrumental in it, either by accident or design. His conduct, the previous year at Oswego, in arresting the contemplated massacre by shooting six Indians on the spot, allows us reasonably to infer, that if he had known of this affair before it was fairly under way, he would have adopted the same summary means, and thus prevented the bloody scene which has just been described. While, therefore, our sympathies must ever flow out towards the unfortunate garrison, we should never allow them to prejudice us against one who ever proved himself as humane as he was brave. Rather, let our indignation fall upon him, who with ample means at his command and within fourteen miles of the Fort, allowed its brave defenders to become the victims of such barbarity.

By the orders of Montcalm, the walls of the Fort were leveled with the ground, and everything of a combustible nature consumed. The destruction being complete, the French, having with them large stores taken from the English, returned to Ticonderoga, leaving behind only blackened and smouldering ruins. Instead of the evening gun, now arose the howl of the wolf preying on the mangled bodies of the slain; and the waters of the Lake reposing peacefully among the hills told not of the bloody struggle, nor of the war and din of arms.[3]

[1] *Journal of the Expedition.*

[2] The New Hampshire Regiment, in the war, felt the chief fury of the enemy.—*Belknap.*

[3] Before the present hotel, "The Fort William Henry" was built, on the site of this fort. I have often dug up skeletons and silver buttons—belonging to the poor unfortunate victims.

Upon the fall of Fort William Henry, Webb was paralyzed with terror. He sent his personal effects by an express messenger under a heavy escort to Albany, and was on the point of falling back upon the Highlands when Lord Howe, who had arrived on the seventh with reinforcements calmed his fears by assuring him that there was no prospect of an immediate attack; and soon after, having ascertained to a certainty that the enemy were on their retreat to Ticonderoga, he dismissed to their homes twenty thousand of the militia, who had arrived at Fort Edward a few days after the surrender.

But the *morale* of the army was completely destroyed. Sir William Johnson returned in disgust to Albany; while among the powers in authority mutual recriminations followed. Webb accused De Lancy of not sending reinforcements in time; and the latter, with far more truth, insisted that Webb was strong enough to have marched to the relief of the besieged long before they surrendered. The militia, willing to fight, but weary of being led to slaughter by incompetent leaders, deserted by scores, and in one instance, out of a company of forty men stationed at Fort Edward, ten only were left!

The news of the capitulation reached Albany on the 8th of August just as additional reinforcements were on their way to Fort Edward; but as the conduct of Webb was sustained by the regular troops,[1] the Lieutenant-Governor feared to make such representations to the British Ministry, as it desired. Consequently, Webb returned to England, and far from being court-martialed for his outrageous conduct, received additional honors. No wonder that with such influences the English forces were for many years the sport of an active and determined foe.

"As to our military operations," wrote at this time, Mr. De Lancy, in his message to the New York Colonial Assembly, "we are still on the losing side, Fort William Henry, near Fort Edward, at the head of Lake George, being taken and demolished by the enemy after a seige of eight days, with no great loss of men on either side. It surrendered on capitulation, by which the French became masters of the fort; artillery, and all the stores; and that which makes it more unfortunate is, that here were lodged all our cannon and stores intended against Crown-Point. It seems very strange to us that the French can send such large supplies to America and always before us, notwithstanding the great

[1] So inveterate and unreasonable is the prejudice of regulars against volunteers—a prejudice which neither the French Wars, nor the American Revolution, nor yet the late Civil War, and the war with Spain has yet eradicated!

superiority of the British navy. Surely there must be a great failure somewhere, which if not timely remedied, may probably end in the entire loss of English-America."

The close of the year was marked by nothing of particular moment. General Lyman succeeded Webb in command of Fort Edward; and the winter wore away with nothing worthy of mention except, perhaps, an attempt on the part of some Ottawas to surprise that fort. It seems, that while making some repairs to the fort a hundred and fifty workmen were sent out into the neighboring forest to obtain the necessary timber; a Captain Little being posted with a small force of soldiers to protect the wood-choppers. While the work was in progress, in the early dawn of an autumn morning the party were suddenly attacked by a portion of that nation. General Lyman, ignorant of the enemy's force, did not dare to send aid to the party thus assailed (not knowing in what force the enemy were) and ordered the gates of the fort to be closed. Meanwhile, Major Putnam, who with his rangers, was stationed on the island in the river opposite the fort, hearing the fire of musketry, leaped into the water, and followed by his men eagerly pressed forward to the relief of Captain Little's band. As they passed the fort, Lyman called out ordering them to halt and retire within the fort. Putnam and his men, however, paying no heed to this command from his superior officer, continued on to the rescue. Reaching by this time the almost exhausted and nearly overpowered party; and with a shout, which drowned the war-cries of the Ottawas, they swept through a morass in their front and put the savages to flight. Lyman took no notice of Putnam's disobedience of orders—success being fully a vindication of this insubordination; to which, also, may have been added in his own mind that an investigation would not have contributed anything to his own reputation in the affair.[1]

Shortly after this skirmish (whether caused by Lyman's seeming delinquency in allowing himself to have been so nearly "caught napping," is not known,) that officer was relieved; Colonel Haviland of the regular army, succeeding him in the command of that fort.

[1] Dr. Fitch.

CHAPTER IX.

1758-1763.

THE FRENCH WAR CONTINUED — ROGERS SURPRISED — MOONLIGHT FIGHT AT "PUT'S ROCK," NEAR WHITEHALL — DEFEAT OF GENERAL ABERCROMBY — DUNCAN CAMPBELL'S GHOST — THE CONQUEST OF CANADA BY WOLFE AND AMHERST.

The campaign against Canada, of 1758, opened with great apparent spirit; the hostile incursions of the Canadian Indians serving to rouse the Colonists to greater activity. On the 13th of March of that year, a party of some seven hundred French and Indians, commanded by Duvantaye and the Sieur de Langly, surprised and fell upon a detachment of two hundred rangers, under Major Rogers, who were scouting in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga. The Indians brought back one hundred and forty-four scalps and some prisoners, among the later of whom were two officers — Captain, afterwards Major-General Henry Pringle, and Lieutenant Roche. Rogers retired with fifteen men and two officers. Three days afterwards, these two officers, having wandered around and lost themselves in the forest in a vain attempt to escape, came into Fort St. Frederick (Ticonderoga) and surrendered themselves to the French. Rogers himself escaped by approaching the summit of Bald Mountain on the shore of Lake George at the place since called "Rogers' Slide;" when, reversing his snow-shoes, and taking a back track for some distance he swung himself by a friendly and overhanging branch into a defile and found his way thence down the Lake. The Indians, following his tracks, approached the top of the slide, and were astounded and nearly awe-struck at the apparent feat of sliding down five or six hundred feet into the Lake. But there was to them no question of the fact! There was Rogers, in plain sight, gliding on the ice of the Lake—and so they gave up the pursuit. Again, on June 2d, Le Sieur de Outelas, marching from Carillon[1] to Fort Edward, at the head of twenty-nine Nepissings, and Algonquins, discovered a party of English troops and Mohawks. The former uttered their warcry, and buried the hatchet to the heft in the heads of the latter, who, greatly frightened by the suddenness of the attack, took to their heels—

[1] Fort St. Frederick, Fort Ticonderoga, and Fort Carillon (meaning a chime of Bells from the noise of the rapids) are all one and the same.

leaving four killed and six captives in the hands of the enemy—these last being taken alive for the more dreadful death by torture.

The Mother Country and her Colonies alike, in view of these atrocities, therefore felt that they had much to accomplish if they would repair the losses and disappointments of the preceding two years. Indeed, the repeated failures of Braddock and Webb, and Lord Loudoun, had chagrined and exasperated the Nation. The elder Pitt, who had succeeded the silly Newcastle, even declared in Parliament that there appeared to be a determination on the part of the officers in command, against any vigorous execution of the service of the country; and when, during the same year, the King was remonstrated with on appointing so young and rash a madman as Wolfe to conduct the meditated expedition against Quebec, the sturdy Brunswicker vexedly replied—"If he is mad, I hope he will bite some of my Generals.[1] It was under these circumstances, that England determined to put forth her whole energies in the three formidable expeditions this year projected;—against Louisburgh under General Amherst; against Fort Du Quesne, on the Ohio; and the third and most formidable division against Ticonderoga and Crown-Point with a view of striking a blow upon Montreal.

With the great Commoner's entrance into power a new order of things arose in America. That half idiot Lord Loudoun, was superseded in March by Abercromby, and General Webb soon after, followed the former to England.[2] The same vessel which brought the news of Loudoun's recall, brought also circular letters from the War Minister to the Colonial Governor, informing them that the British Cabinet had determined to send on a large force for offensive operations against the French by sea and land; and calling upon them for as large a number of men as they felt able to raise according to their population, "arms, ammunition, tents, provisions and boats," it was declared, "would be furnished by the Crown," and the Provincial Governors, meanwhile, were desired to buy clothes and pay their troops, and appoint the officers of the various regiments. All the Provincial Colonels were to be made Brigadier-Generals; and the Lieutenant-Colonels while in service in America, were to rank as Colonels. These tidings were hailed by the

[1] One is reminded by this incident of the well authenticated one regarding Grant and President Lincoln, who, when remonstrated with for keeping Grant at the head of the army on the ground that he drank large quantities of whiskey, replied: "Give me the name of the particular brand he drinks, that I may send it to some of my other Generals!"

[2] General Webb's recall was attributed at the time to the representations of Colonel Monro to the Ministry. MS. letter Guy Johnson to Sir William Johnson.

Colonists with delight; sick, as their hearts had so long been, with hope long deferred. The recall of Loudoun was accepted by them as a desire of the Parent Government to conciliate; and they all, New England, especially, entered into the work of co-operation with alacrity. Massachusetts raised seven thousand men; Connecticut five thousand; and New Hampshire, one regiment of eight hundred. Rhode Island and New Jersey were not backward; and the Assembly of New York having voted without hesitation, in March, to raise, clothe and pay two thousand, six hundred and eighty men, besides providing for the support of every needy soldier's family in his absence, twenty thousand Provincials were in Albany and ready to take the field early in May.[1]

With the expedition to Halifax, we have nothing to do as it does not come within the province of this History except to say it was in the main successful.

Meantime, while preparations were making for a formidable and vigorous campaign against Ticonderoga, under General Abercromby, who had resolved to lead the expedition in person, the French were making corresponding exertions to repel the expected invasion. With a view of creating a division, by annoying the Colony of New York, it was given out that an attempt was to be made on Oswego. This, however, was ignored—as it was determined that every effort should be made to resist the attack of the French by way of the Lakes.

For the prosecution of the campaign against Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, an army of regular troops and Provincials was assembled, unprecedented for its numbers in the annals, thus far, of American warfare. General Abercromby, as before remarked, determined to lead the expedition in person. The rendezvous of the formidable army destined upon this service was first at Fort Edward, where, on the 5th of June, General Viscount Howe arrived with the first division of the army of invasion—Major Rogers being sent ahead with fifty men to Lake Champlain on a reconnoisance. On the 22nd Lord Howe moved forward to the head of Lake George, where the charred and blackened ruins of Fort William Henry—a monument to General Webb's cowardice—yet remained.

Meantime, with a view of keeping the enemy at Ticonderoga ignorant of the advance of the army, Putnam was dispatched with fifty men to

[1] I have been particular to mention these strenuous efforts on the part of the Colonies to show how they responded to the call of the Mother Country—and as it will afterwards be seen how shamefully all their efforts were rendered nugatory by Abercromby.

the head of Lake Champlain with the object of preventing the French from reconnoitering in the vicinity of Fort Edward. Proceeding down Wood-Creek, the veteran ranger posted himself and party in a position well adapted for the object in view. "Three-fourths of a mile distant from the point where South Bay makes off from Lake Champlain and about the same distance north from the present Village of Whitehall, there is a short and sudden turn in the Lake called, in allusion to its shape, 'the Fidler's Elbow.' High ledges of rock here border the Lake on each side so as to render it extremely difficult for passing steamboats to clear the overhanging cliffs on either hand." On the promontory on the west side and behind some breastworks hastily thrown up, the rangers took their stand to drive back any bands of the enemy that might approach. Fifteen out of his fifty men, Putnam was forced by sickness, to send back to Fort Edward. Their patience and perseverance were at length rewarded; for, on the evening of the fourth day, a great number of canoes filled with nearly five hundred French and Indians and led by the ferocious and notorious French Partizan Marin were espied coming up the Lake and into the mouth of South Bay. When the enemy had well advanced into his trap, Putnam sprung it by ordering his men to fire. The moon being at its full enabled this fire to be of deadly effect—every ball counting; and the battle, if so it can be called, was kept up till daylight, when the French, seeing the smallness of the force against them, attempted to outflank the rangers. Their leader perceiving this, and his amunition being expended, withdrew and fell back on Fort Edward. The rock from which Putnam and his men delivered such an effective fire is called "Put's Rock" and is still pointed out to the curious tourist of the present day. Of Putnam's party only one was killed and one other wounded and captured; while, according to Marin, who told Putnam (when the latter was a captive in Canada) the French had nearly one-half of their men killed. Before arriving at the Great Carrying-Place, however, Putnam was destined to meet with another adventure which might have proved serious enough to counteract the recent advantage just gained over the French. As he was making his way through the tangled underbrush of the primeval forest, he was suddenly fired upon, by which one of his men was wounded. "Charge bayonets," cried Putnam, thinking that he in his turn, had fallen into a trap. "We are friends," exclaimed the leader of the suspected enemy who was also on a scouting expedition.

"Friends or foes," exclaimed Putnam, "you ought to be cut to pieces for doing such poor shooting when you had so fair a shot!"

The morning of the fifth of July—the day of the embarkation—was clear and beautiful. The spectacle was full of life and animation and withal very imposing. The forces collected on the occasion numbered seven thousand British troops of the line, and upward of ten thousand Provincials, exclusive of the many hundreds of non-combatants necessarily in the train of such an army. The flotilla for their transportation to Ticonderoga, consisted of nine hundred bateaux, and one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, together with a sufficient number of rafts to convey the heavy stores and ammunition, and the artillery to cover the landing of the troops, in the neighborhood of the works first to be invested. The utmost confidence of success inspired both officers and men; and all was activity and gayety in getting in motion, from the instant the *reveille* startled the armed host from their repose at the dawn, until the embarkation was complete. So sure were all of an easy victory, that they went forth as to a grand review, or the pageant of a national festival. A part of England's chivalry was gathered there, of whom was the accomplished Lord Howe, distinguished alike for his generosity, his gallantry, and his courage. Many other young noblemen of high bearing and promise were also there; together with a still greater number of nature's noblemen, in the persons of New England's hardy sons, both in commission and in the ranks. Nor, were the spirited Colonists of the Colony of New York unrepresented. Their sons, both of English and Dutch descent, sustained a generous rivalry in their chivalrous bearing, and evinced an equal readiness to "rush to glory or the grave," for the honor of their country. These proud spirited Americans, with the blood of freemen hotly coursing through their veins neither knew nor cared whether they were descended from the Talbots, the John of Gaunts, or the Percys; but their hearts beat as high, and their souls were as brave, and their sinewy arms could strike as heavy blows, as those who could trace the longest ancestry, or wore the proudest crest. There, also, was the proud Highland regiment of Lord John Murray, with their bag-pipes, their tartan breacan, fringed down their brawny legs, and their black plumes in their bonnets. What an array, and what a splendid armament, for a small and quiet Lake, sequestered so deeply in the interior of what was then a woody continent, and imbedded in a wild and remote chasm, among a hundred mountains. Yet this lonely and inhospitable region,

where there were nothing but rocks and solitudes and bleak mountains to contend for, was to be the theatre on which the rival courts of St. James and St. Cloud were to be decided—and on which, the embattled host of Europe, at the distance of a thousand leagues from their respective homes, were to be joined in the bloody conflict for empire!

The morning being perfectly clear, after the light mists which floated peacefully along the sides of the hills had disappeared, the sky glowed brighter and purer than many in that army had ever seen it. Before them, at their feet, lay the crystal waters of the Lake, like a mirror of molten silver—the emerald islands tufted with trees, floating as it were in the clear element. In the camp, on the open esplanade by the shore, was the mustering of troops, the hurrying to and fro of the officers, the rattling of the military equipments, the neighing of steeds with all the inharmonious confusion which such a scene must necessarily present. Beyond, wide spread upon the Lake, were the thousand barges, shifting and changing places as convenience required, the banners of the different regiments streaming gaily in the breeze; while the swell of cheerful voices, the rolling of the drums, the prolonged and exhilarating notes of the bugle, as they resounded among the mountains, combined to throw over the entire wild region an air of enchantment.

Indeed, the whole of this memorable passage of Lake George resembled more the pageant of a grand aquatic gala, or a dream of romance, than a chapter of stern history. Stretching down the Lake, the scenery partook of the same wild and glorious character, and every mile of their progress disclosed new objects of wonder, or presented fresh sources of delight. It was a day, moreover, of unmingled pleasure. A fine elastic breeze swept through the gorges of the mountains, serving to brace the nerves, and produce a glow of good feeling, humor and hilarity, which lasted till the setting sun. The animal spirits were often cheered and enlivened by favorite airs from the well appointed regimental bands. Wheeling aloft, with untiring wing, as if moving with, and watching over the armament, were several noble bald eagles, whose eyries hung on the beetling crags, affording to the soldiers a happy presage of victory! The bag-pipes of the Highlanders would thrill every soul in the armada with the pibroch, or an expert bugleman electrify the multitude by causing the hills and the glens to echo with the stirring notes wound from his instrument. Indeed, the effect of the varying and shifting movements of the barges among the islands,

with their different streamers fluttering in the air, now shooting in this direction, and now running in that—was exceedingly fine, animating and romantic. Taking these movements in connection with the nodding of plumes, the dazzling glitter of the uniforms, and the flashing of the oars, as at every stroke they rose from the sparkling waters, the whole prospect was of surpassing magnificence. Far different was the scene presented the following day, when amid the lengthening shadows of the mountains, a solitary barge bore back the remains of him, who was the soul of the expedition—Lord Howe.

The landing of the troops was effected in good order in a cove on the west side of the Lake at noon of the following day. Here the troops, having been joined by Sir William Johnson, with three hundred Indians, formed in four columns and began their march, leaving behind all the artillery and heavy baggage, which could not be transported until the bridges, that the advanced guard of the enemy had burned in their retreat, could be rebuilt. The purpose of Abercromby was to hasten forward and carry Ticonderoga by storm before the reinforcements which, it was said, were hastening to the relief of Montcalm under De Levy, could arrive. But the British General (like Braddock, who was brought up in the same school) could easier manoeuver his troops in Hyde-Park, than conduct them through dense and pathless woods and over morasses covered with thick and tangled underbrush. He grew confused; his guides became bewildered; while, to increase the general perplexity, the advance guard fell in with a body of the enemy, under De Trépézée, who had also lost their way, and in the skirmish that ensued, the gallant Howe, of the Fifty-fifth Regiment, fell at the head of his men. He, as well as his brother, the admiral and his successor to the title, was very greatly beloved in the army and his death was deeply regretted. He had distinguished himself in a peculiar manner by his courage, activity and rigid observance of military discipline, and he had acquired the esteem and affection of the soldiery by his frank generosity, his sweetness of manner and his engaging address. The utter route of De Trépézée's party, however, was but a small compensation for the loss which the English had sustained in the death of their young leader. The fate of this officer, who was the life of the men, at once threw a damper and a gloom over the entire army; and from that moment "an almost general consternation and languor" took the place of its previous confidence and buoyancy.[1] Utterly discomfited at

[1] Roger's Journal.

this untoward occurrence on the very threshold, as it were, of the expedition, Abercromby, uncertain what course to pursue, drew back his army early the next morning to the landing-place.

While the British General was yet hesitating, Colonel Bradstreet, with Rogers and four hundred rangers pushed forward, rebuilt the bridges, and took possession of some saw-mills which the French had erected at the lower rapids, about two miles from Ticonderoga.[1] The indomitable energy of the Provincial Colonel, reassured Abercromby, who now advanced to the saw-mills and sent forward Clerk, his chief engineer, together with Stark and a few rangers, to reconnoiter the enemy's works. The party returned at dusk. Clerk reported, that, although to the unpracticed eye, the defences of the French appeared strong, yet in reality they would offer but a feeble defence to the charge of the British bayonet. The cool Stark, however, was of a different opinion. Without doubt recollecting the successful resistance which the rude and hastily constructed breastworks of Johnson, three years before, had opposed to the flower of the French regulars, he rightly judged that the defences of Montcalm were capable of withstanding a powerful attack, and so informed Abercromby.

His advice, however, was rejected by that supercilious commander, as worthy only of an ignorant Provincial unacquainted with British prowess: and the army having rested on their arms that night, the English commander, early on the morning of the eighth, gave orders to advance without artillery, and to carry the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet.

For the defence of Ticonderoga against the formidable preparations of the English, Montcalm had but thirty-six hundred and fifty men. Instead, however, of despairing, he caused a heavy breastwork to be constructed within six hundred paces of the main works; while, at the same time, huge trees were felled, and laid with their branches outward, for a distance of a hundred yards in front of the log-breastworks. Having thus constructed a strong *chivaux de frise*, defended by a strong force in its rear, which could not be reached without the greatest exertions, especially in the absence of cannon, Montcalm threw off his coat in the trenches; and, forbidding his men to fire a musket until he should give the word, calmly awaited the approach of the British.

[1] These rapids are caused by the descent of the waters of Lake George into Lake Champlain. The outlet of Lake George is four miles in length, and in that distance falls about 157 feet.

At one o'clock, the English, preceded by Major Rogers and his sharpshooters, advanced gallantly in four columns to the attack, the Highland soldiers of the Forty-second being placed in the rear. At the first onset, the ranks of the English were thrown into dire confusion by the branches of the trees; and at the same time, at a signal from Montcalm, a terrific fire was opened upon the assailants from swivels and small arms. In vain was it that the English in the first rank rallied and endeavored again and again to penetrate through the trees to the entrenchments beyond. The more they struggled the more they became entangled in the branches while rank after rank was mowed down by the well directed and galling fire of the enemy. At this point the gallant Highlanders could endure their position no longer. Impatient of their position in the rear, they rushed forward, hewed their way through the obstacles with their broadswords, and, since no ladders had been provided, made strenuous efforts to carry the *chevaux de frize*, partly by mounting on each other's shoulders and partly by fixing their feet in holes which they had excavated with their swords and bayonets in the face of the work.[1] But their bravery was to no purpose. The defenders were so well prepared that the instant an assailant reached the top, that instant he was thrown down or shot. At length, after great exertions, Capt. John Campbell, one of the two soldiers who had been presented to George II at Whitehall in 1743, and a handful of valiant followers forced their way over the breastworks, only to be instantly dispatched by the bayonet. Finally, driven from the left, the assaulting party attempted the center, then the right, till at length after sustaining without flinching, the enemy's fire for over five hours, they retreated in the utmost disorder, having lost in killed and wounded the appalling number of nineteen hundred and sixteen men.[2] Notwithstanding this terrible loss, the soldiers had become so exasperated by the opposition which they had encountered, and by the loss of so many of their comrades, that they could, with difficulty, be recalled. Indeed, the Highlanders in particular, were so obstinate that it was not until the third peremptory order from the General that Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, the commanding

[1] The "*Black Watch*," "the Record of an Historic Regiment." *New York*, 1898.

[2] In reading the reports of the late engagements in South Africa between the Boers and the British forces, particularly the one at the Modder River, I have been greatly struck with the fuss and exaggeration made over the fact that some 400 of Gen. Methuen's command were killed and wounded. This statement, moreover, being heralded with that General's announcement "that not even in the annals of British warfare was there ever such slaughter, &c., &c." In view of the above, how ridiculous such statements appear!

officer of the regiment, was able to prevail on them to withdraw, after more than one-half of his men and twenty-five of his officers had been either killed or desperately wounded. "The attack," wrote Grant, afterward, in commenting upon the event, "began a little past one in the afternoon, and about two the fire became general on both sides. It was exceedingly heavy and without any cessation, insomuch that the oldest soldiers never saw so furious and incessant a fire. The affair at Fontenay was nothing to it—I saw both. We labored under insurmountable difficulties. The enemy's breastworks were about ten feet high, on the top of which they had plenty of wall-pieces fixed * * They had taken care to cut down monstrous large trees. This not only broke our ranks, but put it entirely out of our power to advance till we had cut our way through. I had seen men behave with courage and resolution before that day, but so much determined bravery can scarcely be paralleled. Even those who lay mortally wounded cried aloud to their companions not to mind or waste a thought upon them, but to follow their officers and remember the honor of their country. * * * The remains of the regiment (the Forty-second) had the honor to cover the retreat of the army, and brought off the wounded as we did at Fontenay."

But, notwithstanding this reverse, the British were more than twelve thousand strong, with plenty of artillery with which the enemy might easily have been driven from their intrenchments. Abercromby, however, instead of bringing up his artillery from the landing-place where it had been left, and rallying his men, had retreated, upon the first news of the defeat, from the mills (where he had remained during the fight) leaving orders for the army to follow him to the landing; and while the entire night was spent by Montcalm in strengthening his defences and encouraging his men (the French General not dreaming but that Abercromby would return in force with his artillery to redeem his disaster) the English were retreating in the footsteps of their valorous commander.[1] Reaching the landing early on the morning of the ninth, the army in wild affright would have rushed into the bateaux and sunk the greater portion of them, had not Colonel Bradstreet by his coolness convinced them that there was no immediate danger, and

[1] Of what metal, anyway, were these remarkable Generals made of. Loudoun and Webb were of the same character, while this action of Abercromby reminds one at once of the poltroonery of Gates (brought up in the same school, and companions at arms with the above) at the Battle of Saratoga, when from a distant eminence a mile from the scene of battle, on Bemis Heights, he watched the ebb and flow of the action—having all his preparations made to retreat should the tide of battle go against him!

prevailed upon them to embark quietly and in good order. Nor, did Abercromby breathe freely until, Fort Edward being reached, Lake George was between himself and the French, and his artillery and ammunition fairly on their way to Albany.

As soon as the main army reached the head of the Lake, all those of the wounded who could be sent ahead were conveyed to Fort Edward. "Loads after loads of miserable sufferers," writes Dr. Fitch, who had it from the son of an eye-witness, "were brought hither, pale and ghastly, to breathe out their dying groans upon the air that so lately had resounded with their hearty shouts, and to mingle their dust with that of the surrounding plain—their names to perish from earth, and not so much as a rude stone set at their graves to indicate to succeeding generations, that the spot was the hallowed repository of the dead."[1]

Of all that gallant dead who fell on this occasion, the name and place of two only are preserved to the present day, viz: That of Lord Howe, and of Major Duncan Campbell of the Forty-second Highland Regiment.

Regarding Lord Howe, various accounts have been given as to his burial place—some authorities stating that he was buried near the present village of Ticonderoga, and others equally positive, give Albany. I think, however, that there can be no doubt that his remains were taken to Albany for interment. Regarding this, the following extract from "The Life of Philip Schuyler" is in point:

"Two days before the *Courier* was sent, another boat had passed over the Lake, but upon a different errand. It contained the body of young Lord Howe, who fell as we have seen, in the first encounter with the French in the forest of Ticonderoga. Its arrival upon the sandy beach at the head of the Lake was the first intimation to Colonel Cumming and his command of the great loss the army had sustained. None grieved more sincerely than Major Schuyler, and he asked and received permission to convey the dead body of his friend to Albany for interment. It was carried on a rude bier to Fort Edward, and thence to Albany in a bateau. Major Schuyler caused it to be entombed in his family vault, and there it lay many years, when the remains were placed in a leaden coffin and deposited under the chancel of St. Peter's church in that city. They rest there still. We have observed that Lord Howe, as an example for his soldiers, had cut his fine and abundant

[1] In making excavations for cellars, sewers, &c., in the vicinity of the Village of Fort Edward, at points distant from any spots suspected of having been occupied as places of interment, rows of human skeletons are sometimes unearthed—the date of whose burial is, of course, entirely conjectural.

hair very short. When his remains were taken from the Schuyler vault in 1859 for re-entombment, his hair had grown to long, flowing locks, and was very beautiful. "The ribbon, indeed, as I learn from another source, that bound it, was yet black and glossy, all, on exposure, sank into dust. The remains, enclosed in a new chest, were reverently placed along the north wall of the modern edifice."

In Westminster Abbey, there is in the south aisle, a monument erected to this gallant officer. The emblematic representation on the monument is a figure of the Genius of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in a mournful posture, lamenting the fall of this hero, and the family arms, ornamented with military trophies. Beneath is the following inscription, in large letters:

"The Province of Massachusett's Bay, in New England, by an order of the Great and General Court, bearing date February 1st, 1759, caused this monument to be erected to the memory of George, Lord Viscount Howe, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces in North America, who was slain, July 6, 1758, on the march of Ticonderoga, in the thirty-fourth year of his age; in testimony of the sense they had of his services and military virtues, and of the affection their officers and soldiers bore to his command. He lived respected and beloved; the public regretted his loss; to his family it is irreparable."

Regarding the other hero, Campbell: In the Fort Edward burying ground yet (1900) stands a red sandstone slab, the oldest monument, according to Dr. Fitch, in the country;[1] and though the elements have

[1] When the late Dean Stanley was in this country he spent an evening with the late Bishop Williams in Hartford. The conversation had turned to the subject of the French and Indian war, and the Dean displayed great knowledge concerning the history of those days. At length Ticonderoga was mentioned, and the Englishman asked: "Did you ever hear, bishop, the story of Duncan Campbell of Inveraugh? Well, there happened, shortly after the defeat of Edward the Pretender, to be a meeting of gentlemen in the west of Scotland, whose conversation turned upon political subjects. It was dangerous ground, for part of them were in favor of the family of Hanover, and the rest were partisans of Charles Stuart. The discussion waxed hot, and at length swords were drawn. The quarrel was only ended when one of the contestants fell dead. There lived at that time, as they do to-day, near the place of the quarrel, the family of Campbells of Inveraugh. Duncan Campbell was then the head of the clan, and to him the unfortunate man appealed for protection. With the usual hospitality of a Highlander the Campbell granted him shelter, and swore to defend him in his misfortune. The following day the startling news came to the chief that the murdered man was his own cousin, and that he was sheltering the slayer of a kinsman. That night the cousin came to Campbell in a dream and demanded of him vengeance for his death. The honorable soul of the chieftain revolted from any treachery, and he told his guest of the dream. Again night came, and again the cousin appeared, asking for retribution. Unable to break his vow, Campbell sent his guest away to the mountains under a strong escort and trusted he would at length sleep in peace. But at dead of night came that ghastly visitor and said in tones of anger: 'Duncan Campbell, we will meet at Ticonderoga.' The Highlander awoke next morning with a great feeling of relief. Ticonderoga was a word he had never heard, and whether the spirit

beaten upon and corroded it for a century and a half, its simple legend may still be deciphered by the curious visitor, as follows:

"Here lyes the Body of Duncan Campbell of Inversha[w], Esq., Major To The old Highland Regt., Aged 55 Years, Who died the 17th July, 1758, of The Wounds He Received In The Attack of The Retrenchments of Ticonderoga, or Carillon, 8th of July, 1758." [2]

In view of this grave, as I stood over it in the Fort Edward cemetery some years since, and thinking of the battle in which its occupant lost his life, Dr. Johnson's words, while writing of his visit to the Hebrides, were recalled to my mind with peculiar force:

"Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism does not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Meantime, while Abercromby had fled to Albany, Fort Edward had been made through him a vast hospital and charnel-house. The remains of his army, however, still occupied a fortified camp on the site of Fort William Henry; and for the supply of this camp an immense amount of stores was required. These, of course, had to be sent from

referred to a realm of the other world or was inventing words to scare him he neither knew nor cared." "Years went by, and at length Duncan Campbell found himself a major in the Scotch rangers under Abercromby in the expedition against the French on Lake George in the summer of 1758. The army, the largest ever assembled in America up to that time, had sailed down the Lake in a thousand boats and landed near its outlet. To the Scotch Major the name Ticonderoga, against which point the expedition was directed, had sounded with an awful and ominous import. His colonel, by name Gordon-Graham, who knew the story, endeavored to cheer his drooping spirits, but it was with a heavy heart that the Highland chieftain prepared his men for attack. The story of that day's disaster is well known; how the brave Lord Howe fell early in the action; how the brawny Scotchman attempted to scale the breastworks, and how at length the retreat was sounded after the loss of 2,000 men. Mortally wounded, Duncan Campbell was carried from the field, and breathed his last in the hospital at Fort Edward. Just before his death he said to Gordon-Graham: 'As I slept last night after the battle,' Colonel, 'the spirit of my cousin came to me and said, 'Duncan Campbell, we have met at Ticonderoga.' 'Such,' said the Dean, in conclusion, 'is the ghost story of Ticonderoga' as I have heard it from the present Campbells of Inveraugh, the descendants of the unfortunate Duncan." The Bishop had listened with great interest to the tale, and at its close said: "Your story, Dean, is new to me, but I now recollect that I have seen the grave of Duncan Campbell at Fort Edward. It is marked by a crumbling slab that tells of his death from a wound received in the attack on Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758." Thus it happened that one of the only men in England who knew the strange story of the Scotch major told it by a peculiar chance, to perhaps the only man in America who had noticed the existence of that neglected grave.

[2] From this rude epitaph it will be seen that Major Campbell lingered at Fort Edward for several days after receiving his wound.

Albany, and for their transportation, teamsters with their wagons and horses, were impressed without ceremony, greatly, of course, to the chagrin of their drivers. It is to be remembered, also, that all that part of the route above Fort Edward was through a trackless forest, "which," says Dr. Fitch, "from what has been told me, is by the descendants of these teamsters, still remembered as having been dark, gloomy and dismal in the extreme;" for everywhere, and behind each tree, an enemy could lurk in ambush, and fire upon the luckless traveller with scarcely a moment's warning. Prowling parties of Indians and Canadians, coming from Ticonderoga up Lake Champlain and South Bay, so infested the route that it was an almost daily occurrence for the transportation trains to be intercepted and plundered. Indeed, almost every step between the present Village of Sandy Hill and Lake George became tracked with blood, even that portion of Washington county near the mouth of the Battenkill, not escaping. In illustration of this last statement, the following incident, taken from a writer, known as the *Scraggenary*,[1] is in point. He relates that his father was one of the teamsters thus impressed. "When," he says, "my father reached the Battenkill,[2] he discovered the wet print of a moccasin upon

[1] This writer has never been known by his true name. He evidently, however, was well posted, as may be judged from his various narrations.

[2] The Battenkill, one of the tributaries of the Hudson River, rises in the township of Dorset, Vermont, among the Green Mountains, and, flowing rapidly through Manchester, turns to the west in the north part of Sunderland. Thence, passing through Arlington, it crosses the County of Washington between Cambridge and Salem, Easton and Greenwich, and, after a picturesque fall, discharges its waters into the Hudson at the south-west corner of Greenwich, and about three-quarters of a mile north of the Village of Schuylerville, N. Y., on the opposite bank of that river. The designation "Battenkill," (the Indian name of which was Dionoondehowee) is a remarkable example of a name now entirely lost by contraction. Its origin (as I am sure my Washington county readers would like to know) was as follows: A Dutchman named Bartholomew Van Hogeboom was the first settler at the mouth of this creek, and it was named Bartholomew's Kill. He was usually called "Bart" or "Bat" for short, and the creek came thus to be called "Bat's Kill." It now appears on our maps and in gazetteers as *Battenkill*, thus giving scarcely a hint of its origin. For the benefit of the followers of old Isaack Walton, of which guild I am one, I hereby append a clipping from a Washington county paper. The *Cambridge Post* of August 15, 1887, says: Fishermen had only fair luck the first of May. At an early hour the brook was lined. The Battenkill was so high that it was impossible to do anything in it, and so resort was had to the smaller brooks. The fish were coy and did not bite well, and the total number taken was much smaller than last year. [The fish referred to is, of course, the trout.] This was partly compensated for, however, by the size of some that were taken. H. M. Wells [a resident, I believe, of Washington county] was 'high brook.' He captured a beauty at the old 'Wilcox Bridge,' south of this village, 20 1-2 inches long, and weighing two pounds and thirteen ounces. James L. Smart caught a pound and a half fish in Battenkill, and John Rice one of the same weight in the 'Furnace Brook;' George L. Williams captured a pound fish, and Irving Willard displayed a fine mess caught, it is said, in a 'fly manner' with a *silver* hackle. The snow water is running yet, and it will be some days before the fishing will be prime."

one of the rocks. They were confident from this circumstance that hostile Indians were near them. Soon after this discovery a report of a musket informed them that the enemy was near. I should have mentioned that a small escort was marching down the west side of the Hudson to protect the wagons; and, therefore, when this firing was heard, a party of us was sent over the river to ascertain the cause of the firing. They were not unsuccessful; for, in a garden belonging to a Mr. De Ruyter,[1] the body of a dead man was found, which was still warm. His scalp had been taken off, and from appearances, he seemed to have been shot while in the act of weeding one of his garden beds. This established the alarming fact that the French, taking advantage of Montcalm's victory, had boldly extended their incursions within the lines of the English posts." This incident is here especially mentioned as showing that Washington county was already beginning to be settled.

Another teamster who, although a resident of Albany, was often called into service in the Commissary's Department, also met with a remarkable and dangerous experience. His grandson, Colonel Fort—long a respected resident of Fort Edward—gave an account of it to Dr. Fitch. I give it entire to show the reader the vicissitudes and dangers to which the early settlers of Washington county were exposed in those trying times. Col. Fort says: "On one occasion, having discharged his load at Lake George, and being anxious to get back to his home with all speed, my grandfather, though the day was far spent, started on his return. He became aware, however, of the temerity of this step, when, as night was drawing near, he heard the report of a gun not far distant from him, and soon afterward passed the body of a dead man beside the road. But it was now equally as hazardous to return to the Lake as to go forward. He, therefore, continued upon his dangerous way in those dreary woods,[2] but had only proceeded about two miles south of Bloody Pond, when night came on, and so dark that it became impossible for him to distinguish the road. There was, therefore, no alternative but for him to stop all alone in the forest until morning. He, accordingly, unharnessed his horses, and, turning their heads to the wagon, tied them. Then, wrapping himself in a blanket, he laid down in

[1] This Mr. De Ruyter was an ancestor of Mr. DeRidder of the Citizens National Bank in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

[2] I have walked the same path as Colonel Fort, in the dark, and it was dreary enough, though I had no fear of a bullet from a lurking savage!

the wagon-box. But, on second thought, pursuaded that the noise of the wagon must have been heard, and that an enemy was pursuing him, and was, perhaps, near by, he noiselessly crept from the wagon, and laid himself upon the reaches under the wagon-box, as the most secure spot he could find. He had laid there about an hour, when two Indians stealthily approached, probably supposing he was now asleep, and cautiously felt about in the box. At this time, my grandfather's heart was thumping so violently that it seemed to him they would surely hear the noise it made. He might now have shot down one of the Indians, and stood an equal chance for his life in a grapple with the other; but his only weapon was a rude pistol made from the butt of an old gun-barrel set in a straight stock, and by no means sure of fire; besides, other Indians might be at hand to rush to the spot, should an alarm be given. So he laid still—all but his heart, which continued beating. The Indians finding he was not in the wagon-box, gave a grunt; and helping themselves to a few light articles, withdrew. My grandfather had now become so stiff and sore from his confined position, that he could endure it no longer. He, therefore, crept away into a neighboring thicket in the forest, where he laid till morning. He then started on, and to his great relief, was soon overtaken by four other wagons, with an escort of ten soldiers, which made the remainder of his journey safe. After the war, he settled upon a fine and well-known farm a mile below North Hoosic, and, retaining his bodily and mental powers in a remarkable degree, died there in 1822, aged ninety-two years."

Great was the consternation among the Colonists, at the repulse of the gallant army (which, at great sacrifice, they had contributed so much to raise) that had so recently gone forth from among them, as they supposed, to a sure victory. A panic seized the inhabitants along the whole of the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys. Every rumor, no matter how wild or absurd, was quickly spread, and eagerly believed. A small party of Indians who had attacked a convoy of wagoners at Half-Way Brook between Fort Edward and Lake George, was magnified by the excited citizens of Albany into a large army following the retreating footsteps of the English; and when, a few days later, the same party waylaid and defeated a body of rangers under Rogers and Putnam who had been sent out to intercept them, the rumor reached the settlements that the French army was on its march to Albany, and had advanced as far as Fort Edward. In Schenectady and Albany, the

militia, by order of Sir William Johnson, were called out, and the guards doubled; while for additional protection, large numbers of men, especially detailed for that purpose and stationed in block-houses, kept a sharp watch by night and by day.

This gloom was soon dissipated by the brilliant victories which followed. It were bootless, however, and not to the purpose in a History of Washington County, to go into details regarding the subsequent conquest of Canada and its formal surrender to the English by the Peace of 1763. Suffice it to say, for the benefit of the reader, that all the expeditions planned by that great Commonner, Pitt, were entirely successful; but, although the fall of Du Quesne (now Pittsburgh) placed the result of the war beyond all doubt; yet Niagara, Ticonderoga and Crown-Point were still in the possession of the French; and until those posts had been relinquished by the latter, it was evident there could be no security for the frontiers. It was, therefore, determined by Pitt, that while the early summer should witness the reduction of Niagara and the forts upon Lake Champlain, General Wolfe, by a bold push, should make himself master of Quebec. In accordance with this plan, the military operations of this year were entrusted to Sir Jeffries Amherst, who, late in the fall of 1758, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in America, in place of Abercromby who, as we have seen, had been recalled. To sound judgment, he united determined energy; and while the operations of his mind were slow, they were reliable, methodical, and though, perhaps, at times, plodding, yet when necessity arose for decisive action, he was not found wanting. On the 22d of July, 1759, he appeared with eleven thousand men before Ticonderoga. The French, thereupon, knowing all resistence to be hopeless, blew up their walls and retired to Crown-Point. Amherst, with habitual caution tarried several days to repair the walls; and on the fourth of August, embarked on the Lake and took possession of Crown-Point, which the French had also abandoned at his approach. Meanwhile, Niagara had fallen; and all that remained in the hands of the enemy was Quebec. This citadel at length gave way under the attack of General Wolfe though at the expense of his death, and that also of the gallant Montcalm; and the shattered army of the French, fleeing to Montreal, Admiral Saunders, with one thousand prisoners, bore away for England. Thus were the English left in undisputed possession of the basin of the Ohio; and the evening guns, from the waters of Lake Erie to the confluence of the Ohio with the Mississippi, saluted

the flag of England which now waved proudly in the evening breeze.

The news of the fall of Quebec was hailed both in England and America with acclamations of joy. In England, a day was set apart for public thanksgiving; and in America the Colonists burned bonfires throughout the land. Yet amid all of these rejoicings, the glory of the victory was fringed with gloom for the loss of the gallant Wolfe; and with the universal delight, was mingled a deep and heartfelt sorrow at his untimely end. Parliament commemorated his services in a monument in Westminster Abbey; and Massachusetts, holding him in kindly remembrance, voted to his memory a marble statue. The young general was worthy of all these expressions of affection. To a passionate fondness for his profession of arms, and a warm love for polite letters, he united a singular modesty; and though he possessed a reputation wide as the civilized world, yet, in the quaint language of Jeremy Taylor, "as if he knew nothing of it, he had a low opinion of himself, and, like a fair taper, when he shined to all the room, yet about his own station, he had cast a shadow and a cloud, and he shined to everybody but himself." [1]

[1] The Canadian Government having so far (1900) declined to take any action with regard to the future of the historic Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's victory and death, the nuns of the Ursuline convent, who are its freehold proprietaries, have had, recently, the property surveyed and laid out in building lots. The action is the cause (so says Canadian paper) of the utmost indignation not only throughout the Dominion of Canada, but, also, in many parts of Great Britain and the United States, if one may judge by the protests from historical societies and others received by the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, which is taking a leading part in the agitation against the execution of the project. Some of the American protests say that the Anglo-Saxon population of the United States are equally the heirs with Englishmen and Canadians of Runnymede and the Plains of Abraham, and that Wolfe's great victory over Montcalm decided the fate not only of what is now the Dominion of Canada, but also of the entire North American continent. Recent researches have brought to light both the origin of the name of these plains and the title to the property of the Ursuline nuns. In 1648 and 1652 one Adrien Duchesne, who had obtained a grant from the French Government of thirty acres of this land, transferred it, in two lots, to Abraham Martin, who was described at the time as Pilot for the St. Lawrence to the King of France In 1650 twelve acres of land were conceded to Martin by the Compagnie de la Nouvelle, France, This Abraham Martin was a man of considerable note in the infant colony, and Champlain, the French Governor of New France and the founder of Quebec, stood sponsor to one of his children. He was frequently referred to in the parish register of Quebec of his time and in the journal of the Jesuits as Maitre Abraham, and thus the property owned by him, which was destined to become the scene of one of the world's most famous battles, came to be known as the Plains of Abraham. After his death his heirs, in 1667, sold thirty-two acres of his property, comprising the site of the future battle-field, to the Ursuline nuns. In 1802 the War Department of the British Government leased this property from the nuns for a period of ninety-nine years, paying a rental therefor of two hundred dollars a year. It is the approaching expiration of this lease in 1901 that gives the nuns of the convent the opportunity to attempt the act of public desecration so loudly condemned from one end of the country to the other. Property has undoubtedly increased in value in the vicinity of the plains, and the government of the country will suffer much in public estimation if it does not step in before it is too late, and either purchase, by expropriation or otherwise, the entire property, or else renew a lease of it upon whatever terms are possible. Strange

CHAPTER X.

1758.

Close of the French War—Putnam Captured and a Prisoner in Canada—The Quackenboss Adventure Near Sandy Hill—Lessons Derived from the War.

In the three preceding chapters, I have endeavored to present a succinct account of the several campaigns—ending with the Peace of 1763—which were undertaken for the subjugation of Canada; and in order that they might be presented in a comprehensive view, and as a whole, I have given them in sequence. Now, however, in this chapter, I propose to give an account of one or two forays of the Partizans on the American side, as well as the Indian massacres which occurred in Washington county during those great campaigns, so that these, being considered separately, may not confuse the reader.

After the defeat of Abercromby, as related in the last chapter, the war of predatory forays between the French and English again began. On the 30th of July, 1758, our old friend, La Corn de St. Luc, with a large force of Canadians and Indians, destroyed a train between

to say, the same Ursuline nuns possess other remarkable relics of the conflict between Montcalm and Wolfe. In the chapel of their convent, beneath an imposing marble bearing an inscription compiled under the direction of the French Academy, are interred the mortal remains of Montcalm, with the exception of the skull. This, as many American sight-seers may know from experience, is preserved under a glass case in the parlor of the convent and frequently shown to visitors. The grave in which the body of the French general reposed for many years was a cavity beneath the flooring of the convent chapel, which had been excavated by a cannon-ball fired from the invading fleet. Up to the time of the withdrawal of the British troops from Canada in 1871, the Plains of Abraham were used as a drill and parade ground. Then, like the citadel itself, they were kept in exquisite order; and a distinguished author relates that "a sweet girl from Boston one day said to Colonel Nicol, the commandant of Quebec: 'We are very much obliged to you for all the trouble and expense this fine place has cost you, and for the care you take of it. We are, really, you know it's all for us'" And, adds the writer already quoted: "Great was the pity that the gallant commandant, whose single demerit consists in being an old bachelor, did not try to secure this fair hostage for the future good behavior of her countrymen." Since 1871 the lease of the plains has been turned over by the British authorities to the Canadian Government. Many unavailing efforts have been lately made by French writers to detract from the value and importance of Wolfe's great victory. Abbe Ferland thus attributes treason to Captain de Vergor, the French officer who was in charge of the post at the summit of the steep ascent from the St. Lawrence to the plains, where Wolfe and his men clambered up and took the captain prisoner. The French-Canadian historian, Garneau, estimates the strength of Wolfe's army at 8000 and Montcalm's at 4,500. Colonel Beatson, of the Royal Engineers, in a history of the Plains of Abraham, published by him at Gibraltar, places the number of Montcalm's force at 7,500, and Wolfe's at 4,828. The more modern estimate of Bancroft gives the strength of 5000 fighting men to each of the two armies.

Fort Edward and Lake George, killing a hundred and ten men and taking captive eighty-four prisoners. Majors Putnam and Rogers were immediately dispatched in pursuit of the marauders.

THE BATTLE OF KINGSBURY.

At South Bay the party separated into two equal divisions—Rogers taking up a position on Wood-Creek, twelve miles distant from the Town of Putnam.[1] Upon being, some time afterward, discovered, they formed a reunion, and concerted measures for returning to Fort Edward. Their march through the woods was in three divisions, by *files;* the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Captain Dalzell. The first night they encamped on the banks of Clear River, a branch of Wood-Creek, and about a mile from old Fort Anne, which, as it will be recalled, had been built by General Nicholson, and two miles north of the present Village of Kingsbury. The following morning (August 7th) Major Rogers and a British officer named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a target. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct, or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew, which had fallen the previous night would permit, the detachment moved in a body, Putnam being in front, Dalzell in the centre and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth and underbrush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the very moment of moving, the French Partizan Marin,[2] who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept Putnam's party—of whose movements he had doubtless been well informed by his scouts—was not more than one mile and a half distant from them. Having heard the firing at the mark, he hastened to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favorable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket into the open forest, when the enemy rose; and with discordant yells and terrible war-whoops, began an attack on the right of his division. Surprised, but undismayed, Putnam

[1] Putnam, the extreme northern town of Washington County, and named after the daring Partizan ranger, was taken from Westfield in 1806. The Palmerston mountain in this town rises to the height of 1500 feet.

[2] Also written Morang.

halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other divisions to advance to his support. Dalzell at once came to his aid; and the action, the scene of which was widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless, to describe at length this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers did not come to Putnam's assistance; but, as he afterwards declared, formed a circular file between the English and Wood-Creek, to prevent their being taken in the rear or enfiladed. Successful, as he generally was, his conduct, on this occasion did not pass without unfavorable comment. Notwithstanding, it was a current saying in the camp "that Rogers always *sent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action, yet, in justice to Putnam, it should be said, that the latter has never been known—at least, so says his biographer—in relating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma upon the conduct of Major Rogers.

At length, Putnam perceiving that it would be impossible to cross the Creek, determined, at least, to maintain his ground; and, inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery. Sometimes they fought in a body in open view of the enemy, and again, individually behind trees, taking aim from their several positions and acting entirely independently of one another—each man for himself. Putnam, having discharged his musket several times, it at length missed fire, just as its muzzle was pressed against the breast of a stalwart Indian. This Savage, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, sprang forward, with a tremendous war-whoop, and with an uplifted hatchet, compelled him to surrender. Then, having disarmed and bound him, he returned to the field of strife.

Meanwhile, the courageous Captains, Dalzell and Harman, who now, in the absence of Putnam, assumed the command, were forced to give way for a little distance; and the Indians, taking this to be a sure sign that the enemy were defeated, rushed impetuously on with dreadful and redoubled cries of victory. But our two Partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to force them in turn to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had begun. Here, they made a determined stand; but this change of ground brought the tree, to which Putnam was tied, directly between the fire of the two parties. Imagination can scarcely conceive of a more deplorable situation. The bullets flew incessantly from either side; many struck the tree; while a number passed through the sleeves and skirts

of his coat! In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour—so equally balanced and so obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle seemed in favor of the enemy, a young Indian chose an odd way of discovering his humor. Finding Putnam bound, he might easily have dispatched him by a blow. Choosing, however, to excite the terrors of the prisoner, he kept hurling his tomahawk at his head—his object seeming to be to see how near he could come without hitting him—and, indeed, so skillful was this Indian youth, that the weapon buried itself several times in the tree at a hair breadth's distant from Putnam's head! Finally, when the young Savage had finished his amusement, a French officer—a much more inveterate Savage by nature, though descended from so human and polished a nation!—perceiving the bound captive, came up to him, and, levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it. Fortunately, however, it missed fire. Putnam, thereupon, endeavored to solicit from this officer the treatment due to his situation, by repeating strongly that he was a prisoner of war. But the *chivalric!* Frenchman had no ears for the language either of honor or nature. Deaf to its voice and dead to sensibility, he violently and repeatedly, pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, finally giving him a cruel blow on the jaw with the butt end of his musket. After this dastardly deed, he left him.

At length, the active intrepedity of Dalzell and Harman, seconded by the persevering bravery of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety of their dead behind them. As they were retiring, or rather retreating, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterward called "Master." Having been conducted for some distance from the scene of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded captives as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched through (as may be imagined) no pleasant paths in this painful manner, and for many a tedious mile, the party, who were excessively fatigued, halted to breathe. Putnam's hands had now become terribly swoolen from the tightness of the ligature; and the pain had become well nigh intolerable. His feet, also, were so much scratched that the blood

began to ooze out of them. Finally, exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with these continued torments now became beyond human endurance, he entreated an Irish interpreter, who was with the party, to implore, as the last and only grace he desired of the Indians, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands. A French officer, happening to be passing by at that time, and hearing Putnam's request, instantly interposed and ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who had captured him, and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of moccasins and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his captive had suffered.

The Savage again returned to the care of the wounded; and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom, besides innumerable other outrages, they had the barbarity to inflict, they made a deep wound with the tomahawk in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to reach their height. Indeed, a scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. Accordingly, and as preparatory to this holocaust, he was led into a dark forest, stripped naked, bound to a tree, while a lot of dried brush with other combustibles was piled in a circle around him. His torturers, meanwhile, accompanied their labors, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and whoops and all the sounds they could conceive of to make the scene more diabolical. The fuel was then set on fire. A sudden shower, however, extinguished the rising flames; but more unmerciful than the elements, the Indians rekindled them until the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body; and he often shifted his position as the fire approached. His efforts thus made, seemed to afford the greatest delight to his tormentors, who manifested their joy by shouts and dancing. Putnam, now seeing that his hour had surely come, summoned all his resolution and fortitude and composed his mind, as far as circumstances would admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world in itself would scarcely have cost him a single pang; but for the idea of home and his domestic ties aside from these thoughts—of which he has left an account—the bitterness of death—even of that death, perhaps one

of the most dreadful that our physical nature can endure—was in a manner passed. Indeed, nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on earthly things—when, marvellous to relate, a French officer rushed through the expectant crowd; opened a way for himself by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. This was no other than Marin himself—to whom an Indian, unwilling to see another human sacrifice, had run post speed and communicated the tidings. The commandant—ever to his honor and fame be it said—spurned and severely reprimanded the Indians, whose nocturnal powwos and hellish orgies he thus suddenly ended. Putnam did not lack feeling or gratitude. The French commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his "Master."

This Savage approached his captive kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit ("hard-tack" it would now be called); but on finding that he could not chew it, by reason of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane Indian soaked some of the biscuit in water and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to lose his prisoner, (the refreshment being finished) he took the moccasins from his feet and tied them to one of his wrists; then, directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree—the other arm, meanwhile, being extended and bound in the same manner. His legs, also, were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then, a number of tall, but slender poles were cut down, which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot—while, on each side of him lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful position, he remained until morning. Regarding the silent watches of this long and dreary night, Putnam was wont to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come once in a while across his mind; and, indeed, could not refrain from smiling when he reflected what a ludicrous group this scene would have made for a painter, in which he, himself, was the principal figure!

The following day, he was allowed his blanket and moccasins, and also permitted to march without carrying any pack, nor, after this, did he receive any insult. Moreover, to allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given him, which he sucked through his teeth. At

night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and Putnam was placed under the care of the French guard. The Indians, who had been prevented from glutting their devilish thirst for blood, took another opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were no longer suffered to offer any violence or personal indignity to him. After having been examined by that true gentleman, the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal by a French officer who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.[1]

THE ADVENTURE OF JOHN QUACKENBOSS AT SANDY HILL.

The following recital, says Dr. Fitch, will bring to the old inhabitants of Sandy Hill, recollections of the story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, though it is associated with far more tragic accompaniments. This account was given in its present form to Dr. Fitch by the nephew of the principal, viz: Jacob Quackenboss of Schaghticoke.[2]

It seems then, that when this tragedy took place in July, 1757, John, son of Cybrant Quackenboss of Albany, was under an engagement of marriage to Jane, daughter of Tennis Viele of the same city, when he was impressed and required to convey a load of provisions to Lake George.[3] He had passed Fort Edward and entered the dark and dreary wilderness which stretched from the Great Carrying-Place to the Lake,

[1] In September, 1759, Rogers led a foray against the Village of St. Francis in Canada, totally destroying it and returning safely to Crown-Point, having had only one of his party killed and seven wounded. As this raid, however, does not come within the scope of this work, an account of it is not given.

[2] In a note to this account Dr. Fitch writes in 1849, as follows: "The thanks of the inhabitants of Sandy Hill are due to the New York State Agricultural Society, that through its instrumentality this thrilling incident, which is destined to remain to all coming time as the opening event in the history of their beautiful village, has at length been rescued from the apocryphal aspect in which it has heretofore been before the public, and presented in an authentic and credible form. * * I had regarded it as fiction, until, by the merest accident, when gathering information upon very different topics, the full and circumstantial recital above was given. My informant is a person of high respectibility and scrupulous integrity, was unaware that any account had been published by Prof. Silliman. He is an entire stranger to the vicinity where it occurred, only locating it as having taken place somewhere near Lake George." I may go further than this, and state, that had it not been for Dr. Asa Fitch, (who, so modestly, takes no credit for himself) the account would have been utterly forgotten, or at least, relegated to the *limbo* of mythical events. Too much praise cannot be given to Dr. Fitch for his untiring historical industry, in preserving the incidents in the early history of Washington county.

[3] Regarding this impression and the various dangers and vicissitudes accompanying it, the reader is referred to the chapter immediately preceding this.

when he was captured by a formidable party of Indians, who had previously waylaid and made capture of sixteen soldiers. The prisoners were all taken to where the lovely green in the centre of the Village of Sandy Hill is now situated, which at that time was a secluded spot in the woods. Here they were securely tied and were seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree with two or three Indians left to guard them, while the remainder hastened away on some further adventure. After a time they returned, the captive men still sitting in a row upon the log, Quackenboss being at one end, and a soldier named McGuinis next to him. One of the Indians now went up to the opposite end of the log and deliberately sank his tomahawk into the head of the man there seated. The victim fell to the earth, and his final quiverings had scarcely ceased, when the next man shared the same fate, and in succession the next and the next. Nothing more awful can possibly be imagined than the situation of the survivors, compelled to sit still and see death, immediate and inevitable, gradually approaching them in this horrid form. Soon, of all the seventeen, two only remained, Quackenboss, clad in his teamster garb, and McGuinis in his soldier's uniform. Not one of all the slain, had offered the least resistance, so utterly helpless were all efforts to avert their fate. And now the death dealing tomahawk was raised to cleave McGuinis down when, with the suddenness of a panther's spring, he threw himself backward from the log, striking the ground in a desperate struggle to break his bonds. But in vain. Instantly, on every side of the poor fellow, a dozen tomahawks were uplifted.[1] But lying upon his back with his heels flying he thrust his murderers off in every direction spinning round like a top, till hacked and mangled, and all crimson with his own life's blood which was now streaming in every direction from a score of horrid gashes, his efforts became more and more feeble—when a blow was leveled at his head, and all was over. The hapless teamster now alone remained. He knew that his moment had come. Already, the fatal tomahawk was upraised for the last and finishing stroke, when the arm by which it was wielded was suddenly pushed aside by a squaw, as she exclaimed "You shan't kill him! He's no fighter! He is *my dog!*" The tawny warriors acquiesced without a murmur. He was straightway unbound and taken in charge by his Indian mistress. A pack of plunder, so

[1] I have in my cabinet of the Stone age, two tomahawks dug up from this very green in Sandy Hill. Perhaps they were those used on this occasion!

heavy that he could scarcely stand under it, was tied upon his back and the party started off for Canada.

On arriving at the Indian village he had to run the gauntlet between two rows of Indians, all of whom were armed with clubs. One of them struck him so heavy a blow on the head that it all but felled him to the earth. He, however, reeled and stumbled onward, kicked and mauled on every side and, with scarce the breath of life left in him, reached the end of this most barbarous ordeal. His mistress, the squaw, now took him to her wigwam and bound up his wounds and bruises, carefully nursing him until he recovered. He asked her why it was that the Indians treated him so cruelly? She told him that it was because he would not dance—though what it was that she meant by this explanation he could not conjecture, nor did he ever find it out as long as he was with her.

Meanwhile, the Governor of Canada, hearing of his being a captive among the Indians, sent for and purchased him from them, and had him brought to Montreal, where, learning from him that he was a weaver by trade, he procured him employment in this business both in his own and a number of families in and around Montreal—his situation by this kindness of the Governor, being rendered comparatively comfortable and easy, if, indeed, not remunerative. One thing, however, bore heavily upon his mind. His family and his betrothed bride he knew must be in a state of agonizing suspense with regard to his fate. He, therefore, ventured to beg the Governor for permission to write a letter to his father to inform him that his son was still alive. The Governor at once kindly acceded to his request: and having read the letter which was submitted to him, sealed and gave it to a trusty Indian by whom it was brought down as near to Fort Edward as he could venture with safety. The Indian travelled down into the vicinity of Fort Edward—as far as he could do with safety to himself and, having made a slit in the bark of a tree growing beside a frequented path, inserted the letter in this primitive post-office box and hastened back to Canada.[1] The letter was soon afterward discovered by a scout on his way to Fort Edward, and safely forwarded to its destination. It gave the family their first intelligence of one whom they had long since given up as dead.

[1] Smile, as we may, at this novel Post-office, it has not yet gone out of fashion, letters being still in the year of our Lord, 1900, left in the Adirondacks by the driver of the mail stage in a slit of a tree nearest the receipient's log cabin. This, I have witnessed myself on more than one occasion.

Quackenboss remained a prisoner in Canada, about three years, when he was sent home in a vessel which sailed from Quebec to New York. It is pleasant to know that, although unfaithful to his Indian mistress, he married his first love, Miss Veile, and settled soon afterwards on a farm in Cambridge, half a mile below Buskirk's bridge, where he died about 1820.[1]

In thus closing the history of the French War, I would fain dwell, particularly, on the fact that it is a great mistake to suppose that either Lexington or Bunker Hill was the first school in which the Colonists were taught their ability to struggle with veteran soldiers. It was in Washington County, and in the vicinity of Fort Edward, Lake George, and South Bay that this lesson was first learned; and, in fact, it is very doubtful if the Colonists would have dared to take the stand they did in the beginning of the Revolutionary War, had it not been for the lessons received in the "Old French" and the "French War." In the territory now known as Washington County, provincial prowess signalized its self-relying capabilities; and Putnam and Stark came into the French War, as to a military academy, to acquire the art of warfare which they all exercised at Bunker Hill.[2] George Washington, himself, as a military man, was nurtured for himself and the world amid the forests of the Alleghanies and the rifles and tomahawks of these French and Indian struggles. Indeed, Fort Edward, Lake George and Saratoga are contiguous not merely in territory but, as we have seen, in heroic associations; and as these conflicts in Washington county were

[1] Professor Silliman, however, in his *Tour from Hartfort to Quebec* furnishes a different version of the manner in which Quackenboss was saved. He also, gives another name to the principal, in this transaction, viz: Schoonhoven. I believe the story as related in the text to be correct. But as everything relating to Sandy Hill will be greatly prized by its citizens, I append Prof. Silliman's version. * * * "Mr. Schoonhoven was the last but one upon the end of the log, opposite to where the massacre commenced; The work of Death had already proceeded to him, and the lifted tomahawk was ready to descend, when a chief gave a signal to stop the butchery. Then approaching Mr. Schoonhoven, he mildly said, 'Do you not remember that [at such a time] when your young men were dancing, poor Indians came and wanted to dance too, your young men said 'No! Indians shall not dance with us;' but you (for it seems, this chief had recognized his features only in the critical moment) you said Indians shall dance now *I* will show you that Indians can remember kindness.' This chance recollection (*Providential*, we had better call it) saved the life of Mr. Schoonhoven, and of the other survivor. Strange mixture of generosity and cruelty! For a trifling affront, they cherished and glutted vengeance, fell as that of infernals, without measure of retribution or discrimination of objects; for a favor equally trifling, they manifested magnanimity exceeding all correspondence to the benefit, and capable of arresting the stroke of death, even when falling with the rapidity of lightning." This episode of the dancing, taken in connection with the squaw's remark to Quackenboss regarding his not dancing &c., would seem to show how that part of the story originated—the latter, perhaps, not understanding exactly her remark.

[2] The reader does not, of course, need to be reminded of the role played by Putnam and Stark at this battle.

in a measure, at least, a source of our present national life, it is eminently proper and fitting that those, like Putnam and Stark, both of whom took such a prominent part, should be commemorated not only in story and in song, but in enduring granite and bronze. One, in fact, is but the correlative of the others. *Sana mens in corpore sano* is as true of the body politic as of the body physical; and, if our existence as a united nation is to be preserved, it will be by keeping intact the mental and physical energies of the nation. Correlative ideas, envolved under varying circumstances, they are proofs of the same spirit of liberty—the same strong energy of purpose.

CHAPTER XI.

1763–1775.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN THE COUNTY — FIRST CHURCH ERECTED IN SALEM — THE GREAT NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANT CONTROVERSY — PROMINENT SETTLERS: JUDGE WILLIAM DUER, COLONEL SKENE, ETC. — FIRST COURT HELD AT FORT EDWARD.

Although the treaty of Peace, by which Great Britain obtained possession of the whole of Canada, was not formally ratified until 1763, yet, it was evident that with the fall of Quebec, three years previously, the long and bloody war was virtually at an end. Having no fears of further Indian raids and atrocities by which the settlement of this County (known then as Charlotte County) had been for so long retarded, people now began to flock into it in continually increasing numbers—taking up land and clearing it of its brushwood and timber, preparatory to its cultivation. In fact, the excellence of its soil had long been generally known; and it required only the assurance of complete freedom from molestation for the future prosperity of the country.

Many of the new settlers were of Scotch-Irish descent, who settling in the present Towns of Argyle, Salem, Greenwich and Kingsbury[1] formed the nucleus of a God-fearing community—direct traces of their healthful religious influence being felt down to the present day. Indeed, almost the first act of these early emigrants—even before completely clearing their farms—was to erect at Salem in 1765, a church built of

[1] A history of all these towns will be given in its appropriate place, in a separate division of this work.

logs—their interstices being filled in with clay—having the floor of earth; while the seats were composed of rough, unhewn timber laid across blocks of wood. This is supposed to have been the first church erected north of Albany. It was forty feet long and was the largest building in the County save the barracks at Fort Edward. In the same year, the first school-house in the County was also built at Salem "of similar materials and of like architecture." Over this primitive church, Rev. Dr. Thomas Clark was pastor. Dr. Fitch with his usual felicity of expression, calls him the "Primitive Apostle of the Northern Wilderness." This divine, before the erection of the church, preached the first sermon ever delivered in Salem, and perhaps in Washington County in the summer of 1765, in the house of a Mr. James Turner, to a few persons who had gathered from the surrounding country. Mrs. Edward Savage, who died about 1840, related to Dr. Fitch the particulars of her coming to this meeting. Then a mere girl, she started early on a Sabbath morning from her father's house, seven miles south-west in Argyle now Greenwich, and walked alone to her sister's farm (Mrs. Livingston's) who accompanied her the remaining distance, which they pursued by a row of blazed trees, there being no path, and not a house having been then erected on the way. As they emerged from the woods into Mr. Turner's clearing, his children espied them; and, surprised at the unusual sight, ran into the house exclaiming to their mother that "some *women* were coming!" "Had it been bears or wolves," said Mrs. Savage, "they would scarcely have considered the occurrence worth reporting."

After suffering imprisonment in Ireland for refusing to take the oath of allegience in its prescribed form by kissing the book (regarding it as a remnant of Popish superstition) Dr. Clark came over with the greater part of his congregation, and after a brief sojourn at Stillwater finally settled at Salem.[1] Preliminary, however, to taking this step of

[1] "Such a degree of affection," writes Dr. Fitch, "as subsisted between him and his flock has had few parallels. Unrepelled by the gloomy walls of his prison, parents brought their infant children hither for baptism; and hither, also came the betrothed youth and maiden to have the marriage ceremony performed. Old pious men went down to their graves, bewailing their sad case, in being thus cruelly deprived of their beloved pastor's counsels and prayers in their dying moments. Among this number was a venerable elder of his church, Elias, nephew of Professor Samuel Rutherford, one of the Westminister Assembly of Divines. From his prison he wrote, between January and April, 1754, a series of letters which were read to his congregation on the Sabbath," These were afterward published in a pamphlet of fifty-two pages. The next

removal from his native land, Dr. Clark had been in correspondence with Robert Harper, the Dean of Kings, (now Columbia) college in New York city, furnishing him with the names of one hundred families who were desirous of emigrating with him to the colony of New York and there taking up land. "To an inhabitant of Salem," writes Dr. Fitch, "this list [still preserved] seems like some old assessment roll or a similar document of his own town, so familiar do a large number of the names upon it sound, and he can scarcely realize that it emanated from the other side of the Atlantic nearly a century ago.[1]" As a result of this correspondence, Mr. Harper obtained a warrant from Governor Sir Henry Moore, dated November 23d, 1763, to survey a tract of 40,000 acres [four hundred acres to each family] north of the present boundaries of Queensbury and Kingsbury on which to locate their families. Thus encouraged, Dr. Clark and his affectionate congregation sailed from Newry, May 10th, 1764, and arrived safely on the 28th of July of the same year in the harbor of New York. In concluding his journal of his voyage across the Atlantic, Dr. Clark devoutly writes: "The all-gracious God carried near three hundred of us safe over the devouring deep, in the arms of His mercy. Praised be His name!"

And here, before speaking in detail of other prominent settlers in this county, it seems well to dwell at length upon the manner these grants of land were obtained, and also of the incipient controversy that arose about this time regarding the New Hampshire Grants—which controversy to a certain extent affected the tenures by which the settlers on the eastern boundary of the county—then extending some miles into the present State of Vermont—held their farms.

The lands, granted by the Colonial Governments at this time, were, it must be understood, not sold outright. No payment was required and no money needed to be expended except to the public officials through whose hands the warrants passed. The grantees were thus, as a matter of fact, given a perpetual lease, an annual quit-rent being reserved for the Crown. These quit-rents generally consisted of a few skins of fur-bearing animals, an ear of corn, or "three grains of wheat" if demanded. Besides this, however, an annual quit-rent of two shillings

regularly ordained minister of whom we have any authoritative knowledge who was over a congregation in Washington county was the Rev. Francis Baylor, a Moravian. He was called to a church in Sandy Hill about 1775, but left there in 1777. This church—though since removed a few rods from its original site—is still (1900) standing. It was bought some years since by the Catholics and after the latter had erected a new edifice, it was, as I say, removed.

[1] This was written in 1849.

and sixpence sterling was imposed on every one hundred acres, besides which, all pine trees suitable for masts for the Royal Navy were also reserved to the Crown. "We smile," says Dr. Fitch, "at the exorbitance of this last reservation, which is inserted in all the patents issued at this period, not only in Washington county but in all parts of the colonies, as we recur to the fact that the pine trees growing in some single towns in this county [Washington] even if it had been possible to fell and transport their bodies entire to tide water, would have been adequate to supply all the navies in the world with spars for centuries." The several Colonial Governors, also, on account of the fees attached to the granting of the patents, were guilty of what might at the present day be called "an abuse of trust," to the home government, and if an individual desired to obtain a grant, say for two thousand acres, he had only to procure the signature of one of his confidential friends, and pay the fees and the affair was completed.[1] The fees for the grant of one thousand acres were as follows: to the Governor, $31.25; to the Secretary of State $10; to the Clerk of the Council $10 to $15; to the Surveyor-General, $14.37; to the Attorney-General, $7.50; to the Receiver-General $14.37; and to the Auditor, $4.62—making the total amount nearly $100. It will thus be seen that the cupidity of these various public officials was a great source of detriment to the county by retarding its growth and preventing poor but stalwart and honest people from settling within its boundaries—for although this amount ($100) seems to us at the present day but a trifle, yet to many of the men of that time, when money was scarce it was no easy matter to obtain it. This sum, also, at that time was equal in its purchasing power fully to $400.

Then again, there were numerous grants of lands made to the discharged officers and privates of the French War, a large number of which were located in this county. This brought in a class of inhabitants that as a general thing were not desirable—though some of these men made good citizens; and, taken all in all, were perhaps eventually, a source of credit to the county. The Royal Proclamation, by which these grants were given, after a general preamble, closed as follows: "and whereas we are desirous, upon all occasions, to testify our royal sense of approbation of the conduct and bravery of the officers and soldiers of our army, and to reward the same, we do hereby command

[1] This in the slang of the present day would be called "having a pull."

and empower the Governors of our said provinces in North America, to grant without fee or reward, to such reduced officers as have served in North America during the late war, and to such private soldiers as have been or shall be disbanded in America, and shall personally apply for the same, the following quantities of land subject at the expiration of ten years to the same quit-rents as other lands are subject to in the same condition of cultivation and improvement viz: To every person having the rank of a field officer 5,000 acres; to every captain 3,000 acres; to every subaltern or staff officer 2,000 acres; to every non-commissioned officer 200 acres; to every private man 50 acres."

The first of these military grants was that known as the "Provincial Patent," containing 26,000 acres and which now forms the present Town of Hartford, granted May 2, 1764. Another grant under the same clause of his Majesty's proclamation (just quoted) was the one designated as the "Artillery Patent" of 24,000 acres. It was granted Oct. 24, 1764 to Joseph Walton, John Wilson, David Standish and others, and covered all of the south-eastern and most valuable part of the present township of Fort Ann. "How many of the British troops" says Fitch, who made an exhaustive examination of the old records at Albany, "I have not been able to ascertain. This much, however, is certain; that the Towns of Granville and Hampton, and parts of Hebron were bestowed upon some thirty captains and lieutenants." Other parts of Hebron, it would appear, as well as the Camden tract in Salem, those in Fort Anne, Dresden and Putnam, together with all the tillable lands on both sides of Lake Champlain, at least for a considerable distance beyond Crown-Point were run out mostly into fifty and two hundred acre lots, which were granted to non-commissioned officers and privates. "The names of those grantees," further writes the same author, "indicate that they were all, without scarcely an exception, Scottish Highlanders—many though not all of them, belonging to His Majesty's seventy-seventh Regiment of Foot."

Strange, however, as it may seem, when, even at that day the fertility of the land was well known, of all the commissioned officers and regular troops of this regiment, only one became an actual settler and well known in the county at an early day. This person was the Reverend Harry Monroe, who had been a clergyman of the Church of England and a chaplain in the Regiment. Thus, having the rank of a subaltern officer, taking advantage of the Royal Proclamation he resigned from the army August 23d, 1764, and obtained a grant of

2,000 acres situated in the northern part of the Town of Hebron. In 1774, after a sojourn in New Jersey he persuaded some six families to move on to his land, each of them taking a lease of 100 acres for twenty-one years at the rent of one shilling a year.[1] "These settlers were all of them Scottish Highlanders, some of them being discharged soldiers who owned land of their own in this same neigborhood." Rev. Mr. Monroe accompanied them to Hebron and built a cabin for himself, in no wise superior to those of his neighbors, which consisted of rough logs roofed with bark, having but a single room and without any floor except the earth. His cabin stood on the west side of the brook flowing out of the marsh on his land. This marsh, which consists of about twenty-six acres and is situated in the middle of "Monroe's tract," gave to the vicinity the name of "Monroe's Meadows" which it still retains. This marsh, which by drainage he had converted into a farm meadow, was a great pet of his; hence, when Monroe assembled his neighbors for divine worship on the Sabbath, with his back to the building (the services were held in the open air) and his Bible upon a table before him while gazing over his group of hearers, it used to be profanely said of him that he "was adoring his meadows more than his God!"

It should be kept in mind that, during the time we are considering the entire northern portion of the county, including the disputed territory now constituting the State of Vermont and which was adopted into the Federal Union soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, was nominally a part of the County of Albany. So much so was it thus considered, that in October, 1763, David Wooster (afterwards General, and killed in the skirmish at Danbury April 26, 1777) and others petitioned the New York Colonial Assembly for the formation of five new counties to be taken off of that of Albany. *Two of these were to be east of the Green Mountains.* The third "was to run from the summit of the Green Mountains as far west as the Governor might think proper," having for its southern limit the north line of Massachusetts, the Mohawk River, and a line "connecting the mouth of that River with the northwest corner of that State;" while the northern boundary was to be "an east and west line crossing the Hudson at Fort Miller; while the fourth county was to lie directly north of the foregoing,

[1] Three of the great-grand-sons of one of these settlers, viz: Stephen, Thos. L. and George Bradley Culver, are yet living and retain a great and reverent fondness for their ancestor's memory. The first two live respectively in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. and New York City, and the last is the cashier in the North Granville Bank, North Granville, Washington County, N. Y.

its northern boundary being "an east and west line running through the north end of Lake George." The fifth was to extend to the boundary of Canada, although this project was, after much discussion, rejected by the Colonial Assembly of New York—probably because its projectors had not sufficient money to "lobby" it through.[1] Yet this circumstance is mentioned to show how indefinite the boundaries between New York and New Hampshire were at this time.

During the year 1766, the wordy (and in some instances the more-than wordy) conflict between the New Hampshire grantees and the New York authorities had already begun—the former contending that the latter refused to confirm the grants except on the payment of exorbitant fees; and from what is known of the conduct of these authorities and the bribes they had exacted from their own people it must be confessed that they had, in these charges, some right on their side. Indeed, this controversy between New York and New Hampshire, in relation to their boundary line (which of course affected many of the farmers on the eastern boundary of Charlotte—now Washington county) was now at its height. The great Congress held at Albany, N. Y, in 1754 (in which Benjamin Franklin was a prominent member) had decided that the charters of the Colonies of Connecticut and Massachusetts were of a very liberal and uncertain character. The charter granted to the Plymouth Company in 1620—from which was derived that of Connecticut—covered the expanse from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of northern latitude, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. New York, or more properly the New Netherlands, being then a Dutch possession, could not, however, be claimed as a portion of these grants, as an exception was made of all territory "then actually possessed by any other Christian Prince or State." The dispute concerning the Wyoming lands was not the only one to which the indefinite phraseology of the charter had given rise. Upon the conquest of the New Netherlands by the Duke of York, in 1664, controversies immediately arose between that Province and those of Connecticut and Massachusetts Bay. These disputes, however, were subsequently adjusted by negotiations and compromise—the commissioners agreeing that the boundary between New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, should be a line drawn north and south, twenty miles *east* of the Hudson river. Hardly had the

[1] I make this statement advisedly; for a history of the manner in which laws having for their end, the pecuniary benefit of their projectors, shows that the venal assemblyman of the *present* day could take "points" from the assemblyman of that day!

controversy been to all appearances amicably settled, when New Hampshire, without the least justice or title, insisted upon having the same western boundary as her sister colonies. The people of New York, who had yielded to the decision of the commissioners with a very bad grace, were in no mood to brook further encroachments upon their territory; and they therefore, boldly protested against this assumption of New Hampshire.

Protests, however, availed little. In 1749, Benning Wentworth, at that time Governor of New Hampshire, granted a township six miles within the territory claimed by New York and which, in honor of the Governor, was named Bennington. This grant was the occasion of a lengthy correspondence between Wentworth and Governor George Clinton[1]; and renewed protests on the part of the latter. Protests and letters, however, were alike unheeded by the Governor of New Hampshire, who, intent upon increasing his private fortune,[2] continued in defiance of all right to issue patents to all those settlers who wished and could afford to pay for them. Such persons, as it may readily be supposed, were not few. A road which had been cut through the wilderness from Lake Champlain to Charlestown in New Hampshire by General Amherst as a means of communication with Crown Point, had revealed the richness of the land. Many, therefore, hastened to purchase; and during the year 1761, no less than sixty patents were issued, a number which, in 1763, had been increased to one hundred and thirty-eight. At length, justly alarmed by the growing audacity of Governor Wentworth, and having written to him a letter with no effect, Lieutenant-Governor Colden, on the eighteenth of December, 1763, issued a proclamation, in which the grant of Charles the Second to the Duke of York was recited; the jurisdiction of New York as far eastward as the Connecticut river, asserted; and the sheriff of Albany county enjoined to return the names of all persons who, by virtue of the New Hampshire Grants, held possession of lands westward of that river. This was answered three months afterward, on the thirteenth of March, by a counter proclamation from Governor Wentworth, declaring that the grant to the Duke of York was void, and that the grantees should be encouraged in the possession of their lands.

[1] The *Colonial* Governor—not *our* George Clinton, Governor of New York, after the Revolution.

[2] The reader, who has noted what I have said regarding the fees exacted by the Colonial Governor and his officials regarding the grants of land, will readily understand the above reference to "his private fortune."

Meanwhile, the New York Assembly, through their agent, Mr. Charles, laid the question in dispute before the Board of Trade in London, setting forth in their petition, "that it would be greatly to the b'vantage of the people settled on these lands to be annexed to New York." The result was that, on the 20th of July, 1774, an order was made by the King in council, declaring "the western banks of Connecticut river, from where it enters the Province of Massachusetts, as far north as the forty-fifth degree of latitude, to be the boundary line between the two provinces of New Hampshire and New York." This decision of the Crown was received by the latter province in December with very great satisfaction. Had the matter been allowed to rest here all would have been well. Governor Wentworth, in obedience to the Royal authority, ceased issuing patents westward of the Connecticut River, and those who had settled upon the grants, were totally indifferent as to which Government received their allegiance, provided they could cultivate their farms in quietness. No sooner, however, was this decision received, than the Governor of New York chose to interpret the words "to be" as referring to past time, and construed them as a virtual admission that the Connecticut River always had been the eastern boundary of the Province. He, therefore, delared that the grants from Wentworth were invalid, and insisted that the grantees either should surrender or repurchase the lands upon which they had settled and in many instances improved. Especially did this affect the farms then lying East of the Hudson and including what was then a part of the present Washington County. To this unjust demand the majority of the settlers refused to accede. Notwithstanding which, the Governor of New York granted their lands anew to others who forthwith brought ejectment suits against them and obtained judgments in the courts at Albany. All attempts, however, to enforce the judgments thus obtained, were met by the settlers with a spirited resistance. The civil officers sent to eject them were seized by the people and severely chastized with "*twigs* of the wilderness;" and a proclamation from Governor Tryon in the summer of 1764, offering a reward of one hundred and fifty pounds for the apprehension of Ethan Allen, the principal offender, was met by a counter and burlesque proclamation from the latter offering five pounds for the Attorney-General of the Colony of New York.

Thus arose that fierce controversy beteen the hardy Green Mountain Boys of Vermont and the authorities of New York which, lasting with

great violence for more than twenty-six years, was finally terminated by the long disputed New Hampshire grants being, in 1791, as before stated, received into the Federal Union as the State of Vermont.[1]

I have dwelt thus at length upon the causes which led to this important controversy—so greatly affecting the titles to the eastern boundary of Washington County—that the reader, when the time comes for closing up the account of its final settlement by commissioners in 1812, may have a full and comprehensive understanding of the merits of the matter.

Among the numerous incidents to which this controversy gave rise, one, out of many of a similar character, will be now related to show the curious complications to which it gave rise.

For example, among those Highland soldiers of the seventy-seventh regiment, of whom mention has been made as having settled in the county, especially in the Towns of Hebron and Salem, on both sides of the line claimed by the New Hampshire people, was a John McDonald who had obtained a patent of two hundred acres. To this grant he was entitled as Corporal of that regiment. After obtaining his grant he returned to Scotland, married, and returned to this country, when, greatly to his chagrin and surprise, he found that all but thirty acres of land had been, during his absence, cut off into Rupert in accordance with the boundary line claimed by the New Hampshire grantees.[2]

Another anecdote, ending up with a somewhat ludicrous episode though not caused by this New Hampshire controversy, was as follows: It was related by Robert Blake and Ann McArthur to that indefatigable mouser in the early history of Washington county, Dr. Fitch—to whom too much praise and gratitude cannot be given for the preservation, through his efforts, of much which otherwise would have been consigned to oblivion.

The first building erected in the old Township of Argyle, stood upon the flat beside the Batten-Kill, above the mouth of Cassayuna Creek. It seems that one Rogers had obtained from Lydius a strip of land along the Batten-Kill from the mouth of White Creek to the Cassayuna outlet and had built his cabin, cleared some of the land around it, and

[1] *Belknap Allen's Narrative. Slade's Vermont State Papers.*

[2] Many of the soldiers, says Johnson, not desiring to settle and not being able to dispose of their lands, the latter remained vacant. Consequently, squatters often settled upon them, in some cases remaining so long in undisputed possession that they or their heirs or assigns became in time the lawful owners.

was residing there with his family when the town was surveyed by spies from New Hampshire. It would also appear that he remonstrated with the surveyors against their marking any trees upon his lands, for the corner of one of the lots near his house was left unmarked. Soon after this, when the Scotch settlers began to arrive in the vicinity, he very properly forbade their intruding upon any part of the lands which he claimed, telling them that if they did so it would be at their peril. Disregarding and unintimidated by his threats two of them, Livingston and Read, erected their houses upon the land claimed by Rogers. He accordingly, sought every occasion for annoying them, boldly maintaining that none of the Argyle settlers had any title to their lands, Lydius, if any one, being the real owner. Finally, on one occasion, finding that Livingston was absent from home, he went to his house and taking his wife carried her out of doors, sat her down and then proceeded to remove all of the furniture from the house—truly a remarkable case of ejectment! For this outrage a warrant for the arrest of Rogers was issued by Esquire McNaughton and handed to Read, one of the constables of the town, for service. Rogers, who was a stalwart and athletic man, had given out that it would be as much as one's life was worth to molest him, especially as he had some bulldogs about his house that would be found dangerous foes for any man who came near his dwelling. Fearing, therefore, that it would be a difficult matter to arrest him, Read summoned to his aid one of the most vigorous and resolute men in the neighborhood, viz: Joseph McCracken of Salem, to assist him. Not a dog was heard to bark when they approached Rogers' house in the evening or rather, as it would seem from the narrative, at the earliest dawn. As they opened the door, Rogers caught up his loaded gun, but McCracken, instantly rushing up and grasping it, held it firm in spite of Rogers' utmost efforts to wrest it from him. Read now proceeded to bind Rogers' arms behind him. A comical incident now occurred. Suspenders, says Mrs. Ann McArthur, were not worn at that period; and in the struggle the waistband of McCracken's pantaloons, becoming unbuttoned, they slipped down, as he was holding for his very life on to the musket in Rogers' hands. Meanwhile, a little child of Rogers, furious at seeing his father thus overpowered, hereupon ran up and bit the *posterior* of McCracken; but even this attack in his *rear* did not cause him to relax his hold on the gun. The prisoner then, being securely bound, was conveyed to the jail in Albany. "Such" says Fitch, "is the history of the first service of a legal process in the

county of which we have any knowledge." What afterwards became of Rogers or his family is not known. To prevent further annoyances of this kind, Esquire McNaughton had an interview with Lydius and requested him either to desist from giving deeds to these lands based on his titles opposed to those given by Governor Wentworth, or else to get confirmation of his title from the Royal Government. Lydius, it is said, visited England for this purpose but without success, the Board of Trade refusing to interfere. No further molestation, however, from this source was experienced.

Among the early and most prominent, and indeed distinguished settlers of the County was Captain, (afterwards Judge) Duer. It was in 1766, that the present Village of Fort Miller was founded.[1] Captain Duer, a brilliant officer of the British army had served with distinguished merit on the staff of Lord Clive during the latter's remarkable career of conquest in India; and, among other English officers attracted hither, had, in his surveys, chosen the vicinity of Fort Miller to found a colony. His wife was a daughter of Mr. Alexander of New York who claimed to be the rightful heir of a Scottish Earldom and who was known throughout the Revolutionary War as Lord Sterling. He had, moreover, subsequently won high honors at the Battle of Long Island, and was held in great esteem by Washington, himself. Mrs. Duer was generally known as "pretty Lady Kitty" (not Katy as she has been called) Duer; and if that designation had at that day been in existence she would have been said to have belonged to the "Four Hundred." While maintaining a princely establishment in this primeval forest—her husband being a person of great wealth—she was accustomed to spend a great portion of her time amid the gaieties of the fashionable circles of New York City. She was present at the Grand Ball given in 1789, in New York City, in honor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution and of Washington's Inauguration.[2]

Major Duer was, subsequently, with Gen. Philip Schuyler, appointed the second judge of the County—Schuyler being the first; and both were associated together on the judicial bench.[3] Philip P. Lansing

[1] Deriving its name from the old fortified store-houses on the west side of the Hudson, the erection of which has already been mentioned.

[2] In my father's (Col. Wm. L. Stone's) account of the "Grand Inauguration Ball," taken down by him from the lips of Aaron Burr, who was present on that occasion, a full account of the costume worn by Lady "Kitty Duer" is given.

[3] Schuyler's appointment as "first judge of the county" of Charlotte county (Washington) was dated the 8th of September, 1772.

(after whom Lansingburg was named) was at the same time appointed sheriff, and Patrick Smith of Fort Edward, clerk, while Ebenezer Clark, a son of Rev. Dr. Thomas Clark, and Alexander McNaughton—both of New-Perth—and Jacob Marsh and Benjamin Spence of the present State of Vermont, received the appointment of "Justices of the Quorum." *i. e.*—associates of the judges in holding the Courts of Common Pleas and Sessions.

Another of the prominent settlers in the county was Major Philip Skene—a distinguished officer—who had, at the assault on Ticonderoga in 1758, displayed extraordinary bravery. He had also served with gallantry under General Amherst. From these reasons, as well as from his prominence and his great influence in early bringing this county into notice, he deserves much more than a passing mention.

In the summer of 1759, having, during his march with Amherst through the country, noticed the great fertility of the land, Major Skene made a settlement at the head of South Bay, where the present village of Whitehall [1] now stands. Here he located thirty families, all being in his employment and began with great zeal the work of clearing the land. This place afterward received the name of Skenesborough, after its founder, and was destined, as will hereafter be seen, to come into great prominence at the time of the Revolutionary War—especially during the campaign of General Burgoyne. Although he had not yet secured a title to this land, he, it is said, acted under the advice of General Amherst, having it is to be presumed no doubt that, with such a "backer," there would be no question of his obtaining a title to it. Having settled his tenants comfortably on their various allotments, and still retaining his rank in the army he went to Cuba with the British army, and greatly distinguished himself at the attack and capture of Morro Castle. In the New York State records he is styled Major Skene, yet the grant to him of 3,000 acres of land at Northwest Bay (now West Port) in Essex county, for military service, would seem to indicate that he held at this time a captain's commission only. At a later period, while serving under General Burgoyne, he is styled "Colonel Skene;" but this may have been in consequence of having received a civil appointment as one of the judges of this county. He is also often designated in the correspondence of the day "Governor Skene" —a title which probably originated from the project he at one time contemplated, of having the New Hampshire Grants (the present State

[1] For the Indian name of Whitehall and its meaning, see a few chapters back.

of Vermont) and northern New York erected into a separate Royal Government with himself at its head. If he, however, actually had such a commission, it would have been, as has been pointed out, naturally suppressed by the continental authorities, anxious as they were not to offend the important province of New York which would have been the effect of recognizing such a document.

On his return from the West Indies, in 1763, he brought with him a number of African slaves; and having obtained, in the spring of 1765, a grant of 25,000 acres at the mouth of Wood Creek in the present Town of Whitehall, he set himself to erecting a number of buildings of a much more pretentious character than any other private citizen possessed in those days. His own dwelling was of stone, on William's Street in the Village of Whitehall, and his barn, also built of stone, stood some distance south of his house, it being occupied by the garden of the late Judge Wheeler. This edifice was 130 feet long; and its walls were so massive that it was always supposed that Colonel Skene, like his contemporary, Sir William Johnson in his building at Johnstown, N. Y., contemplated the possibility of its being used at some time as a fortification—a conjecture which seems not at all unreasonable.

On July 6th, 1771, he obtained a further grant of 9,000 acres on the ground that he could, if duly encouraged by the government, settle upon it a hundred families within three years. This last grant which was known as "Skene's Little Patent," adjoined the north side of his "Great Patent," and lay on the "East side of the waters running from Wood Creek into Lake Champlain." Nearly 2,000 acres of this smaller tract forms the northern portion of the Town of Hampton. The remainder of it and all of the "Great Patent" lies in the present Town of Whitehall, and includes 2,000 acres granted to Lieutenant McIntosh, besides fragmentary corners of two other military tracts.

Being now greatly encouraged by the aid given him by the Government—a circumstance which he undoubtedly owed to his old commanding officer and personal friend, General Amherst—he pushed rapidly forward his improvements; and such was his untiring energy and enterprise, and the love which his tenants bore him—they all helping him in his projects to the utmost in their power—that, in 1767, he cut a road at his own expense from his settlement (Skenesborough) amid a dense wilderness, thirty miles through the central portion of Hebron, or New Perth, and Salem, whence, aided by the inhabitants of the southern portion of the county, it was subsequently extended to

Bennington. This, known for many years after the Revolution, as "Skene's Road," passed in as straight a course as possible and consequently went over hilly tracts that are now avoided. It crossed Pawlet River at the old turnpike bridge, a short distance above Whitehall and keeping down between the hills in the western part of Granville, came to "Monroe's Meadows" by the present west road, and so onwards by Chamberlain's Mills to Salem.

Nothing was done towards grading this primitive road, a large part of which was made of logs, and was called in the parlance of the county "corduroy." It was, consequently, passable in winter only for sleighs; and not only in winter was the ox-sled the chief means of conveyance, but even in summer (as is the case even at this day, in many portions of the Adirondack wilderness) it was a common thing for a settler to hitch his oxen to a sled, with wooden runners—iron not being thought of—and with a bag of wheat or of corn as a load, make his way to the nearest settlement often twelve miles distant. "A man who owned a cart at that time was considered to be decidedly forehanded; and one who possessed an actual wagon with four wheels might fairly claim to belong to the aristocracy!"[1]

Now, although this narrative will have much to say of Major Skene when the campaign of General Burgoyne is considered, yet I deem this a good place to describe his personal appearance, and his general character. "We are surprised," says Fitch, "at the malignancy of the hatred which most of our old people [this was written in 1849] manifest toward this man. From one who in his youth saw him repeatedly in Burgoyne's camp at Fort Edward we are told that he was a large, fine looking person, with a pleasant countenance and an affable deportment. Except what took place in open and honorable warfare, we cannot learn that he was party to any acts by which the inhabitants were ever distressed or molested in any way. But there is no doubt that his power and influence and the known energy of his character made the leading Whigs of the county, from the very outset of the Revolutionary struggle, fear him ten fold more than any other friend of the King dwelling in this section of the State. They saw that it was necessary that his popularity [and there is no doubt but that it was very great] among the inhabitants should be effectually destroyed; and the abhorrence with which he is commonly spoken of indicates, as much as any

[1] Conversations of Dr. Fitch with Jacob Bitely, Fort Edward; George Webster, Lansingburg, and James Rogers, Hebron.

fact within our knowledge, the consummate tact and ability with which the affairs of those times were here managed. Could we put the question to any of the common people who were residing here in the days that are now gone by, who it was that they hated most, the reply we know would be 'the Devil;' but if we further asked who, next to him they most execrated, we are in doubt whether the answer would be 'the Pope' or 'old Skene.'"

It will thus be seen that most of the early and prominent settlers of this county were of foreign birth, viz: Judge (Major) William Duer, Major (afterwards Colonel) Skene, Dr. Thomas Clark, and a Dr. John Williams—the last being a young English physician, who had settled in Salem in the early part of 1773, and who soon displayed marked ability not only in his chosen profession, but as a man of business and a political leader; for, notwithstanding his recent arrival from England, he was an ardent supporter of the patriot cause. So, also, was Judge Duer. Dr. Clark and Major Skene were both *believed* to favor the cause of the mother country, though the former took no active part; while a few believed that, at this time, even the hated and much maligned Skene would not have become an outspoken and active British partisan had it not been for needless harshness on the part of the Colonial authorities.

On the 21st of March, 1773, a stormy court was held at Fort Edward. Judge William Duer presided, Judge Philip Schuyler being in attendance on the Colonial Assembly in New York City defending the cause of the people. It was expected that many indictments growing out of the riots in the eastern part of the County, in consequence of the stand taken by the New Hampshire grantees, as mentioned a few pages back, would be found against certain disturbers of the peace. In addition to which, the disturbed condition of the country (as is the case at the present day on our western borders) caused many criminals who had fled here from their haunts in the cities, to make themselves obnoxious to the peaceable inhabitants of the county. These men hoped, and not, perhaps, without reason, that those who had been ousted from their claims and burning for revenge would, if not sympathize, at least would "wink" at, or condone their outrages. They were, it is said, of the most debased class, comprising robbers, thieves, and especially counterfeiters, who had taken advantage of the riotous proceedings; and perhaps, too, in addition, the just indignation of those settlers who had been driven from their farms, and thus

willingly aided in circulating their bogus silver coin with alarming facility.

Thus it was, that all these violators of the law and their friends crowded in and around the rude tavern at Fort Edward, in one of the rooms of which the court was to be held, cursing and drinking, and threatening all sorts of dire things—not the least of which was their determination to "pitch court, officers and jury into the Hudson if they dared attempt to enforce the law;" and what added to the excitement was the fact that some days before, the court at Westminster, in Cumberland county (then in the present state of Vermont) had been broken up by a similar mob—one man having been killed and several wounded in the affray.

Judge William Duer, however, the East Indian soldier and one accustomed from his military experience to brook no insubordination, was not frightened. A company of British troops under Captain Mott, chanced, at the time, to be passing through Fort Edward on their way to Ticonderoga. The Captain, thereupon, having been persuaded by Judge Duer to tarry at that village for a few days, the Judge at once proceeded to convene and hold his court. The rioters being thus confronted with the glisteniug bayonets of men who would stand no nonsense, sullenly subsided, and allowed the court to be held peaceably and with no molestation. Consequently, indictments were duly found against the guilty parties, though the intense excitement which arose soon after consequent upon the Battle of Lexington, prevented either their arrest or conviction.

Upon the adjournment of his court, Judge Duer reported this attempt to intimidate him in the performance of his duty to the Provincial Congress and requested their permission to hold the court the ensuing June; writing as follows:

"Your interposition in this matter may save the shedding of blood at the next court, for so long as I know it to be the sense of the country that the courts of justice should be supported, and that I have the honor of sitting as one of the judges, I shall endeavor to keep them open even at the risk of my life."

"The court thus held by the resolute judge in March, 1775, was the last public court in Charlotte county previous to the beginning of the Revolutionary period."[1]

[1] Johnson.

CHAPTER XII.

1775—1776.

The Peace of 1763 Brings Increased Prosperity to Washington County—General Thrift of the People Disturbed by Rumors of War Between the Colonies and the Mother Country—The Inhabitants of the County Divided in Their Allegiance—Ethan Allen's Attack on, and Capture of, Ticonderoga—Seizure and Imprisonment of Colonel Skene—Formation of War Committees—Failure of General Montgomery's Expedition and His Death before the Walls of Quebec—Death from Small Pox of General Thomas—Washington's Views Regarding the Recruiting for the Continental Army—Carleton's Naval Victory on Lake Champlain over General Arnold—Outlook for the Future Most Gloomy—Extracts from Captain Norton's "Orderly Book"—Position of the People of Washington County at this Crisis Outlined.

For a number of years, or, since 1760, Washington County[1] had been favored with a high degree of prosperity. Many farms were either taken up from the Royal Government, or else purchased from private parties; while, as has been seen in the last chapter, a number of prominent individuals, such as Judge Duer and Colonel Skene, had become permanent residents. In fact, all the signs gave promise of an unexampled era of thrift. The French War, moreover, being now over, every one, confident that peace had indeed dawned, looked forward to a life of contentment and industry, undisturbed by Indian forays, accompanied by the inevitable and horrible atrocities of border warfare. Canada, having been ceded to Great Britain, no one dreamt that soon his farm would be the theatre for the acting of one of the greatest conflicts that had ever taken place in America. Still less, did the inhabitants imagine for an instant that their misfortunes in even the distant future were to be caused by a war with the Mother Country. France, perhaps, they thought might possibly give rise to anxiety; but the idea of trouble arising from that quarter was preposterous and not to be seriously entertained. It is true, that distant mutterings of the fast advancing storm had recently been heard by them, but up to nearly the last moment it was supposed that the dif-

[1] When I speak of "Washington County," the reader should recollect that it was still a part of the western portion of Charlotte County. When I come to write of the separation of the counties this will be made more plain.

ferences between England and her American Colonies would be amicably adjusted—but, as to a final and a violent separation and the cutting asunder of all ties—this was an idea not seriously to be thought of at this time, even by the most zealous patriots. When, therefore, the news of the Battle of Lexington was conveyed to them by a swift messenger,[1] followed soon afterward by the news of the capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen, they were simply dazed. Soon, however, recovering from their stupor, the majority of the inhabitants of the county, as with one impulse, sprung to arms, and, sympathizing with their sister colonies, they with one spirit pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart, they, with the entire continent exclaimed in the words of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Acting in this spirit they declared in several enthusiastic and public meetings "to stand or fall with their brethren of New England," only waiting for the commands of the Provincial Congress of New York to take up arms.

It is true, that a large and very respectable minority, consisting chiefly of natives of England and Scotland, were not ready at this early period of the contest, to cast aside their allegiance to George III; though, in the presence of the prevailing excitement, they remained silent and did nothing by any overt act to make themselves specially obnoxious. That portion of Washington County, then forming a part of Albany County, viz: Cambridge, Easton, Jackson and White Creek,

[1] In describing the general alarm sent out after the Battle of Lexington Mr. Bancroft, in one of his most superb passages, says:

"Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the prairies to the highlands; and it was never suffered to drop, till it had been borne north and south, and east and west throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire and, ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, and along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. 'For God's sake, forward it by night and by day,' wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and through pines and palmettoes and moss-clad live oaks, still further to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. * * * Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky, so that hunters, who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April, 1775, by naming their encampment LEXINGTON."

was decidedly more attached to the American cause than the people of Charlotte.

The affair at Lexington and Concord to which allusion has been made, had, of course, been the signal for war throughout the Colonies. The forts, magazines and arsenals were everywhere seized by the Colonists. Troops, as well as money for their support—which was equally essential—were raised; and it was not many weeks before an army of thirty thousand men appeared in the environs of Boston under the command of General Israel Putnam,[1] who, as is well known, when the news of the Battle of Lexington reached him, left his plow standing in the field, mounted his horse and rode away to Cambridge, Mass. Putnam will be remembered by the reader as one of the veterans of both the "Old" and the "French" wars, and one in whom the people had the greatest confidence.

Early in May Colonel Ethan Allen, a hardy and bold leader of the settlers upon the New Hamshire grants, (now Vermont) and under whose advice the latter had hitherto, so successfully resisted the Government of New York, concerted an expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. About forty volunteers from Connecticut were of the expedition, which, with the forces collected for this object at Castleton, made up the number of two hundred and thirty-one. Allen was unexpectedly joined by Colonel (afterwards General) Benedict Arnold, who had also, it appears, independently of Allen, planned the same enterprise. They, however, patriotically throwing all jealousies aside, readily agreed to act in concert, and so admirably was the project carried into execution, that the Americans actually entered the fortress by the covered way[2] just at daylight; formed upon the parade-ground within, and awoke the astounded sleeping garrison by their huzzas. A slight skirmish ensued and the commander, De LaPlace, aroused from his bed and in his night-shirt, surrendered to the novel[3] summons of Allen. "I demand a surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." After Ticonderoga had thus been given up to the leader of the hardy Green Mountain Boys, Colonel Seth Warner was immediately dispatched to Crown

[1] The Christian name "Israel" is here given, that the reader may not confound him with his cousin, Colonel Rufus Putnam, who built the fortress at West Point and whom we shall hear of later in the Burgoyne campaign.

[1] This covered way may still (1900) be easily discerned, even without a guide.

[2] I say "novel" advisedly, as Allen was even then well known and, indeed, to the time of his death, as an avowed atheist and infidel.

point, which was easily taken—the garrison consisting only of a dozen men and commanded by a sergeant. Meanwhile, Arnold proceeded northward to St. Johns, where he succeeded in capturing a sloop of war by surprise. On the 13th of May fifty men who had been levied in Massachusetts, under orders given by Arnold as he passed through on his way to Ticonderoga, appeared at Skenesborough and took possession of that village in the name of the revolted colonies. This company was commanded by Captain Herrick and, it is said, was the first body of American soldiers which entered the present county of Washington during the American Revolution. They seized on a schooner belonging to Major Skene and bore it off as a trophy to Ticonderoga. Taking, also, the absent owner's toryism for granted, they confiscated some of his property, among which was a very valuable Spanish horse, which had been brought by him from the West Indies. It is said, but on what authority I do not know, that this horse subsequently passed into the possession of Colonel Morgan Lewis, who afterwards loaned it to General Arnold to ride at the second battle of Saratoga, when it was shot under that daring commander, when he was wounded at the capture of the "Brunswick Redoubt" on the 7th of October, 1777. This little company of volunteers at the same time that they captured Skenesborough, made a prisoner of Skene's son, Andrew F. Skene, who, like his father, was also called "Major Skene."[1] Herrick also made prisoners of some fifty tenants and twelve negroes, besides several pieces of cannon. Thus, by a sudden blow and without the loss of a man, was the command of Lakes George and Champlain obtained.

Soon after these startling events Major Skene arrived from England, and on his arrival at New York, the authorities, like Captain Herrick, taking his toryism for granted, arrested him, seized all his papers and threw him into prison. Shortly after he was released and allowed to go on his parole at Middletown, Conn. He was not permitted, however, to return to his home at Skenesborough and his property—his tenants, as we have seen having also been captured and taken away—rapidly went to destruction.

The following May, (1776) being highly, and as it was thought at the time even by some patriots, justly incensed at his treatment,

[1] From this fact has arisen, in several histories, the statement that the original Major Skene was taken prisoner at this time; but as then the Major Skene was in England, this, of course, was a mistake. A. P. Skene is also sometimes called the nephew of Colonel Philip Skene; but in the original records of the sale of their confiscated property the younger man is described as the son of the elder.—*Johnson.*

he refused to renew his parole and was again imprisoned, but was finally exchanged. Embittered by his losses, and by what he considered his ill treatment, he, as will be seen hereafter, returned to Skenesborough in the army of General Burgoyne. Before, however, dismissing Colonel Skene, for the present, it may, I think, truthfully be said, that his case was only one of numerous others at the beginning of hostilities when a little policy and leniency on the part of the Continental Congress would have converted a man conscientiously wavering in his opinions as to which side to espouse, into a staunch friend of the Colonists in their rebellion against the Mother Country; whereas, by a contrary course, the Continental Congress, by making him a bitter enemy, only threw in their own way obstacles which rendered the contest of much greater difficulty than otherwise it would have been.

Although the Colonial Assembly convened under royal authority had adjourned, as we have seen, on the 3d of April, 1775, and never met again, its powers passing by general consent to the Provincial Congress, yet in some of the counties of New York State the old courts were still held. The last court in Charlotte County, which derived its authority from the Royal government, was held on the 20th of June, 1775. Its first judge, Philip Schuyler, had twelve days before been appointed the third Major-General of the Continental army, and was, at this time, giving Washington advice regarding the then contemplated invasion of Canada.

At the same time the friends of the American cause were exceedingly active throughout the county. A county committee was organized and delegates elected from the several townships, to whom was entrusted the general direction of affairs in the new and remarkable conditions which had so suddenly arisen. These committees, in fact, really corresponded to the "Committees of Safety," which had been now organized in Tryon County, west of Albany, and throughout the entire war they did excellent and efficient service. The Provincial Congress, also, ignoring the former disputes between Governor Wentworth and Sir Henry Moore, then governor of the Province of New York, authorized the formation of a battalion of "Green Mountain Boys"—five hundred strong—and the latter, laying aside, for the time being at least, all animosity, so far recognized the authority of their old time foes as to organize under this act. Seth Warner, however,

instead of Ethan Allen, was chosen by the battalion as the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding.

It must be admitted, however, that the people of the county were by no means unanimous in the efforts of the Colonists to throw off the British yoke. More particularly was this disaffection to the American cause manifested in the towns of Skenesborough, Kingsbury and Fort Edward, the feeling in this regard being stronger in these places than anywhere else in the county. "Among the most prominent Tories in the two latter districts," says Johnson, "were the members of the Jones family, emigrants from New Jersey, and several of whom were influential farmers. In the fall of 1776, two of the younger brothers, Jonathan and David Jones, raised a company of nearly fifty soldiers in Kingsbury and Fort Edward. To their patriot neighbors and the American officials these soldiers declared that they were about to join the garrison of Ticonderoga, but among themselves they had a very different understanding. All the men that the Joneses could trust having been enrolled, they set out for the north, but instead of stopping at Ticonderoga they passed through the woods in the rear of that fort and joined the British forces under Sir Guy Carleton in Canada." Carleton gave Jonathan Jones a captain's commission and David a lieutenant's. The career of the latter becomes a subject of special interest, on account of his subsequent connection with the murder of his betrothed, Jane McCrea—one of the saddest episodes of the American Revolution—to an account of which a special chapter will be devoted in its proper place when I come to narrate the Burgoyne campaign.

Meanwhile, the management of the Northern Department had been committed by Washington to Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, in both of whom the Commander-in-chief had the utmost confidence, and these generals were now (1775) directing a force upon Montreal and Quebec. It may, also, be noted in passing—as showing how much Washington County figured in this war—that both Schuyler and Montgomery tarried a few days at Fort Edward on their way to assume the command of the northern army.[1] General Schuyler, however, having been obliged temporarily to leave the Northern army in consequence of ill health, the entire command and responsibility devolved upon

[1] While Schuyler was at Fort Edward at this time, he used the opportunity to write out a proclamation to the inhabitants of Canada (which was at once distributed throughout that province) calling on them to throw off the British yoke.

General Montgomery, who had advanced a second time upon St. Johns and captured that fortress—Sir Guy Carleton having been repulsed by Colonel Warner at Longqueil, in his attempt to cross the St. Lawrence and advance to its succor. St. John's surrendered on the 3d of November of this year; but while the siege was still pending, Colonel Ethan Allen, with thirty-eight of his "Green Mountain Boys," was captured and sent to England in irons.[1] It cannot be said, however, that Allen did not deserve his fate, on account of his rashness and disobedience of orders. Still, he was very near capturing Montreal with the small party he led in advance, as was subsequently admitted by one of the British officers.

The fort at Chamblee fell into the hands of Montgomery, together with a large quantity of military stores, which were of great use—among them being three tons of powder. Montreal was next taken by the Provincials, General Carleton narrowly escaping in a boat with muffled oars to Three Rivers, whence he hastened with all speed to Quebec. Montgomery, with his little army, was swift to follow him thither, where his arrival had been anticipated by Colonel Arnold, with upward of seven hundred New England infantry and riflemen, with whom he had performed the almost incredible feat of traversing an unexplored forest, from the Kennebec to the mouth of the Chaudiere. Uniting the forces of Arnold with his own, Montgomery laid seige to Quebec on the first of December. His artillery, however, was of too slight calibre to make any impression upon its walls; and it was finally determined, if possible to carry the town by a combined assault from two directions—one division to be led by Montgomery and the other by Arnold. This assault was undertaken on the 31st of December, and the year closed by the fall of both divisions, the wounding of the brave Arnold and the death of the chivalric Montgomery.[2]

The conquest of Canada, however, notwithstanding this unfortunate termination of the armies of Montgomery and Arnold, continued to be a favorite project with Congress, and every possible effort with-

[1] *Holme's Annals.* See also, Parliamentary Register. I give these authorities as the fact of his being ironed has, by some, been doubted.

[2] In 1818 the remains of General Montgomery were removed from Canada to New York, by order of the New York Legislature and deposited, with military honors, underneath the beautiful cenotaph which now (1900) stands in the front wall of St. Paul's church on Broadway, New York City. The curious reader will find a full account of this transaction in my *History of New York City.*

in the means of the Colonists was made to that end. But the fall of Montgomery had thrown a gloom over the enterprise which was never dissipated. Colonel, now General, Arnold had maintained himself before Quebec during the winter and until late in the spring, with but a handful of men, numbering at at one time, not more than five hundred fit for duty. But the reinforcements were slow in arriving. General Thomas, also, who had been assigned to the command of the army in Canada, arrived before Quebec on the 1st of May, where he found an army of nineteen hundred men, less than one thousand of whom were effective, while three hundred of these, being entitled to their discharge, refused to perform duty. They had, moreover, but one hundred and fifty barrels of powder and six day's provisions. In view of this state of affairs and knowing that General Carleton's reinforcements from England would soon arrive, General Thomas, with the concurrence of a council of war, determined to raise the siege on the fifth of May, and take up a more eligible position farther up the river. It was the intention of the American commander to remove the sick to Three Rivers, but on the 6th a British fleet with heavy reinforcements arrived. General Carleton immediately made a sortie at the head of one thousand men, to oppose whom, General Thomas had not more than three hundred available troops. No other course remained, therefore, but a precipitate retreat for all who could get away, leaving the sick and the military stores to the enemy. General Thomas, accordingly, led his little Spartan band back to the mouth of the Sorel, where he was seized with the small-pox and died. Large reinforcements joined the fugitive army at that place, under General Sullivan. [1] But before General Carleton moved from Quebec, an expedition was undertaken from Sorel to the Three Rivers, against General Frazer, under the direction of General Thompson and Colonel (afterwards General) St. Clair. It was unsuccessful and from this time disaster followed disaster, until, owing to the combined causes of defeat, sickness, the loss of General Thomas and insubordination, the Americans found themselves, on the 18th of June, driven entirely out of Canada; the British army following so closely upon their heels, as immediately to occupy the different posts as they were successively evacuated.

The American forces, however, still retained the control of Lake

[1] For some of this *data* I am indebted to my friend, the late Mr. Thomas C. Amory of Boston, a great grand-son of General Sullivan.

Champlain and occupied the fortifications upon its shores, the command of which had now been assigned by Congress to General Gates, with great and manifest injustice toward General Schuyler.[1] Gates established his headquarters first at Fort Edward and afterwards at Crown Point, but soon afterward withdrew his forces from that post and fell back upon Ticonderoga. This step was taken by the advice and concurrence of a board of general officers, but contrary to the wishes of the field officers. Always a most arrant coward (as will, I think, be apparent when we come to the Burgoyne campaign) Gates was only too glad to fall in with this decision. Washington, the commander-in-chief, was, however, exceedingly dissatisfied with this movement of Gates, believing that the relinquishment of that post would be equivalent to an abandonment of Lakes George and Champlain and all the advantages to be derived therefrom.[2] In reply to the concern that had been expressed by Washington on this occasion, General Gates contended, in his own defense, that Crown Point was untenable with the forces then under his command, nor could it be successfully defended even with the aid of the expected reinforcements. These reinforcements, moreover, the General added, could not be allowed to approach nearer to Crown Point than Skenesborough, since "it would be only heaping one hospital upon another."[3] In fact, the annals of disastrous war scarcely present a more deplorable picture than that exhibited by the Americans escap-

[1] The appointment of Gates to the command of this department, was from the first unacceptable to the officers of New York, nor was his own course very conciliatory toward them. In the course of this (1776) summer it was reported to Lieutenant-General Gansevoort, a brave and deservedly popular officer, belonging to the regiment of Col. Van Schaick and then in command of Fort Edward and Fort George, that the general had spoken disrespectfully of that regiment. Irritated by such treatment, Gansevoort wrote a spirited letter to Gates, referring to several matters in which he had been aggrieved by the letters and conversation of that officer. He requested a Court of Inquiry and avowed his determination, with the leave of General Schuyler, to relinquish the command of these posts. *MS. Letters of Gates and Colonel Gansevoort in the author's possession.*

[2] MS. Letter of Washington to Gates once in the author's possession.

[3] *Letter of Gates to Washington in reply.* July 28, 1776. The small-pox which had been so fatal to the troops in Canada, had now broken out at Fort Edward, Crown Point and Ticonderoga—the pestilence having been purposely introduced by a villain calling himself Dr. Baker. This fact is stated in a MS. letter from the Adjutant General of the Northern Department to Colonel Gansevoort, dated Ticonderoga, July 24. "The villain," says the letter now before me, "by private inoculations in the army, has caused in a great degree, the misery to which we are now reduced by that infectious disorder." Baker was arrested and sent to Albany, but his "pull" probably saved him from punishment, as we do not learn that he was ever subjected to any summary proceedings. The reader may, perhaps, recall that in our own Civil War, attempts were made by the Confederates to injure us by the same methods.

ing from Canada. In addition to the small-pox, the army had been afflicted by other diseases, generated by exposure, destitution and laxity of discipline. Fleets of boats came daily up the lake freighted with the sick and dying and even those reported from day to day fit for duty, presented but the appearance of a haggard skeleton of an army. "Everything about this army," wrote General Gates in the letter already cited, "is infected with the pestilence—the clothes, the blankets, the air and the ground they walk upon. To put this evil from us, a general hospital is established at the fort at the head of Lake George [there was also a subsidiary one at Fort Edward] where there are now between two and three thousand sick and where every infected person is immediately sent. But this care and caution have not effectually destroyed the disease here; it is, notwithstanding, continually breaking out."

Such was the deplorable condition in which an army that had passed a little before through the county winning admiration from all except the Tories, and which had been so recently victorious, found itself driven back from what was in fact a conquered country, lost entirely through gross mismanagement and the want of an army upon the basis of permanent enlistments.

Indeed, this defect in the manner of enlisting men was, especially in the beginning of the war, strikingly illustrated in the difficulties which Washington had to contend with in raising and keeping his army together. In fact, the Commander-in-chief was continually appealing to the Continental Congress for men that should be raised to serve *throughout the war,* and he graphically and feelingly represents to that body how vain it was to expect him to conduct the war to a successful issue with men only enlisted for a few weeks, since often, on the eve of what might prove to be a decisive battle—the men's term of enlistment having expired—they would quit the army, go home to plough and plant their fields. I have now before me, as I write, a MS. Journal (yellow and faded by time) of my great uncle, Stephen Stone, a "minute man" in the Revolution, in which his entries bring out the above remarks about enlistments in vivid relief and corroborate Washington's statements in the fullest degree. Nor, since undoubtedly this Journal is but a sample of the experiences of thousands of volunteers at that time, can one peruse it without realizing how much justice there was in the complaints of Washington. On the other hand, neither can the men themselves be censured for *their*

course. Their pay was poor, if indeed it were anything. They wished, through motives of the highest and purest patriotism, to aid the cause of their country, yet they could not allow their families to starve. Hence, with no money to pay a hired man in their absence, the only alternative was to do the best they could under the circumstances, viz: to divide their time between "solgering" and the support of their loved ones at home. [1]

To this matter of the precarious term of enlistments there was another difficulty lying beneath the surface. Many prisoners had fallen into the hands of the enemy at Quebec and, during the subsequent retreat all of these, had been treated (Allen excepted) with the greatest care and humanity, but so much of the subtle poison of flattery, mingled with kindness had been poured into their ears, that their return on parole, which was soon after allowed by the British commander, was regarded with apprehension. On one occasion a large number of prisoners arriving at Crown Point from St. John's, in a vessel provided by Carleton, were visited before landing by Colonel

[1] A few passages from this journal of Stephen Stone may be of interest to the reader as illustrating the statements in the text, inasmuch as it brings one down from an *abstract* view to a very realistic and concrete one.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

"June 22, 1778. I enlisted.
26th. I went to Guilford [Connecticut] to guard some prisoners.
27th. Guarded them to New Haven and returned to Guilford.
28th. Came home and carted William [his brother] a load of wood.
30th. Lieutenant Atkins joined us with twenty men.
July 1st. We marched to Fairfield.
3d. We marched to Stamford and joined Colonel Mosely, and were sent on to Greenville.
4th. Came home and worked in the garden.
7th. We marched to Saw-Pitts and encamped on a hill about two miles from Bryant's Bridge.
Feb. 25th. I enlisted to guard at the Salt House on the Neck Highlands.
29th. Stood upon guard for Jonathan Everts. *
April 9th. Hired a man to plough.
21st. I ploughed the garden.
26th. Began to plant.
April 12th. Went upon guard.
14th. Began to plough.
May 21st Began hoeing."
And thus the Journal continues in the same strain.

* An ancestor, I believe, of the Ex-Secretary of State William M. Evarts.

John Trumbull, the Adjutant-General for the Northern Department. From the feeling they manifested, and the tenor of their conversation Colonel Trumbull saw at once that it would not be prudent to allow them to land, or hold the least intercourse with the suffering troops of the garrison. (To such an extent had the human treatment—so entirely unexpected by them—affected them!) Trumbull immediately reported this fact to Gates and advised him that the said prisoners should be sent directly forward to Skenesborough and thence despatched to their respective homes, without allowing them to mingle with the troops at that place. This suggestion was adopted. In view of this episode, one cannot but believe that if, in the beginning of the Revolution, all of the British generals had adopted the same conciliatory tactics of Carleton, there might have been sufficient Tories in the revolted Colonies, to have turned the scale—already hovering in the balance—in favor of the mother country. Nor is this inference wholly conjecture, as the writing of several contemporaneous historians abundantly prove. [1]

Nor were the difficulties thus enumerated all which the officers had to encounter. The spirit of disaffection in this county, as well as in other counties of New York, was far more extensive than those who are left to contemplate the scenes through which their grandfathers passed and the discouragements against which they were compelled to struggle, have been wont to suppose. The burden of many of General Schuyler's letters written from Fort Edward and Skenesborough, and also the letters of other officers under his command, during the whole of this season, was the frequency of desertions to the ranks of the enemy.

[1] Notably those of Judge Jones of New York City. See, also, on this point *Sabin's Loyalists*

General Sir Guy Carlton was not only at that time, but subsequently, the ablest British general in America, but the most humane. Three hundred prisoners left in Quebec by Major Meigs the middle of May, when afterwards exchanged, were furnished by Carleton with articles of clothing in which they were deficient. It is also said, that when some of his officers spoke to him of this act as an unusual degree of lenity toward prisoners of war, he replied, "Since we have tried in vain to make them acknowledge us as brothers, let us at least send them away disposed to regard us as first cousins." Having, moreover, been informed that many persons, suffering from wounds and various disorders, were concealed in the woods and obscure places, fearing that if they appeared openly they would be seized as prisoners and severely treated, he issued a proclamation commmanding the militia officers to search for such persons, bring them to the general hospital, and procure for them all necessary relief at the public charge. He also invited all such persons to come forward voluntarily and receive the assistance they needed—assuring them "that as soon as their health should be restored, they should have free liberty to return to their respective provinces."—*Sparks.*

But, while General Carleton was most chivalric in the treatment of his prisoners, he did not suffer his plans for the defeat of the Americans to lag. In addition to the succession of disasters to the American arms, he appeared in the fall of this year (1776) upon Lake Champlain with a flotilla, superior to that of the Americans under Arnold, and which seems to have been called into existence as if by enchantment. Two naval engagements followed, on the 11th and 13th of October, contested with undaunted bravery on both sides, [1] but resulting in the defeat of Arnold, the annihilation of his little navy and the possession of the Lake and Crown Point by the foe. To add, moreover, to the gloom which had already begun to fall upon the patriots, the forces of the Commander-in-chief of the Continental army, at this time, numbered only from two to three thousand men, and scarcely a new recruit had come forward to supply the places of those whose terms of service were expiring. And even those recruits that were furnished were so badly supplied with officers, as almost to extinguish the hope of forming an army from which any efficient services were to be expected. [2]

These are but a few of the discouragements under which Washington was laboring. To borrow his own expressive language in the private letter to his brother in the preceding note, "You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man, I believe, ever had a greater choice of difficulties and less means to extricate himself from them." Nevertheless, the last sun of that year did not sink behind so deep a cloud of gloom as had been anticipated. In the north General Carleton, who had occupied Crown Point after the defeat of Arnold's fleet, did not (as might have been supposed, he would not fail to do) pursue his victory, but returned to Canada without attempting any-

[1] "The engagement began on the 11th," wrote General Gates to Colonel Ten Eyck from Ticonderoga on the 13th of October, "and continues to this day. The enemy's fleet is much superior to ours and we maintain a running fight. All our officers and men behave with the greatest spirit."—*MS. letter in the author's possession.*

[2] "The different states without regard to the qualification of an officer, quarreling about the appointments and nomination of such as are not fit to be shoe-blacks, form the local attachments of this or that member of the Assembly."—*Letter from Washington to his brother, 19th November, 1776* —*Sparks.*

It will thus be seen—from the experiences of the late Spanish War—that the selection of officers was made on about the same lines in that day as in this. Indeed, as Seneca wrote nearly two thousand years ago, *Quae fuerant vitia mores sunt*—"What once were vices are now the manners of the day!"

thing further,[1] and before the close of the year the Commander-in-chief had the satisfaction to announce to Congress that instead of imitating the bad example of others, the Continental regiments from the Eastern States had agreed to remain six weeks beyond the time of their enlistment. In addition to which were the crossing of the Delaware and the bold return of Washington upon Trenton and his brilliant victory over the Hessian forces at that place, under Colonel Rall, on the morning of the 26th of December. This well-judged and successful enterprise greatly revived the depressed spirits of the Colonists and produced an immediate and happy effect in recruiting the American army.

It should not be supposed, however, that nothing had been done for the protection of the northern frontier of Washington county during the summer of 1776. On the contrary, under General Schuyler's supervision and by his express direction, Skenesborough and Fort Anne had been heavily garrisoned and every precaution taken to prevent the advance of the foe, so that, perhaps, General Carleton did well to hesitate after his naval victory over Arnold, before advancing further than Crown Point. As illustrative of this, it may be mentioned, that, within the last year, the "Orderly Book" of Captain Ichabod Norton of Colonel Mott's Connecticut regiment has been unearthed, published and edited by that accomplished writer and delver in Revolutionary history, Mr. Robert O. Bascom of Fort Edward, N. Y., from which work, as substantiating the above statement I cull a few extracts:[2]

"Skeensborough, Augt. the 20th, A. D. 1776.

Regimental orders, that the Revd. Soloman Morgin is Chaplin of the Regt. and to be obeyed as such. Charles Mical is appointed agitant of the Regt. and obayed

[1] "I expected by this time to have given you an account of some important battle fought at Ticonderoga. But General Carleton has disappointed us. He began his Retreat from Crown Point on Saturday, and drew in all his advanced Posts. 1000 men marched to attack those at Putnam's Creek, but the Enemy had gone the evening before. We learn that they evacuated Crown Point yesterday. . . . Their number is uncertain, but computed at 8000 or 9000, besides Savages. . . . The sick of our four Battalions turned out to the Lines, and seemed happy at seeing the Enemy. In short, Officers and Men seemed in the greatest Spirits. The Enemy were convinced they had to attack formidable works and men firmly determined to defend them. I hope General Carlton and the rest of his Army are convinced that our Misfortunes in Canada, and Retreat, was not owing to a want of Courage in the Americans. . . . I hope the Year will be crowned with Success to the American Arms. We have had a most fatiguing Campaign, but shall be happy if this Army can maintain the Keys of this Country, etc."—Thomas Hartley (Col. in the Revolutionary War and a member of the Continental Congress) to Col. Wilson, dated "Ticonderoga, Nov. 5th, 1776."

[2] The spelling, etc., is strictly followed.

as such. Asa Tracy is appointed quartermaster and to be obayed as such. Doct. apelton Woolcutt Rosseter is surgeon and Physition to the Regt. and to be obayed as such. Jonathan Damans is armorer to the Regt. and to be employed and obayed as such. * * The Regt. is to attend in the front of the Regt. Every morning and Evinin the front of Col. Swift's Regt. till further orders. Eight men to attend on Peleg Heart this day, who is to see that sutible holds be made this day in sutible Places in the Rear of the Regt. after they are Erected no man is to be found doing his occasion in any other place than them aloted, on Penalty of being confined for breach of orders.[1] * * * The officers of duty in Each Company are to take it by turn day by day and see that the men's cooking is well takin care of so far as can be for so small a number of cittles as can be contained; the Revilee to beat in front of the Regt.

Skenesborough, Aug. 21, a. d. 1776.

* * T'was observed Last Evenin, while prayers were attending, that noise and Singing was made by people who remained in camp, which attended to disturb Public worship. Tis ordered for futer that no noise or singing shall be made in Camp nither Shall the Sutler offer to sell anything during the time of Divine Service, unless in case of pure necessity, judged so by the officers of the Regt. The officers and men of the Regt. are well noing, for the present necessity has obliged the Col. to ask leave of the general to be absent for a week or two. Col. Mott assures the Regt. that having the highest Hopes and Expectation from the good conduct and harmony of the Regt. and Vigilence and alartness in the Servace, nothing less than the alarming, Broken and distressing situation of his family and affairs could Have tended him to left business. But as soon as he has paid a little attention to his Molandy affairs att home to return without Delay. In the mean time hoped and expected that the commanding officers in the Col's. absents will intake all possible care of the Regt. to keep them in good order and Disipline and see justice done them on every ocation. The officers and men will pay all due obedience to him as their commanding officer. Tis expected that the officers will take litigence care to cultivate in the men a spirit of good Agreement and Indevour to teach and form them to that fortitude, Resilution and obedience which is the only means of divine protection and victory in case of an attack from the enemy. Serj. Young, of Capt. Roboson Comp., attend the office of regimental Clark.[2] If the whole of the Regt. should arrive in the Col. Absents, Lieut. Col. Worthington will order the Regt. a monthly return to be made out Specifying Each Comp. fit for duty on command, where at, sick, dead, deserted, absent on furlough and so forth, having made out, properly sined by himself and transmitted to the poast by himself to Governer Trumbull.

Skenesborough, Aug. 26, A, D. 1776.

Field officer of the day tomorrow Lieut. Col. Cortland; the guard as usual. The party for fatigue duty the same as this day. Itts ordered that fuer men be set apart to attend the buchass [butchers?] to bury the guts and nastiness with Blood of the

[1] The sanitary arrangments of the camp seem to have been well looked after.

[2] Our friend, Colonel Mott, had some excuse for this spelling, as in England, just as Derby is pronounced Darby, Clerk is pronounced *Clark*.

cattle that is cild [killed!] and likewise ordered that Buchards take care that no nastiness is hov in the crick [Wood Creek]. If they Heeve any in they must suffer the consequence. Likewise I would have the buchards take care and order better for the futer, or else I shall take care of them. For guard Ensin James Hecox and 5 privates and ten for guard.

Skenesborough, Aug. 30, A. D., 1776.

* * It is ordered that each ordayly serj. of each comp. mak a morning report of the sick to the doctors of each Regt. with names the Doctors, who is to inspect into the circumstances of Such Sick Soldiers and the doctors is to report to the capt. how many he finds sick in his Comp. and the Doctors who is to make a return to the company for such hospital stores as the solgiers stand in need of. The commanding officers of each Regt, who is to sign the order that shall be given on the comp, and its ordered that sick solgiers that draw hospital stores is not to draw their Rasions [rations] out of the stores, only such as the Doctors should think they stand in need of. It [is] Likewise ordered that the company will provide all ingrediences for the use of the sick, and that to be delt in proper order. 11 men for guard.

Camp att fortann, Sept. the 17, A. D. 1776.

The orders for tomorrow is that A Corp. guard be mounted as usial and 2 men go to help down with sheep to Skeensborough and 2 men to work at the sawmill and 2 men to keep sheep here, and 1 corp, and 6 privates to turn out as the working party 1 corp. and 3 privates for guard and 2 for fatigue.

Camp att Fortann, Sept. the 21st, A. D. 1776.

The orders for tomorrer are that a corp. guard be mounted as usial and 1 corp. and 9 privates turn out on the working party at 8 o'clock, and the orderly serjs. see that them men Parade Exactly by the time. for the futer all firing is strictly forbid, and any person who shall fire his gun in the camp without leave from Capt. or his Commanding officer, may expect to suffer for it as breach of orders.

Worthy Warters,
Major.

Camp att Fortann, Sept. ye 22, A. D. 1776.

The orders for tomorrow is that a corps. guard be mounted as usial and 3 men to go on fatigue and all who are A mind to draw molasses may draw tomorrow one week alowance for man. [for each man].

Worthy Warters,
Major.

For guard, 3 men: 1 for fatigue.

Camp att fortann, Sept. ye 28th, A. D. 1776.

The orders for tomorrow are that a corp. guard be mounted as usial and four men turn out on the fatigue party.

For guard, 3 men; for fatigue, 2 men.

Worthy Warters,
Major."

Enough, however, of these extracts from this invaluable Orderly Book has been given to show the reader how alert, nay, how anxious, the garrisons at Skenesborough and Fort Anne, under their respective officers, were to ward off the enemy from the northern frontier of Washington County, and, although we may smile at the bad grammar and loose spelling of Captain Norton and Major Warters, yet these comparatively venial errors are more than counterbalanced by the evidence here shown in their awkward sentences, of their unflinching, unswerving patriotism, and their conscientious and high ideals of duty.

During the remainder of the year little of moment seems to have occurred within the boundaries of Washington County. The complete defeat of our forces in Canada, to which detailed reference has been made, and those experienced by Washington around New York at the Battle of Harleem and his subsequent retreat through New Jersey had filled, as before mentioned, the hearts of the patriots both of this and other counties in New York with sad forebodings; and although the late victory at Trenton had seemed to show that the heavy clouds, which had darkened the future, were beginning to break away and give entrance to the bright rays of success, yet it had become evident to all that the task of freeing the county could not be accomplished by the fitful enthusiasm and taking up arms by the "Minute Men." It was apparent that if permanent victory was finally to perch upon our banners, a definite and systematic organization of those capable of bearing arms must be effected—that soldiering must be begun in earnest and with an unfaltering determination to submit for an indefinite time to danger, hardship and irksome discipline. But the poverty of the Government was extreme, the Continental money had so greatly depreciated that sometimes as much as $200 was paid for a single breakfast, and therefore, there appeared to be but little encouragement for the "hardy farmers of Washington (Charlotte) County to enlist in the ranks of the ill-paid, ill-fed battalions" which now garrisoned Fort Edward, Fort Anne, Ticonderoga, Crown Point and other forts on its frontier.

CHAPTER XIII.

1777.

THE CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL BURGOYNE.

The Settlers of Washington County Begin to Realize the Serious State of Affairs—Reports of the Invasion of the British Army Fully Confirmed—Advance of Burgoyne and the Capture of Fort Ticonderoga and Retreat of St. Clair—Fermoy's Treachery—Battle of Hubbardtown—Burgoyne Pursues the Americans Through Wood Creek[1] and Destroys Their Flotilla—Battle of Fort Ann—Anecdotes Connected with that Engagement.

The opening of the year 1777, brought to the settlers of Washington County a distinct and realizing conviction that the war was soon to be brought home, not only to her northern boundaries, but to their own very hearths and fire-sides. Rumors, also, were in circulation that their farms, which through much labor and toil they had now brought up to a high state of cultivation, might soon—if, indeed, it were not a certainty—be the prey of the British army, accompanied by the marauding savages, thus rendering nugatory all the results of their thrift and industry. Neither were these various rumors, as they were destined soon after to find to their cost, mere chimeras of the imagination. Early in the spring of this year a well substantiated report spread through the country that an immense British army, together with a large contingent of German mercenaries had already arrived at Quebec and was soon to come up Lake Champlain under the far-famed General Burgoyne, and thence to Albany, whence, in all probability they would penetrate even to the gates of New York City. A large body of Indians, moreover, it was added, was in the train of the invading army, whose barbarous atrocities during the French war upon a defenceless, though then a sparsely settled, population along the northern frontier were but too vividly recalled. The settlers, therefore, with good reason shuddered at the direful prospect of these bloody scenes being again repeated in their midst. Still they hoped much from the army of General Schuyler and, especially, from the fortifications of Fort Ticonderoga which, twenty years before (as it

[1] By Wood Creek is here meant the entire creek beginning at Ticonderoga up to Whitehall and thence through the county—Lake Champlain really terminating at that fort.

will be recalled by the reader who has attentively followed this history) when defended by only three thousand French, had repelled, with immense slaughter, the flower of the British army, consisting of more than twenty thousand disciplined troops under General Abercromby—all of them regulars and who had served under the famous Marlborough. Nor, as I have said, were these reports, as is so often the case, without foundation. In fact, they were only too true. Dissatisfied with the slow progress that had been made in the subjugation of her rebellious American Colonies, the Mother Country, through her ministry, summoned General John Burgoyne into their councils—to which conference, Burgoyne, chafing under his subordinate position under General Carleton—was only too glad to be admitted.

At this council, held in December, 1776, Burgoyne concerted with the British Ministry a plan for the campaign of 1777. A large force under himself was to proceed to Albany by way of Lakes Champlain and George, while another large body, under Sir Henry Clinton, advanced up the Hudson in order to cut off communication between the northern and southern colonies, in the expectation that each section being left to itself would be subdued without difficulty. At the same time Colonel Barry St. Leger was to make a diversion on the Mohawk river.

For the accomplishment of the first part of this plan, a powerful force was organized in Canada, the command of which was transferred from Sir Guy Carleton—the ablest British general, by the way, at that time or subsequently in America—[1] and conferred upon General Burgoyne—an army, which, for thoroughness of discipline and completeness of appointment had never been excelled in America.[2] The generals, also, who were to second him in the expedition were trust-

[1] See a preceding note.

[2] Burgoyne arrived in Quebec on the 6th of May, 1777, and received the command of the forces from Carleton on the 10th. General Riedesel, however, with his Brunswick contingent, had been in Canada for fully a year—during which time, he, with the practical strategy and acuteness of observation which always distinguished him, had employed that time in drilling his troops to meet the customs of the Americans. "Thus," he says in one of his letters to be found in my life of him, "I perceived that the American riflemen always shot further than our forces, consequently, I made my men practice at long range and behind trees that they might at least be enough for them." Speaking, also, of the removal of Carleton at this juncture, Riedesel further says: "A great mistake was undoubtedly made by the British ministry. Carleton had, hitherto, worked with energy and success. He knew the army thoroughly and enjoyed the confidence of the officers and men. It was a great risk to remove a man who was so peculiarly fitted for so important a position without a better cause." It was also said at the time that one cause of the displacement of Carleton was his strong objection to the employment of Indians in the proposed expedition.

worthy and able officers. Major-General Phillips was not only distinguished as an artillery officer, but had given proof of exceptional strategical skill; Major-General Riedesel had been specially selected for his military experience, acquired during a long service, and particularly during the "Seven Years War," where he had enjoyed the entire confidence of Prince Ferdinand. The English Brigadiers, Fraser and Hamilton, and the German ones, Specht and Gall and Lieutenant-Colonel Breymann, had been appointed to their respective commands solely on the ground of their professional merits. The former had attained a high reputation for judgment and cool daring and was considered one of the most promising officers in the army. Colonel Kingston, the adjutant-general, had served with distinction in Burgoyne's horse in Portugal; and Majors Lord Balcarras and Acland, commanding respectively the light infantry and grenadiers, were each, in his own way, considered officers of high professional attainments and brilliant courage.

All things being in readiness, in the early summer of 1777 Burgoyne left Cumberland Head, off the present town of Plattsburg, sailed up Lake Champlain and, on the 17th of June, encamped on the western shore of that lake at the falls of the little river Bouquet, now Willsborough. At this place he was joined by about four hundred Indians under the Chevalier St. Luc and Charles De Langlade,[1] whom, in a council and war-feast, called and given especially for the purpose, he addressed in a speech designedly couched in their own figurative language and intended to excite their ardor in the approaching campaign and "to inculcate those humane principles of civilized warfare which to them must have been incomprehensible." On the 30th of June the main army made a still further advance and occupied Crown Point (Fort St. Frederick[2]) without meeting with the

[1] Burgoyne, in a letter to Lord George Germanie, dated *Skenesborough*, July the 11th, 1777, says: "I am informed that the Ottawas and other Indian tribes, who are two days' march from us, are brave and faithful, and that they practice war and not pillage. They are under the orders of M. St. Luc, a Canadian of merit and one of the best partizans of the French cause during the last war, and of a M. de Langlade, the very man who, with these tribes projected and executed [the ambush which caused] Braddock's defeat." For more of this regarding Langlade, the reader is referred to my "Burgoyne's Expedition," Albany, 1877.

[2] The glories of Fort St. Frederick had long since passed away, and after Carleton captured it on the 14th of October, 1776, the Americans seemed to consider that its maintenance was of no importance; in fact, that it depended entirely on the naval mastery of the Lake. Possession of it they could not keep, for if the brave and undaunted Arnold was not able to make up for inferior force by fiery valor and unsurpassed ability, how pray, could men of meaner capacities? In the engagement off Valcour Island, the 13th of October, 1776, Arnold fought so well and desperately

slightest resistance; while General Fraser, following partly the shore of Bulwagga Bay, pushed ahead on the land as far as Putnam's Creek, three miles north of Ticonderoga. In the evening the following orders were given from the commanding general: "The army embarks to-morrow to approach the enemy. The services required on this expedition are critical and conspicuous. During our progress occasions may occur in which no difficulty, nor labor, nor life are to be regarded. This army must not retreat." Then, having issued a grandiloquent proclamation designed to terrify the inhabitants of Washington County into submission, Burgoyne prepared to invest Ticonderoga. Leaving a detachment of one staff-officer and two hundred men at Crown Point for the defence of the magazines, the royal army started again at five o'clock on the morning of July 1st in two divisions. The corps of General Phillips was on the west and that of General Riedesel on the east shore of the lake—the Dragoons forming the van of the whole army. The fleet advanced as far as Putnam's Creek almost within cannon-shot of the Americans. The right wing of the army encamped on the spot recently occupied by the brigade of Fraser (that officer having again gone ahead) and the left wing under Riedesel occupied the eastern shore opposite the right wing. The corps of General Breymann advanced on the same shore as far as the left wing of the fleet, from the flagship of which, the Royal George, the American position could easily be seen.

The garrison of Ticonderoga[1] was estimated at from four to five

that it is not to be wondered at that contemporaries named him the "hero" and the "thunderbolt of war." Indeed, in those qualities which illustrate Hancock in our late Civil War and made Washburn style him "the living impersonation of war" Arnold was resplendent. He was a marvellous soldier and was very badly treated by Congress. "Strange to say," remarks General J. Watts de Peyster, in one of his historical essays, "the scene of the British naval victories in 1776, was not far distant (only six miles) from the place of their defeat in 1814."

Crown Point was called *Kruyn* or *Kroon punt* (or *Scalp point*) by the Dutch, and by the French *Point a la Cheveleuse*. The size and extent of these works, which, (1900) are still standing, render their exploration by the tourist very satisfactory and instructive. The promontory which juts out from the further shore directly opposite Crown Point and on which General Riedesel was encamped for a day or two, is called Chimney Point. When Fort Frederick was built in 1731, a French settlement of considerable size was begun at this place. During the old French war, however, it was destroyed by a party of Mohawk Indians, (which left Fort Edward for this purpose) who burned the wood-work of the houses, leaving the stone chimneys standing. For many years afterward these stood, like solitary and grim sentinels, watching over the ruins. Hence the name of Chimney Point.

[1] Ticonderoga, the various French and Indian names of which have been given in a preceding note, is situated fifteen miles south of Crown Point and thirty north of Whitehall. It is formed by a sharp angle in the narrow waters of the lake, and an arm of that lake stretching to the westward which receives the waters of Lake George at the foot of a precipitous fall of some twenty feet.

thousand men and consisted of twelve regiments divided into four brigades commanded by General St. Clair. Its position was covered on the right flank by Fort Independence, a star-fort built on a considerable eminence on the east shore of Lake Champlain and fortified by three successive lines of fortifications. It was separated by water from Ticonderoga, which lay on the opposite side, and consisted chiefly of the old French works. In the lake, between the two forts, lay four armed vessels, and both were connected by a bridge not yet thoroughly completed. In front of this bridge there was a strong iron chain hanging across the water, which was intended to break the first assault of the British. To the left of Ticonderoga there was another fortification upon a hill covering the enemy's left toward the saw-mills on the portage between Lake Champlain and Lake George. Ticonderoga was garrisoned by one-half of the American force, or two brigades; the third brigade was at Fort Independence and the fourth was distributed in the entrenchments outside of the fort. This was the position of the Americans when General Burgoyne arrived before Ticonderoga.

Meanwhile, the people of Washington County, though confidently relying on the army garrisoning Ticonderoga to form a wall against which the forces of the invading army would dash in vain, were not idle, being actuated by a stern desire to do their part in the general defense. The "Charlotte (Washington) County Rangers," at this time under the command of Captain Joshua Conkey and Lieutenants Isaac Moss and Gideon Squiers, were patrolling the northern roads and forests, watching for British scouts or lurking Indians, and the efforts made to get out the militia met with great success. On the 2d of July, General St. Clair wrote to Colonel Williams saying he "was happy to hear that the people turn out so well. The enemy," said the general, "have been looking at us for a day or two, and we expect them to try what they can do perhaps to-night." He then urged Colonel Williams and Colonel Seth Warner, the leader of the Green Mountain Boys, if "they can bring but six hundred men, or even less, to do so." He directed them to march through the grants, on the east side of Lake Champlain, "first on the old road," and then "on the new road, to make the enemy think there is a larger force." If attacked, the militia were to make directly for Mount Independence and St. Clair promised to send a force to support them. That general, in closing, remarked in a very flattering and politic manner: "If I

had only your people here, I would laugh at all the enemy could do." Letters, also, to the same purport, were sent to Colonels Robinson and Warner.[1] The Charlotte (Washington) County regiment accordingly set forth under Colonel Williams immediately upon the reception of this letter. "We know, from records still extant," writes Johnson, "that there were at least five or six companies, and doubtless they all turned out on this expedition; but the only ones of which there are any account are the one from New Perth (Salem) consisting of fifty-two men under Captain Charles Hutchison—the Highland corporal whom Ethan Allen had mobbed in 1771; that of Captain Thomas Armstrong, numbering thirty men, and that of Captain John Hamilton, numbering thirty-two men. The battalion marched under Colonel Williams' command to Skenesborough, and thence to Castleton, whence a portion of them were selected by the Colonel to proceed to Ticonderoga." This point they never reached.

At noon of the 2nd of July—the very day that St. Clair had sent his letter just quoted to Colonel Williams—Fraser moved forward and taking possession of some high ground which commanded the American line and cut off their communications with Lake George, named it Mount Hope in anticipation of victory. On the approach of Fraser to occupy Mount Hope, the Americans, most unaccountably, immediately abandoned all their works in the direction of Lake George, setting fire to the block houses and saw-mills, and without sally or other interruption, permitted the enemy under Major-General Phillips to take possession of this very advantageous post which, besides commanding their lines in a dangerous degree, totally cut off, as has been said, all their communications. The only excuse for such an early abandonment of such an important point, was found (as was developed afterwards at St. Clair's court martial) in the fact that the general in command had not force enough to man all the defences.[2]

At the same time that Fraser made his successful attack on Mount Hope[3] Phillips moved more to the right and occupied the saw-mills.

[1] Johnson.

[2] In the beginning of this skirmish of Fraser, Lord Balcarras (of whom we shall hear further) who commanded the light infantry, had his coat and trousers pierced with thirty balls, while, at the same time Lieutenant Haggit received a mortal wound in both eyes by a ball and Lieutenant Douglass of the 29th while being carried from the field wounded was shot through the head by a sharpshooter.

[3] The ridge on the highest part of which Mount Hope is situated, extends westwardly about half a mile to the saw-mills or the perpendicular fall at the outlet of Lake George. On the south

Riedesel, likewise, advanced with Breymann's corps and took up a position in front of Fort Independence behind Stream Petie Marie—now called East Creek. Meanwhile, unfortunately for the Americans, their engineers had overlooked, or rather neglected, the high peak or mountain called Sugar-loaf hill (Mount Defiance), situated south on the point of land at the confluence of the waters of Lakes George and Champlain. Originally it had been supposed and taken for granted, that the crest of Sugar-loaf hill was not only inaccessible, but too distant to be of any avail in covering the main fortress. This opinion was, however, a great error, for it was really the *key* to the situation, whichever army might occupy it. In fact, as early as July, 1758, Captain Stark had brought the fact of its commanding attitude to the notice of Lord Howe,[1] who, on that occasion, had been taken by Stark to its summit—some 800 feet in height—overlooking the works of Ticonderoga. Howe even perceived at that time the advantage which a few pieces of cannon, placed there in battery, would afford a besieging army over the garrison; but General Abercromby, supposing his force of sufficient strength, brought, as we have seen, no artillery with his army. Colonel John Trumbull, also, the preceding year, 1776, had called the attention of the officers of the garrison to it. Colonel Trumbull was then Adjutant-General for the Northern Department but when he made the suggestion he was laughed at by the mess. He, however, soon proved the accuracy of his own vision by throwing a cannon-shot to the summit and, subsequently, by clambering up to the top, accompanied by Colonels Stevens, Wayne and Arnold, dragging a cannon after them.[2] General Schuyler, also, had seen the necessity of occupying it and had frequently requested reinforcements for that purpose.[3] In whatever light it is viewed, it was a criminal neglect on the part of St. Clair, the commander-in-chief of the fortress, that the oversight was not at once corrected by the construction of a work upon the summit of Mount Defiance which

it presents a bold declinity washed by the strait, and on the north it declines until it sinks into a plain which is extended about one hundred rods to the shore of the lake where the bank is ten or twelve feet high. It was precisely at this point that Abercromby suffered such a disastrous repulse.

[1] Memoir of Caleb Stark, pg. 24.

[2] Conversations of the author's father with Colonel John Trumbull, and also his unpublished memoirs, to which the author had access.

[3] This being an *undoubted* fact, the detractors of Schuyler, who throw on him the *errors* of the evacuation, have nothing on which to base their slanderous assaults.

would have commanded the whole post. It was a neglect, however, that was soon to cost them dear. While the maneuvers of Fraser and Phillips, above described, were executing, Lieutenant Twiss, one of the most experienced engineers of the British army, made a thorough personal examination of Sugar-loaf hill and reported that the "hill" [it is really quite a mountain] "completely commanded the works and buildings both at Ticonderoga and Fort Independence; that it was distant about 1400 yards from the former, and 1500 from the latter; that the ground might be levelled so as to receive cannon, and that a road to convey them, though extremely difficult, might be built in twenty-four hours." Accordingly, as soon as darkness had set in, a winding road was cut to its summit, a battery commenced and cannon to serve it transported thither.[1] In fact, so expeditiously was the work carried forward under Phillips,[2] that the garrison of Ticonderoga, on awakening the next morning, found to their amazement and dismay that from the crags, seven hundred feet above, the British were coolly looking down upon them, watching their every movement and only waiting for the completion of their batteries to open fire.

As soon as General St. Clair perceived that the British had gotten up guns upon Sugar-loaf hill, and that it was ablaze with the crimson and gold of their uniforms, he knew that all the efforts of the Colonies to provide for the defense of this place had been rendered useless and that all the enormous amounts expended upon it had been mere waste of money. He ought, it is true, to have comprehended this at the outset, but prominent military men, as well as engineers—as we have seen—are often blind on such subjects. In commenting upon this error of St. Clair, General de Peyster justly says: "Halleck, esteemed a scientific soldier and life-long engineer, in our Civil war made even a worse mistake in regard to Harper's Ferry; and the Sardinian government, after squeezing a million of dollars out of their savings to fortify Ventimiglia, only awoke to the fact that it was commanded by two elevations, when an American officer, in 1851, demonstrated to

[1] The holes drilled into the rocks on the summit of Mount Defiance for the carriages of the cannon may still be seen by the *curious* tourist who takes the trouble to climb to its top at least they were to be seen some ten years since, when the author visited the spot.

[2] "General Phillips has as expeditiously conveyed cannon to the summit of this hill (Mount Defiance), as he brought it up in that memorable battle at Minden, where, it is said, such was his anxiousness in expediting the artillery, that he split no less than fifteen canes in beating the horses."—*Auburey's Letters.*

them the enormous range which had been recently attained by Bomford's Columbiads—the heaviest then, of American artillery."

In this critical situation, St. Clair at once called a council of war, which immediately decided on an immediate evacuation. He afterwards justified himself by claiming "Although I have lost a fort I have saved a province," or "I have eventually saved a state." Indeed, the only man, except Colonel Trumbull, as I have noted, who from the first saw and said that "Old" Ticonderoga was untenable was Schuyler. But, in his case as in a thousand of others, ignorant public opinion overruled experienced private judgment. This obstinate stupidity cost the infant nation over a million of dollars, implaceable material, more than a thousand men when most needed, and for nearly two months demoralized the frontier population of Washington County.

At this council of war, held by St. Clair and his officers, it was also determined that the baggage of the army, together with such artillery, stores and provisions as the necessity of the occasion would admit, should be embarked with a strong detachment on board of two hundred batteaux and despatched under the convoy of five armed galleys up the lake to Skenesborough (Whitehall) and that the main body of the army should proceed by land, taking its route on the road to Castleton in what is now Vermont, which was about thirty miles southeast of Ticonderoga, and join the boats and galleys at Skenesborough. Absolute secrecy was also enjoined. Accordingly, early in the evening, Colonel Long, with five armed galleys and six hundred men, set out with the sick and wounded for Skenesborough, and a few hours later, about two o'clock in the morning of July 6th, St. Clair with the main body of the troops passed over the floating bridge in safety and in all probability would have effected his retreat wholly undiscovered, had not the headquarters of General Roche de Fermoy, who commanded Fort Independence, either through accident or treachery been set on fire. We are, however, inclined to the latter opinion. The Chevalier Mathias Alexis Roche de Fermoy was one of those foreigners who cost the Colonies so much before they learned to estimate sufficiently, how the high estimate put upon these strangers by themselves and the stupid masses was all sham. He is credited in history with ordering his dwelling to be fired, and the lurid light of the flames revealed to Fraser (and of course to Burgoyne) what the Americans were doing. It may not have been absolute intention like the treason

of Demont which lost us Fort Washington, but the effects were even more prejudicial to our arms. No one without absolute proof has a right to claim treachery, but weighing the facts and results, the critic is certainly justified in saying that the consequences were equivalent to it. It lost to the Colonies what, at that time, was equal to an army at a crisis and occasioned the bloody engagement at Hubbardtown, which cost the Americans the life of Colonel Francis, one of their best officers, and hundreds of their very best troops—not to speak of incalculable consequent demoralization. "It is a somewhat singular fact," says that able military critic, General J. Watts de Peyster, "that, generally, wherever the Americans were unsuccessful a foreigner was mixed up in it." A little thought on the part of the reader (see, for example, at the Battle of Monmouth) will confirm the truth of this observation.[1] But whether Fermoy's act was the result of treason or not, this unfortunate occurrence, besides informing the British of the retreat, threw the Americans into great disorder. At early daylight Riedesel embarked his men and took possession of Fort Independence, at the same time that Fraser occupied Ticonderoga. Eighty large cannon, five thousand tons of flour, a great quantity of meat and provisions, fifteen stand of arms, a large amount of ammunition and two hundred oxen, besides baggage and tents, were found in the deserted forts.

There would seem to have been no necessity for this stampede. The camps of the Americans were not surrounded—on the contrary, the road to Vermont was still open—and the batteries of the assailants were not yet in position. Indeed, it is very questionable, if the garrison had fallen back in time and fought the British in a well selected position, as bravely as Francis and Warner did a few days later at Hubbardtown, that the Americans would not have made it a second Bunker Hill—that is, a barren victory, achieved at such a cost of British life as must have brought the Burgoyne capitulation much nearer to Lake Champlain, both as to scene and to date. "There are

[1] Roche de Fermoy (or Fermoi) was a colonel of the French army and received the appointment of Brigadier-General from Congress. "One of the worst of the aventurers was this very General Fermoy, who brought disaster upon the rear of St. Clair's army after the successful retreat from Ticonderoga." Smith's St. Clair 1,65. Gates dismissed Fermoy with a letter to Hancock, September 4th, 1777, containing this shrewd diplomatic praise: "I have much respect for long service and rank of General Fermoi and wish circumstances had made it convenient to have retained him here."—Gates MS. Papers, in New York Historical Society. Upon his return to France after in vain attempting to be placed again in active service—he returned, it is believed, to France and thence to the West Indies where he disappears from view.

a great many successes in war," says General de Peyster, "which like the fall of Fort Sumter and the issue of the first Battle of Bull Run in our late civil war, are more fatal in the end to the winners than to the losers. Ticonderoga was one of these." However this may be, "great fright and consternation" says General Riedesel in his "Military Journal," "must have prevailed in the enemy's camp, otherwise they would have taken time to destroy the stores and save something." And yet St. Clair's retreat was by no means so disorderly as some historians have represented it. Lamb (whom I shall have occasion again to quote) and who was evidently a conscientious and shrewd observer, speaking of this event in his Journal, says: "After the enemy retreated we marched down to the works and were obliged to halt at the bridge of communication which had been broken down. In passing the bridge and possessing ourselves of the works, we found four men lying intoxicated with drinking, who had been left to fire the guns of a large battery on our approach. Had the men obeyed the commands they received, we must have suffered great injury, but they were allured by the opportunity of a cask of Madeira to forget their instructions and drown their cares in wine. It appeared evident they were left for the purpose alluded to, as matches were found lighted; the ground was strewed with powder, and the heads of some powder-casks were knocked off in order, no doubt, to injure the men on their gaining the works. An Indian had like to have done some mischief from his curiosity—holding a match near one of the guns, it exploded, but, bing elevated, it discharged without harm."

The news of the fall of Ticonderoga was received in England with every demonstration of joy. The King rushed into the Queen's apartment, crying, "I have beat them; I have beat all the Americans!" and Lord George Germaine announced the event in Parliament as if it had been decisive of the campaign and of the Colonies.

The unresisted occupation of a fortress so highly esteemed as Ticonderoga, and upon which the Americans had so confidently counted as capable of resisting Burgoyne, the apparently ignominious flight of its garrison and the even more insignificant impediments and resistance of the American preparations and flotilla, elated the British general in the highest degree. They lifted him up as much as they depressed the Colonists. Yet, this over-weening confidence with which it inspired the English commander was, in the end, as we shall see, the cause of innumerable misfortunes. It was much more

difficult to abase the high thoughts of the British than to elevate the temporary depression of the Americans. "Common danger and common sense," it has been said, "are stronger allies than the influence of a bloodless triumph." And so it proved in this instance. Schuyler was the embodiment of common sense, and if he needed any encouragement he found it in the judgment of Washington. "Time and will against any other two" has long passed into a proverb. In the game that ensued Schuyler wrung Time from Burgoyne and he himself furnished the Will. Making the most Time and exerting Will in the highest degree, Schuyler, on the one hand so obstructed Burgoyne, that on the other hand, he was able to gather together sufficient forces to crush him.

But how was this defeat received by the Colonies at large? John Adams, when he heard of St. Clair's abandonment of Ticonderoga,[1] said, "We shall never be able to defend a post until we shoot a general." This seemed a very patriotic speech, and, as such, was duly applauded. He had much better have said, "His people would never succeed until they hung the majority of the politicians, who interfered with such men as Washington and Schuyler and fostered the vile cabals against them," (the same as it was in our last war against Spain). St. Clair's remark, quoted on a preceding page, was much more just—that "he had lost a fort and saved a province." Nevertheless, they were both wrong. "St. Clair was a poor commander and both the Adamses were politicians of greatly circumscribed ideas. Not one of the Adams family ever had enlarged views. Several speeches of these Bostonians abundantly prove this, especially, their remarks from time to time in regard to Washington. Still, as time passes, every day more and more clearly reveals the fact, that he was a consummate leader of men, although not destitute of the proclivities and failings of energetic humanity—faults or blemishes without which mortality cannot have force."

But, if the news of the fall of Ticonderoga, on which so many hopes had been based, caused general consternation throughout the Colonies, especially did it fall with crushing weight upon New York State and more particularly on the County of Charlotte (Washington). "The people felt as they did in that Massachusetts valley, a few years

[1] St Clair was afterwards tried by court martial for this retreat from Ticonderoga but was honorably acquitted. The ridiculous charge also made at the time, that Burgoyne had shot silver bullets into St. Clair's camp by way of a bribe may be dismissed as too absurd for consideration.

ago, when they heard that the dam had broken away and the waters were rolling down upon their defenceless homes. Many, especially in the northern part of the settlements, made immediate preparations for flight with their families from the dreaded British, the more dreaded Hessians and the Indians, the most terrible of all. Others hastened to join the army, now more than ever in need of men; while still others (and not a few) of Tory proclivities, furbished up their arms and consulted together how they might best serve the cause of the King." [1]

But to resume the thread of my narrative of the events following the capture by the British of Ticonderoga. In the retreat from that fort Colonel Francis succeeded in bringing off the rear guard in a regular manner. When the troops arrived at Hubbardtown in Vermont they were halted for nearly two hours, and the rear guard was increased by many who did not at first belong to it, but were picked up on the road, having been unable to keep up with their regiments. The army under St. Clair then proceeded to Castleton, six miles further—Colonel Warner with the rear guard and the stragglers, remaining at Hubbardtown.

No sooner had the Frenchman, (Brigadier-General de Fermoy's) quarters burst into flames than the vigilant Fraser discovered by their glare and the partial moonlight that the Americans were evacuating Ticonderoga and making off. With an alacrity unusual in English officers he instantly began an eager pursuit with his brigade, Major-General Riedesel being ordered to follow with his Brunswickers. But it does not enter into the province of this work to describe in detail the battle which took place at Hubbardtown. It is sufficient to say, that on the 7th of July, Fraser came up with Colonel Warner who had about one thousand men. A severe battle was thereupon fought resulting in the death of the brave Colonel Francis, who fell at the head of his regiment while fighting with great gallantry, and in the complete defeat of the Americans. This victory, however, had not been easily won. General Fraser acknowledged that he would have been in great danger of defeat had it not been for General Riedesel's timely aid, since, if reinforcements had not arrived at the very moment they did, his whole corps would have been surrounded and cut off to a man.

The loss in this action was severe on both sides. Colonel Hale,

[1] Johnson.

who, on account of illness, had not brought his regiment into action, fell in with a small party of British in a dense forest, and with a number of his men—all raw militia—was captured. Colonel Hale (the grandfather of the late Hon. Robert S. Hale, M. C., of Elizabethtown, Essex County, N. Y.) was charged at the time, by personal enemies, not only with cowardice, but also with treasonable communications with Burgoyne while a prisoner. The matter was thoroughly investigated and both charges were found to be without a shadow of foundation. Indeed, I have now before me, as I write, a certificate in Burgoyne's own hand-writing (who, although he may not have been a great general, yet certainly was a man of honor, save when women were concerned) in which he certifies "on his honor as a gentleman and a soldier," that Colonel Hale has never communicated to him any improper information, and further, that no conversation, even, has passed between them, "except the ordinary dinner table courtesies between gentlemen." Poor Hale died a prisoner at the early age of thirty-seven and never had the opportunity, which he most earnestly sought, to vindicate himself by a court-martial. In killed, wounded and prisoners, the Americans lost in this action three hundred and twenty-four men, and the British, one hundred and eighty-three—among whom was Major Grant, of the Grenadiers, a most excellent and brave officer.

Meantime, while these events were taking place upon the land, General Burgoyne was pursuing the Americans upon the water. In a few hours he destroyed the boom and bridge which had been constructed in front of Ticonderoga and which had been the work of months and of great labor to complete, and by a few well directed cannon shots he broke in two the colossal chain upon which so many hopes had hung. The passage thus being cleared, the fleet of Burgoyne immediately entered Wood Creek, and, favored by a brisk wind, came up with the American flotilla at Skenesborough in the afternoon. Meanwhile, three regiments, which had landed at South Bay, crossed a mountain with great celerity, with the object of turning the Americans above Wood Creek, and destroying their works at Skenesborough, thus cutting off their works at Fort Anne. The Americans, however, eluded this stroke by the rapidity of their flight, but, in the meanwhile, the British frigates having now come up, the galleys, already hard pushed by the gun-boats, were completely overpowered. Two of them surrendered and three were blown up. The

Americans now despaired, and having set fire to their works, mills and bateaux and otherwise destroyed what they were unable to burn, the detachment under Colonel Long, hastily retreated by way of Wood Creek to Fort Anne.

Meanwhile, General St. Clair, who had arrived with the van-guard at Castleton, in Vermont, upon learning of the discomfiture at Hubbardtown and the disaster at Skenesborough, and consequently, apprehensive that he would be interrupted if he proceeded toward Fort Anne, struck into the woods uncertain whether he should repair to New England or Fort Edward. Being joined, however, two days afterward at Manchester by the remains of the corps of Colonel Warner and by the militia, which, it will be remembered, had been sent to him from Washington County under Colonel Williams, he proceeded to Fort Edward and united with the force of General Schuyler.

BATTLE OF FORT ANNE.

As soon as Burgoyne had taken possession of Skenesborough, he detached Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, with the 9th regiment, to Fort Anne, with the view both of interrupting such of the enemy as should attempt to retreat to that fort and of increasing the panic produced by the fall of Ticonderoga. It was also of vital importance to the British that Fort Anne should be taken, as it commanded Wood Creek through which their army would have to move carrying with them as many batteaux as would be necessary to transport their provisions down the Hudson to Albany—the objective point of Burgoyne's expedition. This detachment had not proceeded many miles before it overtook some boats laden with baggage, women, children and invalids belonging to the Americans, moving up Wood Creek in order to escape to Fort Anne. These were at once secured. Arriving within a quarter of a mile of the fort Colonel Hill learned, through an American deserter (in reality an American spy) that it was very strongly garrisoned, and although he had with him five hundred and forty-three veterans, he at once halted in a strong position and sending back a message to Burgoyne for reinforcements, lay that night upon his arms.

Before, however, giving an account of the Battle of Fort Anne—an engagement the most important that has ever taken place within the limits of Washington County, and which, as was acknowledged by

officers on both sides, was one of the most hotly contested actions of the Revolutionary War—it may be well, in order that the reader of the present day may have a clear idea of the scene of this battle, to give a brief description of the ground on which it was fought. On leaving the main street of Fort Anne village, there is a bridge over Wood Creek, leading to its left bank. Immediately beyond the bridge there is a narrow pass only wide enough for a carriage, cut in a great measure out of a rocky ledge, which terminates here exactly at the creek. This ledge is the southern end of a high rocky hill, which converges toward Wood Creek and between the two is a narrow tract of level ground, which terminates at the pass already mentioned. On this ground the battle took place, and the wood on the right bank of the creek, from which the Americans fired upon the left flank of the British, is still there and it was up this rocky hill that they retreated and took their stand. [1]

Meanwhile, Colonels Long and Van Rensselaer, who by the direction of Schuyler, with five hundred men—many of them convalescents—had taken post at Fort Anne, were not persons to await an attack. Colonel Long had been known for many years as an officer of distinguished bravery and of undoubted patriotism, while in regard to Colonel Van Rensselaer, when Ticonderoga was abandoned by the Americans, General Schuyler requested General Washington to send Colonel Henry Van Rensselaer to the Northern Army. The First New York regiment with a park of brass artillery, was then at Fort George—to save which was all important to the American cause. Colonel Van Rensselaer was directed to pick out of the militia, then at Fort George, (many of whom, aside from those enlisted in Colonel William's regiment, were from Washington County) four hundred volunteers and stop the British advance at a defile near Fort Anne at all hazards, until he could remove the stores, etc., from Fort George.[2] These officers, learning from the spy before mentioned, who had returned, determined to force an engagement before Burgoyne should

[1] Aubury in his "Travels" gives an exquisite picture (and, undoubtedly, a faithful one) drawn by him on the spot, of Fort Anne and its block-house. I would advise those of my Fort Anne readers, who would like to see how their town appeared in 1777, when they happen to be in Albany to visit the State Library and look at this picture, as the library has this work. It will well repay them to do so.

[2] How far he succeeded in executing this order and the good effect it had in rallying a new army, will be found in *Burgoyne's Trials*, *Wilkinson's Memoirs*, *Bonney's Historical Gleanings* and in other works.

be able to assist Colonel Hill. Accordingly, early the following morning (July 8th) they suddenly issued from the fort and attacked the English in front checking their advance by a galling fire, while at the same time a strong column under Van Rensselaer crossed the creek, and taking advantage of a thick wood passed nearly around the left flank of the British, and, after delivering them a most tremendous fire across the creek, "poured down upon them," in the language of a participant in this action, "like a mighty torrent." Indeed, so severe was this onslaught that Deputy-Quartermaster General Money testified before the Committee appointed to try Burgoyne in Parliament, that the "American fire at the engagement at Fort Ann was heavier than any other action during the campaign, except in the battle of Freeman's Farm on the 19th of September, 1777." This terrific attack of Colonel Van Rensselaer compelled Colonel Hill, in order to avoid being completely surrounded, to take post on the top of a slight eminence. No sooner, however, had he taken up this position than the Americans reformed and attacked it so vigorously in an engagement which lasted more than two hours, that the English Colonel must soon have surrendered, had not the ammunition of the Americans unfortunately given out; and since, on their side, bayonets were the exception and not the rule among them, they could not fight regular troops with only clubbed muskets. To add, moreover, to the giving out of the ammunition their misfortune was increased at this critical juncture, most opportunely for the British, by the arrival of a party of Indians under Col. Money who, with the shrill war-whoop, dashed in and forced the Americans, in their turn, to give way and join their comrades further up the creek. Colonel Long thereupon, not being able to withstand the force of Major-General Phillips—some authorities say General Powell—who, with the 20th regiment, consisting of five hundred and twenty men and two pieces of artillery, was pressing forward to the assistance of Hill, sent off all his baggage and wounded, and having set fire to the frail block-house and palisade which constituted Fort Anne, with the remnants of his Spartan band, fell back with his command upon Fort Edward, joining his forces at that place with those of General Schuyler.

It has, I am fully aware, been stated that the credit of impeding Burgoyne's ascent of Wood Creek up from Skenesborough should be given to Colonel Long in his retreat, who "wisely used his powder in blasting rocks from the bluffs above Fort Anne in the narrow gorge

through which the creek flows and effectually destroyed its navigation." But what proofs can be produced for this claim on behalf of Colonel Long?

The British broke through the boom barrier or bridge at Ticonderoga before 9 a. m. on the 6th of July and reached Skenesborough only two hours later than the Americans—early in the afternoon of the same day. "Colonel Long," writes General J. Watts de Peyster —than whom on this episode of the Revolution no abler critic exists— "landed his battalion at about 3 p. m.,[1] the 6th of July and marched directly to Fort Anne, eleven or twelve miles further south. He must have consumed the whole daylight getting over that distance through the woods and swamps. Early next day, 7th July, Long retraced his steps three miles, had a hard fight with the British Colonel Hill, and that afternoon, having returned to Fort Anne and burned it, retired to Fort Edward, on the Hudson. That is to say, this Colonel Long, who is represented as using his powder in blasting rocks on the 6th, still had powder enough to fight next day a smart little battle which lasted a number of hours. How did the soldiers under Long obtain or carry with them any super-abundant powder on this exhausting march, and where did he get tools to drill and appliances for blasting? He did march eleven or twelve miles, we know, from Skenesborough (Whitehall) to Fort Anne, after 3 p. m., on the 6th July, consequently

[1] The [American] boats reached Skenesborough about three o'clock on the afternoon of the same day [6th July], when the fugitives landed to enjoy, as they fancied, a temporary repose; but in less than two hours they were startled by the reports of the cannon of the British gunboats, which were firing at the galleys which were lying at the wharf. By uncommon effort and industry, Burgoyne had broken through the chain, boom and bridge at Ticonderoga, and had followed in pursuit with the 'Royal George' and 'Inflexible' and a detachment of the gunboats under Captain Carter. The pursuit had been pressed with such vigor that, *at the very moment when the Americans were landing at Skenesborough, three British regiments disembarked at the head of South Bay*, with the intention of occupying the road to Fort Edward. Had Burgoyne delayed the attack upon the galleys until these regiments had reached the Fort Edward road, the whole party at Skenesborough would have been taken prisoners. *Alarmed*, however, by the approach of the gunboats, *the latter blew up three* of the galleys, set *fire to the fort, mill and storehouse, and retired in great confusion toward Fort Ann. Occasionally the overburdened party would falter on their retreat*, when the startling cry of 'March on, the Indians are at our heels,' would revive their drooping energies and give strength to their weakened limbs. At five o'clock in the morning [7th July], they reached Fort Ann, where they were joined by many of the invalids who had been carried up Wood Creek in boats. A number of the sick, with the cannon, provisions and most of the baggage, were left behind at Skenesborough.

On the 7th, a small reinforcement, sent from Fort Edward by Schuyler, arrived at Fort Ann. About the same time a detachment of British troops approached within sight of the fort. This detachment was attacked from the fort, and repulsed with some loss; a surgeon, a wounded captain, and twelve privates were taken prisoners by the Americans. The next day Fort Ann was burned, and the garrison retreated to Fort Edward, which was then occupied by General Schuyler."—"History of Saratoga County, New York," by the late Nathaniel Bartlett Sylvester.

he had no time to obstruct Wood Creek on that day. Next day he fought an engagement three miles in advance of Fort Anne—i. e., in the direction of Skenesborough—retreated to Fort Anne, burned the post, and fell back nine miles farther to Fort Edward—having marched fifteen miles, besides fighting desperately for a number of hours on the 7th. Consequently he could have had no time on the 7th. When and how did he perform the engineering feats attributed to him?"

To the same effect, also, Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston, Burgoyne's Adjutant-General in Burgoyne's trial before Parliament testified: "I remember our scouts giving information that a bridge was laid over the Hudson river, very near the enemy's camp; and it was the opinion of some very confidential men that were employed in that army in that capacity, and were much under the direction of General Fraser, that on the approach of Sir Henry Clinton's army, the army of Mr. Gates could not stand us, but would cross the river and go towards New England."

ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLE.

It was during the most severe part of the conflict and while "the woods, the rocks and the hills were re-echoing with the continuous crash of musketry" that Colonel Van Rensselaer was desperately wounded by a musket ball in his leg while in the act of stepping over a fallen tree. The ball entered his thigh, broke the bone and glanced up to the hip-joint where it lodged and remained for nearly forty years in his person and could not be traced until after his death. Such a fearful wound, of course, put a stop to his further participation in the fight and threw him on his back behind the mouldering tree trunk. Notwithstanding, however, the intense agony which he suffered, he called out to those of his men who in blank consternation had run to his assistance. "Don't mind me my brave fellows; leave me and charge the enemy. Charge! Charge! I say." His mandate was obeyed and for fully two hours, without a leader, these hastily gathered and undisciplined yeomanry, of five hundred men, entirely mustered on the Van Rensselaer manor, maintained their advantage over some of the finest troops of Great Britain. Indeed, the stand thus taken by Colonel Van Rensselaer's tenants held Burgoyne in check an entire day and enabled General Schuyler to remove the artillery and stores from Fort George, strengthen his position in Bemis Heights and gain invaluable time.

The gallant leader at Fort Anne refused every proffer of assistance after receiving his wound and persisted in the advance of all his men after the retreating foe. In consequence he was soon left alone, but his anxiety to calculate the result of the onset induced him ever and anon to brave the pangs of an effort to overlook the obstructing log. When satisfied by the still receding noise of contention, he sought again his more comfortable position on the level earth. At the expiration of those seemingly unending hours he heard the sound of approaching footsteps among the rustling underbrush. Looking over the log he found the noise was occasioned by a young rustic, whose soiled garments, together with sundry circular impressions upon his lips, evidently made from a foul gun-barrel, proclaimed him late from the scene of action. Whether his prowess had been exerted in favor of *King* or *Rebel* was not known to the Colonel, who consequently hailed him.

"Who comes there?"

"Holloa," ejaculated the startled youth and catching a glimpse of the head from which the unexpected demand had issued, and of the musket in the act of being leveled at him over the log, he quickly ensconced himself behind a neighboring tree. Having reloaded his piece he replied: "I am a Continental soldier, and who the devil are you?" "I am Colonel Van Rensselaer," was the answer. Upon hearing this, the brave fellow immediately left his hiding-place and soon, collecting a few of his comrades, bore, with their assistance, the wounded officer to the fort. In his latter days the Colonel often mentioned the manly conduct of this soldier with pleasure.[1]

R. Lamb, a sergeant in the Royal Welsh Fusileers, and the one referred to above as a "participant in the action" and who was the one left in charge of the wounded, was evidently a man of education and culture.[2] He gives in his *Journal of Occurrences during the late*

[1] At Fort Anne Colonel Van Rensselaer's wound was hastily dressed and as the evacuation of the fort was decided upon, he was again raised upon the shoulders of his devoted men and borne fifteen miles to Fort Edward, whence he was put on a battean and floated down to Albany, having as his companions Captain Montgomery and other prisoners of war. Being too ill to be taken to his residence in Greenbush, both of these officers were placed under the skillful hands of Dr. Samuel Stringer Surgeon-General of the forces under General Schuyler, and a man of great eminence in the medical profession, ranking among the very first practitioners of his day. He died in 1818.

For the above facts both in the text and note, the author is greatly indebted to Mrs. Catharina V. K. Bonney's *Historical Gleanings*.

Mrs. Bonney is the grand-daughter of Colonel Van Rensselaer.

[2] After the war he returned to his native place, Dublin, and taught an excellent school for many years.

American War (Dublin 1809) the following graphic account of the action at Fort Anne, which, being from the pen of an eye-witness and participant in the battle is well worthy of quoting and of preservation. He writes:

"I very narrowly escaped myself from being taken prisoner at that time [*i. e.* at the Battle of Fort Anne] as I was just in the act of assisting the surgeon in dressing Captain Montgomery's wound, when the enemy came pouring down upon us like a mighty torrent; in consequence whereof I was the last man that ascended the hill. I had not been there five minutes when Lieutenant Westrop, who was by my side, was shot through the heart. A few minutes after a man a short distance upon my left, received a ball in his forehead, which took off the roof of his skull. He reeled round, turned up his eyes, muttered some words and fell dead at my feet. After the Americans had retreated, we formed on the hill. It was a distressing sight to see the wounded men bleeding on the ground, and what made it more so, the rain came down like a deluge upon us, and still, to add to the distress of the sufferers, there was nothing to dress their wounds, as the small medicine-box which was filled with salve, was left behind with Sergeant Shelly and Captain Montgomery at the time of our movement up the hill. The poor fellows earnestly entreated me to tie up their wounds. Immediately I took off my shirt, tore it up and with the help of a soldier's wife (the only woman who was with us and who also kept close by her husband's side during the engagement)[1] made some bandages, stopped the bleeding of their wounds and conveyed them in blankets to a small hut about two miles in our rear. * * * Our regiment now marched back to Skenesborough, leaving me behind to attend to the wounded with a small guard for our protection. I was directed that, in case I was either surrounded or overpowered by the Americans, to deliver a letter, which General Burgoyne gave me, to their commanding officer. There I remained seven days with the wounded men, expecting every moment to be taken prisoners; but although we heard the enemy cutting trees every night during our stay in order to block up the passages of the road and the river [*i. e.* Wood Creek] we were never molested."

[1] So it would seem as if there were "Moll Pitchers" on the English side during the Revolution as well as on our own! How interesting it would be to trace the descendants of this chivalric woman. Perhaps, for aught we know to the contrary, her descendants may even now be occupying positions of great trust in the Government of the United States, for very many of these English troops eventually settled in this country.

Meanwhile, General Phillips, learning upon his arrival at the deserted and charred ruins of Fort Anne, that the enemy had retired, immediately marched back to Skenesborough, leaving behind a small guard to take care of the wounded and, on the 13th of July, the Americans reoccupied the site of the fort.

General Burgoyne, in accordance with his usual policy, claimed in his reports to the British ministry, a victory in this affair—a claim which was clearly not justified by the facts. He certainly did not retain possession of the battle-field; and not only does General Reidesel (the commander of the Brunswick contingent under Burgoyne) state in his "Journal," that "the English, after a long fight at Fort Anne were forced to retreat," but the British abandoned Captain Montgomery, son of Sir William Montgomery, Bart. of Dublin and a brother-in-law of Lord Townshend, and also a wounded officer of great merit, a surgeon and other prisoners, when, in the language of Burgoyne, in describing this action to Lord George Germain—they "changed ground." This scarcely reads like a victory.

This memorable action—the Battle of Fort Anne—has never occupied the place in the history of the Revolutionary War to which its importance entitles it. Even Bancroft *par excellence* the historian of the United States passes it over with a brief allusion. And yet its importance cannot be overrated. It occurred comparatively a short time previous to the two great battles which resulted in the crushing defeat and surrender of Burgoyne on the heights of Saratoga and Schuylerville, and was swallowed up and forgotten in the superior brilliance and importance of those decisive conflicts. It was maintained for an entire day in a series of desperate and bloody skirmishes by a force of one thousand men against an advanced brigade of Burgoyne, composed of the flower of his army and commanded by the best military talent of that age. Not even Churchill—the famous Duke of Marlborough—the greatest general between Caesar and Napoleon the world has ever produced—had such an array of able lieutenants. Fort Anne, in Washington County, was indeed, an honored field for the preliminary skirmishes and engagements between the contending armies before the final surrender. It was fought by order of General Schuyler, who, realizing the importance of checking the enemy's advance at that point, gave explicit directions to defend Fort Anne at "*all hazards.*" There were large supplies intended for the use of the American army at Ticonderoga and Lake George,

where they had been detained in consequence of hearing of the investment by land and water of our works on Lake Champlain; and to favor the design of the detachment of wagons and the other commissariat sent to remove those supplies back to Fort Edward, General Schuyler despatched Col. Henry K. Van Rensselaer to Fort Anne to collect the militia from Washington County and oppose the British who were in pursuit of Colonel Long's scattered command. In fact, it was in consequence of this that the battle with the Ninth regiment took place.

CHAPTER XIV.

1777.

BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN CONTINUED.

Events Which Followed Close on the Battle of Fort Anne—Schuyler Delays the March of Burgoyne—Indian Atrocities—Murder of the Allen Family.

Up to the time of Burgoyne's occupying Skenesborough, all had gone well. From that point, however, his fortunes began to wane. His true course would have been to return to Ticonderoga and thence up Lake George to the fort of that name, whence there was a direct road to Fort Edward; instead of which he determined to push on to Fort Anne and Fort Edward, a course which gave Schuyler ample time to gather the yeomanry of Washington County together and effectually oppose his progress. If in place of making a road across a low, wooden, broken country, converted into a marsh, flooded by very unusually heavy rains, he had, as I have said, returned to Ticonderoga and followed the route of Lake George, indicated by his King, he could have been at Albany as soon as he reached the Hudson at Fort Edward.[1] Indeed, Gordon, the historian, conclusively demonstrates

[1] I say "indicated by his King" advisedly. For it is a fact not generally known, that George III was as well posted in regard to the topography of the country as any of his generals. In fact more so. I have before me now, as I write, a little and very rare map describing the ground over which Burgoyne was to march; the depth of water at every one hundred rods, in Lakes Champlain and Lake George, etc., which in his closet the King was wont to study and digest and if his generals had followed his advice, the result of this campaign might have been different.

by proofs founded on personal experience that a mounted party of which he was one, breakfasted at Ticonderoga and, partly in the saddle and partly in batteaux, carrying their horses with them, reached Fort Edward by 8 P. M. on an October day, 1776. From Lake George to Fort Edward there was a most excellent road, which an Italian traveller years afterward, records as still in the best condition. It is true that Burgoyne, to achieve such a master stroke, would have had to leave his artillery behind; but these heavy guns were never of any use to him, and clogged his movements, always sufficiently impeded by his other indispensable trains.

The excuse, moreover, which Burgoyne gave for not going around by Lake George, "that the fort (Fort George) would have detained him," is not adequate, for it would have offered no opposition whatever. Fort George, as Schuyler very truly wrote to Washington as a reason for abandoning it at the time, "was part of an unfinished bastion of an intended fortification.[1] In it was a barrack capable of containing between thirty and fifty men, without ditch, without wall, without cistern and without any picket to prevent an enemy from running over the wall; so small indeed as not to contain above one hundred and fifty men and commanded by ground greatly overlooking it and within point blank shot, and so situated that five hundred men may lie between the bastion and the lake, without being seen from this *extremely* defensible fortress." Neither, however, do I give the least credence to the report current at the time that Burgoyne chose the route to Fort Anne in order to oblige his friend, Major Skene—a large land owner in that region, as we have seen, by giving him the use of his troops to open for him a road to the Hudson river. That general, whatever else his faults—and he had many—was, as I have before remarked, an honorable man. He simply erred in judgment.[2]

[1] This "bastion" is still in existence, though covered up with weeds and undergrowth. I have been there repeatedly. This bastion is often confounded by visitors with an old lime-kiln near by, who having viewed the kiln, go away under the impression that they have seen Fort George!

[2] A sketch of Major Skene up to the American Revolution has already been given in Chapter XI. It only remains to add that Skene, who by the way, was a native of Halyards in Fifeshire, Scotland and a descendent of Sir William Wallace, was, as we have seen, at the outbreak of the Revolution, arrested by a band of Connecticut volunteers, and with his family, taken to Middletown, Ct. He was finally exchanged in 1776. He then sailed for England, but returned with Burgoyne, and as we see, was taken prisoner with that General's army. After the war he returned to America and made an unsuccessful effort to recover his property. He went back to

The country between Fort Anne and Fort Edward, a distance of about sixteen miles, was extremely unequal and broken up by wide and deep swamps. General Schuyler neglected no means of adding by art to the difficulties with which nature seemed to have purposely interdicted this passage. Trenches under the immediate supervision of Colonel Fellows, were opened; the roads and paths obstructed; large rocks thrown into Wood Creek; the bridges broken up; while in the only practicable defiles, immense trees were cut in such a manner on both sides of the road, as to fall across lengthwise, which, with their branches interlocked, presented an unsurmountable barrier. In fact, the wilderness, in itself so horrible, was rendered almost impenetrable. [3] Burgoyne, consequently, was compelled not only to remove all these obstructions, but to build more that forty bridges, one particularly, over a morass of more than two miles in length.

On the night of the 17th of July, having superintended all of the above arrangements, General Schuyler reached Fort Edward, twenty-one miles south of Skenesborough. It is admitted that the condition

England and died at Addersey Lodge near Stoke Goldington, Bucks, in 1810. As we have stated had the Colonists made any effort to conciliate him, he would have undoubtedly remained an invaluable citizen.

As showing, moreover, the sentiments of Major Skene regarding the war, and also, that a little generous and considerate treatment of him on the part of the people of Washington County would have produced different results, and perhaps, have changed Skeene's attitude towards the Colonists. I here give an extract from a letter to Thomas Powell (one of the Board of Trade for the American Colonies) from John Morton of Philadelphia, under date of June 5th, 1775. I find it among the letters of Lord Darthmouth, just published by the "High Commissioner" at London, England. "Calling the American *Rebels* has made them desperate, and they now mean to act *as such*. Major Skeene, Governor of Ticonderoga, Crown Point and the Lakes, has arrived at Philadelphia, but as these places have been taken possession of by New England men, he has no government to go to and it is under a guard of American militia. He *sincerely* wishes reconciliation, as he says 'the contest is horrible.'"

[3] Thus, Thomas Aubury, an officer under Burgoyne, in a letter dated "Camp at Fort Edward August 6th, 1777," writes: "The country between our late encampment at Skenesborough and this place was a continuation of woods and creeks, interspersed with deep morasses; and to add to these natural impediments, the enemy had very industriously augmented them by felling immense trees, and various other modes, that it was with the utmost pains and fatigue we could we could work our way through them. Exclusive of these, the watery grounds and marshes were so numerous that we were under the necessity of constructing no less than forty bridges to pass them, and over one morass there was a bridge of near two miles in length." * * * * "On our way we marched across the Pine plains, which derive their name from an extensive space of level country, on which grows nothing but very loftly pine trees On these plains we frequently met with the enemy's encampment, and about the center of them, upon some rising ground, there were exceedingly strong works, defended by an immense abattis, where it was thought they would wait our approach. But this position was not suited to the Americans, for if their lines were formed, their rear was an open extent of country. It is a general observation that they never make a stand but upon an eminence almost inaccessible, and a wood to cover their retreat."

of affairs at this point was in the last degree serious. There were not fifteen hundred men all told at Fort Edward and these were deficient in everything—personal and military equipments, rations and even muskets. What had, in the meantime, become of St. Clair, with the remnants of the garrisen of Ticonderoga, no one had the least idea. Nevertheless, Schuyler had carried out so cleverly his plan of obstructing Burgoyne's advance, that, with the assistance of the Polish engineer, Kosciusko, his practical strategy determined the fate of the campaign against Burgoyne. The obstructions, moreover, which, as we have seen, Schuyler accumulated in front of the invading army, are acknowledged by every British writer. For example, Lieutenant Hadden, an officer under Burgoyne in his Journal which has recently found the light in print says:

"The enemy, though not victorious, were the real gainers by this affair [*i. e.* the Battle of Fort Anne] the advantage they made of it, was to fell large trees across *Wood Creek*, and the *Road* leading by the side of it to Fort Anne, the clearing of which cost our army much labor and time, and gave the enemy spirits and leisure to wait [await] those reinforcements which enabled them to retire deliberately, always keeping near enough to prevent our sending out small detachments. A large corps advanced to Fort Anne (in place of the 9th regiment) would have increased the enemy's fears and prevented these delays. * * That corps certainly discovered that neither they were invincible, nor the Rebels all Poltroons."

Schuyler, moreover, with an undespairing energy, took such measures to gather troops in front of Burgoyne that he very soon had tripled his force. He likewise, exerted himself to get a little army of reliable militia together, under experienced officers, on the left flank of the British. These were the redoubtable "mountain men," under Stark, who afterwards defeated Baum and Breyman. In furtherance of this design, while at Fort Edward and before Burgoyne had reached that place, not only were the baggage and stores brought in from Fort George, but he sent out bodies of militia, chiefly gathered from Washington County to obstruct the route from Skenesborough, while the farmers, who still remained in the vicinity, were directed to send their cattle out of reach of the enemy.[1] He also sent expresses to the Continental Congress and those of the American authorities who were nearer by, for all the regular troops that could

[1] Johnson.

possibly be sent him, and for all of the Washington militia that could by any means be induced to take the field. Nor was this all of his efforts. He was also compelled to keep close watch for spies. Tories were all around; for as we have seen, many of the inhabitants of Washington County were in that category who, being closely associated with the rest of the settlers, were able, with little difficulty, to furnish information to the enemy regarding all of the American movements. A letter from Schuyler to Colonel John Williams (of White Creek) of the Washington County regiment, dated the 14th of July and preserved among the Williams papers, states that the former had closely examined one Baker, sent under guard to the general, and that he was clearly convinced that he was an agent of the enemy; that he had placed him in close confinement, and should send him down the country. In the same letter also, Schuyler directs Colonel Williams to provision the militia as best he can; informs him that the American scouts are out everywhere and that he has a large body of troops at Fort Anne; adding that until they come away, the people of White Creek need not fear an attack. From this, it would appear that Fort Anne, or rather the charred remains, had been again reoccupied by the Americans after its evacuation by Colonel Long.

The full text of this letter, here reproduced to show how indefatigable Schuyler was in his endeavors to restore confidence to the country and to learn from prisoners and deserters the condition of Burgoyne's army, is as follows:

"FORT EDWARD, JULY 14, 1777.

"SIR—Your note of this day has been delivered to me by Lieutenant Young. I have examined Mr. Baker and found him tripping in so many things, that I am clearly convinced he is an agent of the enemy and sent not only to give intelligence, but to intimidate the inhabitants and induce them to join the enemy. I have closely confined him and have sent him down the country. He informs me that one John Foster, is also gone to the enemy, and as he supposes he will be back in a day or two, I beg he may be made prisoner and sent to me under a good guard. You must furnish your militia with provisions in the best manner you can, and the allowance will be made for it. I have scouts out in every quarter, and a large body at Fort Anne, and until they come away, I am not apprehensive that an attack will be made at White Creek. It would be the height of imprudence to disperse my army into different quarters, unless there is the most evident necessity.

"I am sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"PH. SCHUYLER.

"Colonel Williams."

It was at this time, and while sojourning at Fort Edward, that Schuyler so perplexed the British commander by a trick, by means of a letter which he contrived should fall into Burgoyne's hands, that the latter was on its receipt greatly in doubt whether to advance or retreat. In this strategem, however, the American general only followed the same tactics as those pursued by a preceding general, of whom he had doubtless read and whose deeds he wished to emulate; for General Schuyler, being a great reader and observer, doubtless kept himself abreast of all contemporary events.

It will be recalled that Frederick the Great, after Liegnizt, the 16th of August, 1760, caused a letter or despatch to fall into the hands of the Russian General Chernicheff, which induced the Muscovite, with every chance of success before him, to retreat precipitately. In Schuyler's case, he, likewise, by astuteness, turned the tables on the enemy. A communication had been sent by one, a Mr. Lewis, from Canada, to General Sullivan. It was concealed under the false bottom of a canteen. Schuyler, thereupon, substituted an answer worded in such a manner that if it reached Burgoyne it would cause him the greatest perplexity. Its purport he confided to certain parties around him and then sent it forward by a messenger who was to conduct himself so as to be captured. The bearer, as prearranged, was taken prisoner and the paper which he bore was placed in the hands of Burgoyne. This had greater effect than ever Schuyler could have expected. Stedman, the British staff-officer and historian (the original works of whom, very rare, I have before me as I write) himself acknowledged that Burgoyne was "so completely duped and puzzled by it for several days that he was at a loss whether to advance or retreat." This result, so flattering to Schuyler's sagacity, was communicated to one of Schuyler's staff after Burgoyne's surrender by an English officer.

While Burgoyne was at Fort Anne, at which place he arrived on the 23d of July, his Indian allies began to escape from the humane leash in which he had, up to this time, kept them well in hand. Now, however, their savage instincts aroused and consequently restive and in defiance of the proclamation issued by the British general at the camp on the Bouquet, they began a series of marauding upon the peaceful farmers of Washington County, which was invariably attended by the most frightly atrocities. This statement is fully borne out by an entry in the "Journal" of Rev. Dr. Enos Hitchcock, a

chaplain in the American army, during the Burgoyne campaign, and now just brought to light through the efforts of the Rhode Island Historical Society, in which, under date of July 28, 1777, he writes:

"An express from Fort Edward about break of Day, say [*sic.*] they are surrounded; this account afterwards proves groundless. * * * A scout returned towards evening—who went out yesterday, who gives an account of a horrid murder of a family about four miles N. E. of Fort Miller; the father, mother and six Children killed and left to be torn by the Hogs.

"Colonel Brewer, with 150 men sent to Fort Miller to scout the woods N. E. Colo. Alley, with the same number from Moses Creek to go East and meet them—about 9 o'Clock a man and boy killed and one wounded near Fort Miller by two lurking Fellows [Indians] who contended about the scalp of a boy; the man not scalped; 11 o'clock a small party went out back of Headquarters and were fired upon by Indians—one Corpl. killed, private wounded; about the same time an Indian fired upon a sentry N. E. from Gen. Nixon's Brigade. A small scout of 20 came in, which met with a party of Indians, supposed 70, fired and killed one and ran—about 12 o'clock, alarmed by an Express from Fort Miller that they were attacked by a number of Indians. One of our spies came in, who says the enemy had almost cleared the road from Fort Anne which we had blocked up."

Nor was the murder of this poor family whose bodies were thrown "to the hogs," the only one in this bloody category—which, perhaps, eventually contributed more than anything else, to arouse the people and defeat Burgoyne.

On the 26th, another still bloodier tragedy was enacted, which drove many of the inhabitants of Argyle to seek safety in the forests. The day before (the 25th) Le Loup, the infamous half-breed leader of the savages—released as I have said, from Burgoyne's leash—had set out from Burgoyne's camp, now advanced to about four miles of Fort Edward and encamped near Moss Street in the present town of Kingsbury, on one of his usual predatory excursions. In the course of their wanderings they came to the settlement of Mr. John Allen, in Argyle. He was a staunch loyalist, though not particularly distinguished for any exhibition of partizan warmth. Relying upon the protection which Burgoyne had promised to all those who espoused the cause of the King, they remained comparatively easy in their possessions. While their patriot neighbors fled, leaving the ripe grain to rot in the fields, they lingered behind to watch their flocks and gather in the harvest. It has been handed down by tradition, however, that notwithstanding their political predilections and the promise of Burgoyne's protection, they were not without serious

apprehensions of the savages, and that they had resolved to seek a more distant and secure abode, as soon as the season of harvest should be passed. Some misinformed historians have asserted that John Allen was engaged in packing up his goods and preparing to depart immediately to Albany, at the moment Le Loup appeared. The fact is, says Wilson in his life of Jane McCrea, from whom this account of the massacre of the Allen family is chiefly taken, he had passed the forenoon of that day laboring in his fields, three slaves belonging to his father-in-law assisting him. A younger sister of Mrs. Allen had left her father's at a late hour in the morning on an errand to her brother-in-law. Not returning when expected, a colored lad was sent to ascertain the cause of her detention. Presently he came running back, throwing his arms wildly and haggard with affright, screaming that "his young missus and Massa Allen and all the family were dead!" Forthwith, repairing to Allen's residence, a scene of horror presented itself that "sickens the imagination even at this distance of time to contemplate." In the same room lay stretched upon the floor, nine ghastly and bloody corpses, all of which that same morning had been full of life and health. They were the inanimate bodies of Mr. Allen, his wife, his sister-in-law, his three children, and the three slaves. Their scalps had been torn off and their cold, staring eye-balls, stained with blood and half protruding from their sockets, too plainly showed the mortal fear they suffered at the moment of their deaths. Not one was left to relate the manner of the awful massacre—no eye but the Almighty beheld the infernal butchers perform their horrid work. All appearances, however, indicated that the devoted family were seated unsuspectingly around the table, partaking of their noon-day meal, when the savage ministers of death—let loose by the *Mother Country* who so cherished her *dear* colonies!—fell suddenly upon them. The table, around which had gathered a lovely family, stood in its accustomed place, in the center of the room, while by certain tokens, it was considered evident that they had arisen from it in confusion, on the unexpected entrance of the murderers. The house had been ransacked and plundered, but the plunderers were gone. They had departed silently and stealthily as they came. Not a sob or a groan broke the awful stillness that prevailed. "There lay," in the words of one who first broke in upon the scene, "the stiff and motionless corpses on the bloody floor, while silence, emphatically the silence of death brooded over the scene. Dismayed, appalled, the

horror-stricken kindred lingered not to perform the rites of burial, but seized by an overmastering fear, fled into the farthest solitude of the then primeval forest, hoping to find that safety of which they were not assured while beneath the family roof.[1] Their object was to make their way, unobserved, to the garrison of Fort Edward, and to this end they crept from thicket to thicket, through the long hours of the night, startled by the slightest sound that disturbed the gloomy silence of the woods. This same party of Indians, moreover, are said to have slain on the same day and in the same vicinity, an entire family named Barnes, and also a man by the name of John White.

As a consequence of this awful calamity, fear fell upon the settlers of Washington County, far and near—even to its southern limits near Albany, where an account of this and similar horrors was spread abroad. The patriots of New Perth (now Salem) assembled nightly with their wives and children within the temporary fortification they had prepared; while the Royalists, distrusting Burgoyne's proclamation, flocked from all quarters to the English camp, uttering loud remonstsances and demanding the promised "Protection." It was to them that Fraser made the celebrated but unfeeling remark—"It is a conquered country and we must wink at these things." Nothing, however, shows that General Burgoyne himself, endorsed any such sentiment—and to me, this remark of Fraser's seems exceedingly doubtful.

Nor, is it any wonder that, in view of these fiendish deeds, Burke arose in the House of Commons and denounced his government in the strongest terms for the employment of savages. In fact, his masterly oratory and herculean efforts in behalf of the Americans—never, by the way, ever estimated at their full worth—did, perhaps, more for the eventual independence of the Colonies than the latter's alliance with France—at least, it made peace more certain. Even Lord North and his abject satellites were powerless in the face of Burke's noble stand in the defence of the Colonists. It should, however, be kept in mind that Lord North was in reality only a tool of George III since there is reason to suppose that, in his innermost heart, he agreed with Burke. I suppose it were bootless to moralize on this further; but, do the people of Washington County—under

[1] There is a possibility of course, that the murder of this Allen family may have been the one referred to in Rev. Enos Hiscock's Journal—the "three slaves" being the children, making Hiscock's "six." Still, as this is by no means certain, I give both incidents.

whose eyes this history will come—realize the difference now between their beautiful, peaceful and secure homesteads and the ever present terrors of their ancestors—a period not so very remote either. This account should at least, as Shakespeare says, "give them pause" when they feel like dwelling on what they think was the "good old days" in contrast with the present.

But among all of these brutal massacres none attracted such attention at the time as the accidental killing of Jane McCrea, directly caused by one of these blood-thirsty Indian forays—an event which was productive of such far-reaching consequences, that a full and detailed account of the occurrence will form the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

1777.

BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN CONTINUED.

The Jane McCrea Tragedy—The Last Days of Her Lover, David Jones—His Personal Appearance, Shortly Before His Death—Bravery of Mrs. General Schuyler—Narrow Escape of General Schuyler from an Indian Assassin—Effect of These Cruelties in Arousing Popular Wrath.

Probably no event, either in ancient or modern warfare has received so many versions as the killing of Miss Jane McCrea, during the Revolutionary War. It has been commemorated in story and in song and narrated in grave histories in as many different ways as there have been writers upon the subject. As an incident, merely, of the Revolution, accuracy in its relation is not, perhaps, of much moment. When, however, measured by its results, it at once assumes an importance which justifies such an investigation as shall bring out the truth.

The slaying of Jane McCrea was, to the people of New York and especially to those of Washington County, what the Battle of Lexington was to the New England colonies. In each case, the effect was to consolidate the inhabitants more firmly against the invader. The

blood of the unfortunate maiden was not shed in vain. From every drop, like the teeth of the mythical dragon of old, hundreds of armed yoemen arose; and, as has been justly said, her name was passed as a note of alarm along the banks of the Hudson, and, as a rallying cry among the Green Mountains of Vermont, brought down her hardy sons. It thus, in a great measure, contributed to Burgoyne's defeat, which became a precursor and the principal cause of American Independence.

Jane McCrea was born in Bedminster (now Lamington) N. J., in 1753, and was killed near Fort Edward, July 27th, 1777. She was the second daughter of Rev. James McCrea, a Presbyterian clergyman of Scotch descent, whose father, William, was an elder in White Clay Creek Church, near Newark, Delaware. After his death she made her home with her brother John at Fort Edward, N. Y. This brother was a staunch patriot. He had been with the unfortunate expedition of General Montgomery, and had fought in the battle of Quebec and when General Schuyler, in command at Fort Edward, called on the militia of Washington County to take the field (as related in the last chapter) he promptly obeyed the summons. Between him and David Jones, her lover, there had arisen an estrangement growing out of their opposite sympathies in relation to the war. But Jane still clung to her betrothed notwithstanding her brother's dislike for him.

Miss McCrea is described by those who knew her personally, as a young woman of rare accomplishments, great personal attractions, and of a remarkable sweetness of disposition. She was from all trustworthy accounts, of medium stature, finely formed, and of a delicate blonde complexion. Her hair was of a golden brown and silken lustre, and when unbound, trailed upon the ground. Her father was devoted to literary pursuits, and she thus had acquired a taste for reading unusual in one of her age in those early times.

The story of the tragedy, as told by Bancroft, Irving and others[1] is that as Jane McCre was on her way from Fort Edward to meet her

[1] I am gratified to know that this version of the tragedy has been accepted by William Cullen Bryant in his "History of the United States," who gives me full credit. I state this that my readers may have some confidence in this entirely *new* account. I am also, of course, aware that Sparks in his "Life of Arnold," gives a different version of this tragedy, related to him, as he says, by an eye-witness of the murder, viz.: a Samuel Standish who was one of the guard at the fort. Still, I believe the facts to be as stated in the text. But as I have said in the beginning of this sketch there have been numerous and different accounts of the tragedy. The only thing left, therefore, for the conscientious historian is, to try and sift the kernel from the chaff and present the facts as he understands them, to the reader.

lover, Lieutenant Jones, at the British camp, under the protection of the Indians, a quarrel arose between the latter as to which should have the promised reward, when one of them, to terminate the dispute, "sunk," as Mr. Bancroft says, "his tomahawk into the skull" of their unfortunate charge.[1] The correct account, however, of the Jane McCrea tragedy, gathered from the statement made by Mrs. McNeal to General Burgoyne on the 28th of July, 1777 in the *marquee* of her cousin, General Fraser and corroborated by several people well acquainted with Jane McCrea, and by whom it was related to the late Judge William Hay of Saratoga Springs, a veracious and most industrious historian, and taken down from their lips, and by him communicated to me, is entirely different from the version given by Mr. Bancroft.

On the morning of the 27th of July, 1777, Miss McCrea and Mrs. McNeal were in the latter's house at Fort Edward, preparing to set out for Fort Miller for greater security, as rumors had, for several days, been rife of hostile Indians in the vicinity. Their action was the result of a message sent to them early in the morning by General Arnold, who had, at the same time, despatched to their assistance Lieutenant Palmer with some twenty men, with orders to place their furniture and effects on board a *bateau* and row the family down to Fort Miller.

Lieutenant Palmer, having been informed by Mrs. McNeal that nearly all her household goods had been already put on board the *bateau*, remarked that he, with the soldiers, was going up the hill as far as an old block-house, for the purpose of reconnoitering, but would not be long absent. The lieutenant and his party, however, not returning, Mrs. McNeal and Jane McCrea concluded not to wait longer, but to ride on horseback to Colonel (John) McCrea's ferry,

[1] As the tomahawk, in this history, is frequently mentioned, it may be well to quote from Aubrey his discription of that (*par excellence*) Indian weapon. He writes: "This instrument," (the tomahawk) "they" (the Indians) "make great use of in war; for, in pursuing an enemy, if they find it impossible to come up with them, they, with the utmost dexterity, throw and seldom fail striking it into the skull or back of those they pursue, by that means arresting them in flight. The tomahawk is nothing more than a small hatchet having either a sharp spike, or a cup for tobacco affixed opposite to the part that is intended for cutting, but they are mostly made to answer two purposes—that of a pipe and a hatchet. When they purchase them of the traders, they take off the wooden handle and substitute in its stead a hollow cane one, which they do in a curious manner."

Some years since, my friend, Hon. C. C. Lester, found in an old stony cabin near "Woodlawn," Saratoga Springs, one of the tomahawks above described, which, through his kindness, is now in my cabinet and before me as I write.

leaving the lading of the boat in charge of a black servant. When the horses, however, were brought up to the door, it was found that one side-saddle was missing, and a boy[1] was accordingly despatched to the house of a Mr. Gillis for the purpose of borrowing a side-saddle or pillion.

While watching for the boy's return, Mrs. McNeal heard a discharge of fire-arms[2] and looking out of a window, saw one of Lieutenant Van Vechten's soldiers running along the military road towards the fort, pursued by several Indians. The fugitive, seeing Mrs. McNeal, waved his hat as a signal of danger and passed on, which the Indians perceiving, left off the pursuit and came toward the house.

Seeing their intention, Mrs. McNeal screamed: "Get down cellar for your lives!" On this Jane McCrea and the black woman, Eve, with her infant, retreated safely to the cellar, but Mrs. McNeal was caught on the stairs by the Indians and dragged back by the hair of her head by a powerful savage, who was addressed by his companions as the "Wyandot Panther." A search in the cellar was then begun, and the result was the discovery of Jane McCrea, who was brought up from her concealment,[3] the Wyandot exclaiming upon seeing her, "My squaw, me find um agin—me keep um fast now, foreber, ugh!

By this time the soldiers had arrived at the fort, the alarm drum was beaten and a party of soldiers under Captain Van Vechten started in pursuit. Alarmed by the noise of the drum which they, in common with Mrs. McNeal and Jenny, heard the Indians, after a hurried consultation, hastily lifted the two women upon the horses which had been waiting at the door to carry them to Colonel McCrea's ferry and started off upon a run. Mrs. McNeal, however, having been placed upon the horse on which there was no saddle, slipped off and was thereupon carried in the arms of a stalwart savage.[4]

[1] The name of this boy was Norman Morrison. It is not known what afterwards became of him, though tradition states, that, being small and active, he escaped from the Indians and reached his home in Hartford, Washington County, N. Y.

[2] So fatal was this discharge, that out of Lieutenant Palmer's party of twenty men, only eight remained, Van Vechten himself being killed on the spot.

[3] Judge Hay was informed by Adam, after he became a man, that his mother, Eve, had often described to him how she continued to conceal him and herself in an ash-bin beneath a fire-place, he luckily not awaking to cry while the search was going on around them in the cellar. This fact was also confirmed by the late Mrs. Judge Cowen, of Saratoga Springs to Judge Hay.

[4] The party who did this was the same, under Le Loup, who had, but a few hours before, massacred the Allen family. See last chapter.

At this point Mrs. McNeal lost sight of her companion, who, to use the language of Mrs. McNeal, "was then ahead of me and appeared to be firmly seated in the saddle, and held the rein, while several Indians seemed to guard her—the Wyandot still ascending the hill and pulling along by bridle-bit the affrighted horse upon which poor Jenny rode." The Indians, however, when half-way up the hill, were nearly overtaken by the soldiers, under Lieutenant Van Vechten, who, at this point began firing by platoons. At every discharge the Indians would fall flat with Mrs. McNeal. By the time the top of the Fort Edward Hill had been gained, not an Indian was harmed, and one of them remarked to Mrs. McNeal, "Wagh! um no kill—um shoot too much high for hit." During the firing, two or three of the bullets of the pursuing party hit Miss McCrea with a fatal effect, who falling from her horse, had her scalp *torn* off by her guide, the "Wyandot Panther," in revenge for the loss of the reward given by Burgoyne for every white prisoner—a reward considered equal to a barrel of rum.

Mrs. McNeal, however, was carried to Griffith's house, and there kept by the Indians until the next day, when she was ransomed and taken to the British camp. "I never saw Jenny afterwards," says Mrs. McNeal, "nor anything that appertained to her person until my arrival in the British camp, when an aide-de-camp showed me a fresh scalp-lock which I could not mistake, because the hair was unusually fine, luxuriant, lustrous and dark as the wing of a raven. Till that evidence of her death was exhibited, I hoped, almost against hope, that poor Jenny had been either rescued by our pursuers (in whose army her brother, Stephen McCrea, was a surgeon) or brought by our captors to some part of the British encampment."

While at Griffith's house, Mrs. McNeal endeavored to hire an Indian named Captain Tommo, to go back and search for her companion, but neither he nor any of the Indians could be prevailed upon to venture even as far back as the brow of the Fort Edward hill to look down it for the "White Squaw," as they called Jenny.

At dawn the following morning, the remains of Miss McCrea were gathered up by those who would have rescued her. They found it stark and ghastly, partly concealed beneath leaves and brush near a pellucid spring, which gushed forth by the side of a tree,[1] and near

[1] This tree called "The Jenny McCrea Tree" would probably have remained to this day had it not been cut down and made into relics to be sold to the curious visitor.

by the corpse of Lieutenant Van Vechten stretched upon the earth. When they returned, her brother, with some women from his neighborhood, had arrived at the fort. He bent over her mangled remains and wept in bitterness of spirit. He knelt down and kissed her bloody forehead and would have clasped the decaying body in his arms, had not friends gently restrained him. They led him away from the sad spectacle and kindly sought to soothe him with many unavailing words of consolation. Her body, as well as that of Lieutenant Van Vechten was buried under the supervision of Colonel Morgan Lewis (then deputy-quartermaster general) on the bank of Moses Creek, near a fortified camp-ground, laid out by the celebrated Polish engineer, Kosciusko, three miles south of the fort and two miles south of her brother, John McCrea's farm, which was across the Hudson, and directly opposite the principal encampment of General Schuyler. Here in a rude grave, they laid Jenny down to her last sleep, and

To show that this statement is correct I clip from a paper of 1853 the following advertisement:

"AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Subscriber, being censured through the public prints for cutting down the famous Jane McCrea tree, and importuned by his friends, presents to the public elegant canes and boxes manufactured from this world-renowned tree, believing that an event fraught with so much interest, being connected with the Revolution and Independence of our County, that they will meet with a hearty response from every American. A case containing canes and boxes may be seen at the Crystal Palace and are for sale at the following places in this city: Leary & Co., hatters, Astor House, Broadway, N. Y., also on Forty-first street, south side of Palace.

All other parties offering canes for sale, representing them to be made from the renowned Jane McCrea tree, are counterfeits, and will be dealt with accordingly.

I certify that I am owner of the land on which grew the tree known as the Jane McCrea Tree, at Fort Edward, Washington County, N. Y. The tree died in 1849, and was cut down during the winter of 1853, and was sent to the shop of J. M. Burdick, to be manufactured into canes and boxes. Each article and piece having this engraving upon it is part of the same tree. Geo. Harvey.

All Orders may be addressed to the Subscriber, at Fort Edward, Washington County, N. Y. Geo. Harvey.

J. M. Burdick, Traveling Agent.

References—We have known Mr. Harvey for years as a reputable merchant, and late Cashier of the Bank of Fort Edward, and have the fullest confidence to believe what he says.

Freeland, Stuart & Co., J. P. Cronkhite, 54 Exchange Place.
F. Leake, Am. Ex. Bank. B. Murray, Jun. Ass't. Cash. Am. Ex. Bank.
New York, July 28, 1853.

"strong men wept aloud as they turned from the humble sepulcher and departed on their way."[1] That same morning, Fort Edward was evacuated, Schuyler falling back on Moses Creek and the sprouts of the Mohawk now Waterford.

The only statement which, while disproving Mr. Bancroft's narrative, seems to conflict with the above account of the *manner* of her death, is the one made by Dr. Bartlett, a surgeon in the American army. This occurs in his report to the director-general of the hospitals of the Northern Department, dated at Moses Creek at head-quarters, at ten o'clock of the night of July 27, 1777, and is as follows:

"I have this moment returned from Fort Edward, where a party of hell-hounds, in conjunction with their brethren, the British troops, fell upon an advanced guard, inhumanly butchered, scalped and stripped four of them, wounded two more, each in the thigh, and four more are missing.

"Poor Miss Jenny McCrea and the woman with whom she lived were taken by the savages, led up the hill to where there was a body of British troops, and there the poor girl was shot to death in cold blood, scalped and left on the ground, and the other woman not yet found.

"The alarm came to camp at two p. m. I was at dinner. I immediately sent off to collect all the regular surgeons, in order to take some one or two of them along with me, but the devil a bit of one was to be found. * * *

"There is neither amputating instruments, crooked needle, nor tourniquet in all the camp. I have a handful of lint and two or three bandages, and that is all. What in the name of wonder I am to do in case of an attack, God only knows. Without assistance, without instruments, without anything!"

This statement, however, was made, as is apparent on its face, hurriedly and under very great excitement. A thousand rumors were flying in the air, and there had been no time to sift the kernels of truth from the chaff of unproven reports. But, in addition to this, the story of the surgeon is flatly contradicted by testimony, both at the time of the occurrence and afterward. General Burgoyne's famous "Bouquet Order" of the 21st of May, and his efforts, by appealing to their fears and love of gain to prevent any species of cruelty on the part of his savage allies—facts well known to his officers and men—

[1] Wilson.

render it simply impossible to believe the statement of Surgeon Bartlett, that a "body of British troops" stood calmly by and witnessed the murder of a defenceless girl, and a girl, too, between whom and one of their comrades-in-arms there was known to be a betrothment. Leaving, however, probabilities, we have the entirely different and detailed account of Jenny's companion and hostess, Mrs. McNeal, "the woman with whom she lived," and who, as "the woman not yet found," was endeavoring—while the surgeon was penning his report—to prevail upon the Indians to go back and search for Jenny's body, left behind in their hurried flight.

The entire matter, however, seems to be placed beyond all doubt, not only by the corroborative statement of the "Wyandotte Panther," when brought into the presence of Burgoyne—to the effect that it was not he, but the enemy that had killed her—but by the statement of General Morgan Lewis, afterward Governor of New York State. His account is thus given by the late Judge William Hay in the following letter to the writer, in 1866:

"Several years after Mrs. Teasse had departed this—to her—eventful life, I conversed (in the hearing of Mr. David Banks, at his law-book store in New York City) with Governor Lewis. Morgan Lewis then stated his distinct recollection that there were three gun-shot wounds upon Miss McCrea's corpse, which, on the day of her death, was, by direction of himself—and in fact, under his own personal supervision—removed, together with a subaltern's remains, from a hill near Fort Edward to the Three Mile Creek, where they were interred. The fact of the bullet wounds—of which I had not before heard, but which was consistent with Mrs. Teasse's statement—was to me confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ, that Jane McCrea had not been killed exclusively by Indians, who would have done that deed either with a tomahawk or scalping-knife, and would not, therefore, (pardon the phrase in this connection) have wasted their ammunition. In that opinion, Governor Lewis, an experienced jurist—if not general—and familiar with the rules of evidence, concurred."

This opinion of two eminent lawyers, as well as the statement of the Wyandot, receives, moreover, additional confirmation in the fact, that when the remains of Jane McCrea, some years since, were disinterred and removed to the old Fort Edward burial ground, and consigned to Mrs. McNeal's grave, Dr. William S. Norton, a reputable

and highly intelligent practitioner of physic and surgery, examined her skull and found *no marks whatever of a cut or a gash.*

This fact, also, strongly confirms the opinion expressed at the time by General Fraser[1] at the *post-mortem* camp examination, that Jane McCrea was accidentally killed, or rather unintentionally killed by American troops pursuing the Indians, and, as General Fraser said he had often witnessed, aiming too high, when the mark was on elevated ground, as had occurred at Bunker's (Breed's) Hill.

It thus appears, first: that Jane McCrea was accidentally killed by the Americans, and secondly: that the American Loyalist, David Jones, did not send the Indians, much less the ferocious "Wyandot Panther," whom he abhorred and dreaded on their errand.

Indeed, the falsity of this latter statement (which, by the way, General Burgoyne never believed) is also susceptible of proof. The well established fact that Jones had sent Robert Ayers, (father-in-law of the late Mr. Ransom Cook, long a highly respected resident of Saratoga Springs) with a letter to Miss Jane McCrea asking her to visit the British encampment and accompany its commander-in-chief, with his lady guests (Lady Harriet Acland and Mrs. General Riedesel) on an excursion to Lake George,[1] clearly shows how the charge against Jones had crept into a Whig accusation concerning misconduct and meanness and the dialogue (also well authenticated) between two of her captors, in relation to the comparative value of a white squaw—estimated, as before stated, at a barrel of rum—and her scalp-lock, accounts, perhaps, for the story of the pretended proffered reward (a barrel of rum) alleged to have caused the quarrel among the Indians which resulted in the supposed catastrophe. All who had been acquainted with David Jones knew that he was incapable of such conduct and so expressed themselves at the time.

The rumor, also, which is slightly confirmed in Burgoyne's letter to General Gates (quoted in this chapter further in advance) that Miss McCrea was on her way to an appointed marriage ceremony, originated in Jones's admission that he had intended, on the arrival of his betrothed at Skenesborough, to solicit her consent to their immediate nuptials. But Jones explicitly denied having intimated such a desire,

[1] Afterwards killed in the second Battle of Saratoga, October 7, 1777.

[1] Conversations of the author with the late Ransom Cook.

either in a letter to Miss McCrea or otherwise. "Such," he added, "was without reference to my own sense of propriety, my dear Jenny's sensibility, that the indelicacy of this supposed proposal would, even under our peculiar circumstances have thwarted it." The late Mr. Benson J. Lossing, the eminent and painstaking historian who visited Fort Edward while several of Jane McCrea's contemporaries were still alive, says "that Lieutenant Jones denied all knowledge of the matter and utterly disclaimed any such intention as the sending of a letter to Jenny, or of an Indian escort to bring her to camp. He had no motive for so doing, for the American army was even then retreating; a small guard only was at Fort Edward, and in a day or two the British would have full possession of that fort, when he could have a personal interview with her."

Nevertheless, there is much probability that Jane received communications from her lover at intervals, especially after the British army left Skenesborough. The following original manuscript letter from Jones to Jenny bears out this view:

"SKENESBORO, JULY 11, 1777.

"*Dear Friend:* I have ye opportunity to send you this by William Barnsy, hoping through Freel, it will come safe to hand. Since last writing 'Ty'[1] has been taken and we have had a battle, which no doubt you have been informed of before this. Through God's mercy I escaped destruction, and am now well at this place, for which thanks to Him. The rebels cannot recover from the blow yt has been struck, and no doubt the war will soon end. Such should be the prayer of all of us. Dear Jenny, I do not forget you, though much there is to distract in these days, and hope I am remembered by you as formerly. In a few days we will march to Fort Edward, for which I am anxious, when I shall have the happiness to meet you, after long absence. I hear from Isaac Vaughn, who has just come in, that the people on the river are moving to Albany. I hope if your brother John goes, you will not go with him, but stay at Mrs. McNeil's,[2] to whom and Miss Hunter give my dutiful respects. There I will join you. My dear Jenny, these are sad times, but I think the war will end this year, as the rebels cannot hold out and will see their error. By the blessing of Providence I trust we shall pass many years together in peace. Shall write on every occasion that offers and hope to find you at Mrs. McNeil's. No more at present, but believe yours affectionately till death. "DAVID JONES."[3]

[1] Ticonderoga.

[2] Jones spells the name McNeil, while Judge Hay *McNeal.*

[3] No one can peruse this beautiful letter without being convinced that Lieutenant Jones was a person both of education and culture. It will compare well with any written by cultured people at the present day. For purposes of comparison read the "Orders," of the Capts., etc., given in this history, when the above remark will be apparent.

Indeed, this question regarding Jones's sending for his betrothed, was often a topic of conversation between General Fraser and his cousin, Mrs. McNeal, who, with Miss Hunter (afterwards Mrs. Teasse) accompanied him from Fort Edward to Saratoga, and on his death, in that battle, returned to Fort Edward, after witnessing the surrender of the British general. Jones frankly admitted to his friends that in consequence of the proximity of the savages to Fort Edward, he had engaged several chiefs, who had been at the Bouquet Encampment, to keep an eye upon the fierce Ottawas and especially upon the bloodthirsty Wyandotts and persuade them not to cross the Hudson; but if they could not be deterred from so doing, by intimations of danger from rebel scouts, his employes were to watch over the safety of his mother's residence, and also that of Colonel McCrea. For all which, and in order the better to secure their fidelity, Jones promised a suitable but not specified reward, meaning thereby, such trinkets and weapons as were fitted for Indian traffic, and usually bestowed upon savages, whether in peace or in war.

But partisanship was then extremely bitter and eagerly seized the opportunity thus presented of magnifying a slight and false rumor into a veritable fact, which was used most successfully in stirring up the embers—which otherwise would have smouldered—of hatred against Loyalists in general, and the family of Jones in particular. The experience of the last few years afford fresh illustration of how little of partisan asseveration is reliable; and there is so much of the really terrible in civil war which is indisputably true, that it is not difficult, nor does it require habitual credulity, to give currency to falsehood.

One who, a hundred years hence, should write a history of the late Civil War, based upon the thousand rumors, newspaper correspondence, statements of radical and fierce politicians on one or the other side, would run great risk of making serious mistatements. The more private documents are brought to light, the more clearly they reveal a similar, though even more intensified state of feeling between the Tories and the Whigs during the era of the Revolution. Great caution should, therefore, be observed, when incorporating into history any accounts as facts, which seem to have been the result of personal hatred or malice.

As might naturally be expected, the death of Miss McCrea

brought forth a correspondence between General Gates and General Burgoyne. In General Gates' letter he thus wrote to Burgoyne.

" * * * That the savages of America should, in their unhappy warfare, mangle and scalp the unhappy prisoners who fall into their hands, is neither new nor extraordinary, but that the famous Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, in whom the fine gentleman is united with the soldier and the scholar,[1] should hire the savages of America to scalp Europeans and the descendants of Europeans—nay more, that he should pay a price for every scalp so barbarously taken, is more than will be believed in Europe, until authenticated facts shall, in every gazette, confirm the truth of the horrid tale.

" Miss McCrea, a young lady lovely to the sight, of virtuous character and amiable disposition, engaged to an officer of your army, was, with other women and children, taken out of a house near Fort Edward, carried into the woods and then scalped and mangled in a most shocking manner. Two parents, with their six children, were all treated with the same inhumanity, while quietly resting in their once happy and peaceful dwelling.[2] The miserable fate of Miss McCrea was particularly aggravated by her being dressed to receive her promised husband, but met her murderers employed by you. Upwards of one hundred men, women and children have perished by the hands of the ruffians to whom, it is asserted, you have paid the price of blood."

To this latter portion of Gate's letter, Burgoyne lost no time in replying as follows:

" * * * I have hesitated, Sir, upon answering the other paragraphs of your letter. I disdain to justify myself against the rhapsodies of fiction and calumny, which, from the first of this contest, it has been an unvaried American policy to propagate, but which no longer imposes on the world. I am induced to deviate from this general rule, in the present instance, lest my silence should be construed as an acknowledgment of the truth of your allegations, and a pretense be thence taken for exercising future barbarities by the American troops.

" By this motive, and upon this only, I condescend to inform you,

[1] To explain this allusion, it should be remembered that Burgoyne had already, aside from his military fame, greatly distinguished himself by a number of plays, which were spoken of highly by literary critics. Through the courtesy of Fontblanque, Editor of Burgoyne's literary edition of his works, I have now in my possession part of the *MS.* play of "The Lady of the Manor" in his own hand-writing.

[2] This allusion is doubtless to the massacre of the Allen Family for which account see *ante*.

that I would not be conscious of the acts you presume to impute to me, for the whole continent of America, though the wealth of worlds was in its bowels and a paradise upon its surface.

"It has happened that all my transactions with the Indian Nations, last year and this, have been clearly heard, accurately minuted, by very numerous and in many parts very unprejudiced persons. So immediately opposite is your assertion that I have paid a price for scalps, that one of the first regulations established by me at the great council in May, and repeated and enforced and invariably adhered to since, was that the Indians should receive compensation for prisoners, because it would prevent cruelty, and that not only such compensation should be withheld, but a strict account demanded for scalps. These pledges of conquest, for such you well know they will esteem them, were solemnly and peremptorily to be taken from the wounded and even the dying, and the persons of aged men, women, children and prisoners, were pronounced sacred, even in an assault.

"In regard to Miss McCrea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have labored to give it, to make it as sincerely abhorred and lamented by me, as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and, in a fit of savage passion in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became a victim. Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands; and though to have punished him by our laws or principles of justice, would have been, perhaps, unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced from my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon, under the terms which I presented, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischiefs.

The above instance excepted, your intelligence respecting the cruelty of the Indians is false.[1]

Indeed, look at it as one may, the whole occurrence was dark and dreadful, and Burgoyne in this letter to Gates, retreated behind a false assertion, to escape the perils which were sure to grow out of an admission of even one-half the truth of Gates's letter. That letter, how-

[1] Burgoyne, evidently, at the time of writing this letter, had not heard of the massacre of the Allen and Barnes families.

ever, as Sparks justly remarks, was "more ornate than forcible and abounded more in bad taste than in simplicity and pathos, yet it was suited to the public feelings of the moment and as might be surmised, produced a lively impression in every part of America." Burke, in the exercise of all his glowing eloquence, used the story with most powerful effect in the British House of Commons, and made the dreadful and harrowing tale a household word throughout all Europe.

In confirmation of what Burgoyne did on the occasion, as outlined in his letter to General Gates, is the following extract from the testimony of the Earl of Harrington, who was a witness before the committee of the British House of Commons, during its inquiry into the failure of the Burgoyne Campaign, at London in 1779.[1]

"*Question.* Does your Lordship remember General Burgoyne's receiving at Fort Anne the news of the murder of Miss McCrea?

"*Answer.* I do.

"*Q.* Did General Burgoyne repair immediately to the Indian camp and call them to council, assisted by Brig. General Fraser?

"*A.* He did.

"*Q.* What passed at that council?

"*A.* General Burgoyne threatened the culprit with death, insised that he should be delivered up and there were many gentlemen in the army and I own I was one of the number who feared he would put that threat in execution.

Motives of policy, I believe, alone prevented him from it, and if he had not pardoned the man, which he did, I believe the total desertion of the Indians would have ensued and the consequences, on their return through Canada, might have been dreadful, not to speak of the weight they would have thrown into the opposite scale had they gone over to the enemy, which I rather imagine would have been the case.

"*Q.* Do you remember Gen. Burgoyne's restraining the Indian parties from going out without a British officer or proper conductor, who were to be responsible for their behaviour?

"*A.* I do.

"*Q.* Do you remember Mr. St. Luc's reporting discontent among the Indians soon after our arrival at Fort Edward?

"*A.* I do.

"*Q.* How long was that after enforcing the restraints above mentioned?

"*A.* I can't exactly say. I should imagine about three weeks or a month.

[1] In justice, however, to General Burgoyne, it should be stated, that this investigation was instituted entirely at his own request. Although its results were nugatory, yet, that Burgoyne was really reinstated in public estimation is fully shown by the fact that soon after he was appointed by the Crown, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"*Q.* Does your lordship recollect Gen. Burgoyne's telling Mr. St. Luc that he had rather lose every Indian than connive at their enormities, or using language to that effect?

"*A.* I do.

"*Q.* Does your lordship remember what passed in counsel with the Indians at Fort Edward?

"*A.* To the best of my recollection, much the same exhortation to act with humanity, and much the same rewards were offered for saving their prisoners.

"*Q.* Do you recollect the circumstance of the Indians desiring to return home at that time?

"*A.* I do, perfectly well.

"*Q.* Do you remember that many quitted the army without leave?

"*A.* I do, immediately after the council and the next morning.

"Q. Was it not the general opinion that the desertion of the Indians, then and afterwards, was caused by the restraint upon their cruelties and habits of plunder?

"*A.* It was.

This testimony, it should be remembered, was given by the Earl only two years after the death of Jane McCrea, and the matter could not have been otherwise than fresh in his mind.

Again, in another part of Burgoyne's testimony, when questioned about his proclamation at Putnam's Creek, to the people of Washington County, in which he threatened the direst penalties to those who did not at once surrender and come in under his protection, he said: "I have spoken daggers, but used none!"

And once more, in justification of Burgoyne's course, Sergeant Lamb in his "Journal of Occurrences"—from which I have already quoted in narrating the Battle of Fort Anne—says: "Had the execution [i. e. of the scalper of Jane McCrea] taken place, there is every probability that the Indians would have retired from the army, massacreing everybody and destroying everything before them; thus it would have caused the destruction of hundreds of the innocent inhabitants, not only in the vicinity [meaning by that the settlers of Washington County] but of those on the frontiers of Canada, if the assassin had been put to death. When the murder of Miss McCrea had reached the General's ears, he went to the Indian camp and insisted in the most determined language that the culprit should be given up to justice, and had it not been for the remonstrances of Monsieur St. Luc de le Come, a Frenchman, who then presided over them, the murderer's execution would not have been deferred another day. St. Luc also informed the General that great discontent had reigned among

the Indians, at the restraint under which they were kept. To which General Burgoyne replied: "That he had rather lose every Indian in his army than connive at their enormities."

The General afterwards said, "That he ever esteemed the Indian alliances, at best a necessary evil, their services to be over valued; sometimes insignificant, often barbarous, always capricious, and that the employment of them was only justifiable when, by being united to a regular army, they could be kept under control. Governed by these sentiments the General acted. In his own expressive language, 'he determined to be the soldier, not the executioner of the state.' Indeed, it was very remarkable how he restrained their ferocity during the short time they were with our army, and in order to do this, the more effectually he took to his aid a favorite priest of theirs, who had more control over the passions of the Indians than all their chiefs put together."

On the 22d of April, 1822, the remains of Jane McCrea and of Lieutenant Van Vechten were removed to the old burial ground near the site of the present village of Fort Edward. The ceremonial was attended with unusual pomp and display for those early days—the celebrated and afterwards unfortunate pulpit orator, Hooper Cummings of Albany, N. Y., (whose lamp was so soon to go out in black darkness) preaching upon that occasion from Michah 2-10, so impressive and pathetic a sermon that many of his audience were convulsed with sobs and weeping.

Miss McCrea's remains were again removed in 1852, to the Union Cemetery between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill, the McCrea lot being near the entrance. The marble slab which marks the spot bears the following inscription:

HERE REST THE REMAINS OF
JANE McCREA,
AGED 17.
MADE CAPTIVE AND MURDERED
BY A BAND OF INDIANS
WHILE ON A VISIT TO A RELATIVE IN
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD
A. D. 1777.
TO COMMEMORATE
ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING INCIDENTS

IN THE ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
TO DO JUSTICE TO THE FAME OF THE GALLANT
BRITISH OFFICER TO WHOM SHE WAS AFFIANCED
AND AS A SIMPLE TRIBUTE TO THE
MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED
THIS STONE IS ERECTED
BY HER NEICE,
SARAH HANNA PAYNE,
A. D. 1852.

"There is at present," (1895) writes to me the late Mrs. Charles Stone of Sandy Hill, who, with most praiseworthy interest, had taken a deep interest in the matter, "a chain fence with stone posts around the lot. The marble slab bears the coat-of-arms of the relic-hunter, being nicked at every point, except, possibly, beneath the soil. The whole, indeed, has the appearance of great neglect. There is, however, a fund now being raised to put it in much better condition, and it is the intention of the trustees of the cemetery to have the improvements made this spring. They wish to erect a substantial fence, ornamental, of iron, but to be kept impenetrable from the chisel of the relic hunter. * * * A certain portion of the fund will be kept in trust continually to improve, adorn and keep in order the lot." [1]

A sketch of the Jane McCrea tragedy would be incomplete without an account of the after career of Jenny's lover, David Jones, especially since so much fiction has been woven into his life, after the terrible death of his betrothed. It seems incumbent, therefore, that the writer should present such reliable facts about him, as he has been able to glean from different sources. The facts then appear to be as follows:

[1] The late Miss Lura A. Boies has written an exquisite little gem of a poem on Jane McCrea. My friend, Judge Hay thought, and I agree with him, that it would compare with any efforts of our best poets. Lura A. Boies, daughter of Jerome and Hannah G. Gillette Boies, was born in the town of Moreau, Saratoga County, N. Y., May 2d, 1835. Like the Davidson sisters (Lucretia and Margaret) she, at a very early age, developed precocious intellectual abilities, which her pen shaped from 'Airy Nothings' and formed 'a local habitation and a name.' Devoting the leisure hours of a busy life to literary pursuits, she, while yet in mere girlhood, accumulated the materials for a graceful volume of poems, which, after her early and untimely death, were, through the indefatigable efforts of her life-long friend, the late Judge Hay of Saratoga Springs, published under the title of "Rural Rhymes." She died April 15, 1859, and is buried near her heroine, Jane McCrea, in the Union cemetery, between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. The curious reader is referred for Miss Boies' exquisite poem on Jane McCrea to the author's "Ballads of Burgoyne's Campaign."

Lieutenant Jones, chilled with horror and completely broken in spirit by the event, tendered the resignation of his commission to Burgoyne, which was refused. He bought the scalp of his Jenny and with this cherished mememto, deserted, with his brother, before the army reached Saratoga and retired into Canada. Various accounts, as I have said, have been given respecting his subsequent fate. Some have asserted that, perfectly desperate and careless of life, he rushed into the thickest of the Battle of Bemis Heights and was slain; while others allege that he died within three years afterward broken-hearted and insane. But neither assertion is correct. "While searching for Mrs. F——n among her friends of Glens Falls," says my friend Mr. Lossing, "I called at the house of Judge R——s, [Rosekrans?] whose wife is related to the family of Jones. Her aunt married a brother of Lieutenant Jones and she often heard this lady speak of him. He lived in Canada to be an old man and died but a few years ago. [This was written in 1848]. The death of Jenny was a heavy blow and he never recovered from it. In youth he was gay and exceedingly garrulous, but after that terrible event he became melancholy and taciturn. He never married and avoided society as much as business would permit. Towards the close of July in every year, when the anniversary of the tragedy approached, he would shut himself in his room and refuse the sight of any one; and, at all times his friends avoided any reference to the Revolution in his presence."

As supplementary to, and corroborative of, this statement of Mr. Lossing, I have been so fortunate as to light upon a communication in *The Catholic World* of December, 1882, which gives the final end of Jones, and which is from the pen of Julia C. Smalley. She writes as follows:

"In the course of an evening conversation with the cheerful circle in which an easy-chair is permitted to fill the privileged place accorded to its invalid occupant, we fell to relating incidents connected with the early history of our Republic. An aged member of that circle sat diligently plying her knitting needles, a silent listener to our chat, instead of supplying the share which we knew full well she could have drawn from her own knowledge of many interesting events of that period, at the time of their occurrence or soon after. She was, therefore, very warmly urged by the younger part of the company to "tell us a story," even though it might prove, as she hinted, but a "twice told tale," to some of her listeners.

It so happened that she had, on that day, taken up a stray number of Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," and while glancing drowsily over its pages, her eye was attracted by his account of the tragical death of Jane McCrea, near Fort Edward on the Hudson River in July, 1777. Having frequently in former years visited an aged relative who lived in Bennington, Vermont, through the War of the Revolution, and who was well acquainted with the unfortunate maiden and with the Mrs. McNeil whom Miss McCrea was visiting at the time of the sad event, she had heard the painful story in all the mournful details from the lips of that relative, with the shuddering horror and tearful sympathy which it would naturally awaken in a sensitive young heart.

It is curious to note how some such trivial cause as this renewal of her acquaintance with that sad story will often impel an old person to rake up the dying embers of the past and draw from them living sparks which had long been smouldering beneath their dust. It was thus with our serene old friend as she closed the book that afternoon and settled back in her old arm-chair, musing upon the narrative and recalling scenes of her early life which she had not thought upon for years. Hence it followed, of course, when our evening chat dipped into history and she was urged to bear her part in it, that she should recur to the subject of her late reading and revery, and to the fact that she knew more of the later life of Lieutenant David Jones than was recorded by Lossing. "For," said she, "all the early years of my life, with the exception of occasional visits to friends in Vermont, were passed on the American shore of the St. Lawrence. It was then a wilderness from Sackett's Harbor to the "Rapids," only broken by the little village of Ogdensburgh, just starting into existence, and by small openings made here and there by such hardy pioneers as dared encroach within its forbidding boundaries. Schools there were none up or down the river from Ogdensburgh, and the children of the settlers had no means for instruction, unless taught at home or sent across the river to attend schools in the older settlements on the Canadian shore.

"No sooner had my father taken up a large tract of land and planted our pleasant home in this wilderness—indeed, before we had been there long enough to get it reduced to a tolerable state of order, we were visited by the residents of that shore up and down the river, and afterwards formed many prominent friendships with them, among

the most highly valued of which were members of the Jones's family. So it befel that when I was old enough to be sent away to school I was admitted into one of those families more as a household pet than a boarder and was cordially invited to range freely through the whole circle. As every separate family was blessed with daughters near my own age, I was decidedly "in clover" among them—clover the luxury of which for me who had no sister or young companions at home, save the little squaws from a neighboring Indian encampment, cannot possibly be conceived by any small lassie who lives amid abounding youthful companionship. I reveled in it. Such parties as were given weekly at one and another house! Such multitudes of dolls as went with us in every variety of costume; among which my own large and small, figured, copper-colored and in full Indian dress, with hair *banged* according to the most approved aboriginal style—which has been adopted by our modern fine ladies—and was necessary to the completion of the Indian toilet that I took pride in arranging for them in honor of my special pets, the *papooses* of the wigwams.

"Among the young girls of the Jones's connection was one to whom I was particularly attracted as she was to me, by the similarity of our positions. Her father lived in a remote district and her home was as isolated as my own, while she was with her relatives for the same purpose as myself. At the close of each term of our school she was, as well as myself, carried home to pass the short interval between the terms. On one of these occasions she was so urgent in her entreaties that I might be permitted to go with her for the vacation that my father consented, much to my satisfaction, and we set forth in great glee. Our journey was very delightful, through a wild and romantic region, and I received a most cordial welcome from her family at its close.

"The house was more elaborate in style and furniture than our house so recently founded in the woods. A portion of it was built by her grandfather many years before and extensive modern additions had been made by her father. Her grandfather had died the previous year and his brother, a very venerable old gentleman, with hair as white as snow, lived in the family. I was deeply impressed by the countenance and manner of this grand-uncle of my friend. An expression of unutterable sadness was stamped upon his noble features, and a gentle dignity—benign to the verge of pity—marked his whole bearing, even to the softened tones of his manly voice, especially when

addressing the young in the few slowly uttered but impressive words which he seldom exceeded when speaking to them. He was very fond of his grandniece, and silent and reserved as he was with others, he never tired of listening to her sprightly prattle.

"As soon as I found a proper occasion I plied her with questions as to this interesting relative, whom she had never mentioned when telling me about her family. With all the eager pertinacity natural to small daughters of Eve, I drew from this reluctant witness that her grandfather, Captain Jonathan Jones and this gentleman, his brother —Lieutenant David Jones—were officers in Burgoyne's army during the first years of the Revolutionary War; that the Lieutenant was engaged to a beautiful young lady, whose brother was a staunch supporter of the American cause and opposed to her union with the Tory officer, and that she was killed and scalped by the Indians while going with a friend and escort to meet that officer in the British camp at Sandy Hill,[1] not long before the surrender of Burgoyne. He was so crushed by the terrible blow and disgusted with the apathy of Burgoyne in refusing to punish the miscreant who brought her scalp to the camp as a trophy, claiming the bounty offered for such prizes by the British commander, that he and his brother asked for a discharge and were refused, when they deserted—he having first rescued the precious relic of his beloved from the savages—[2] and retired to this Canadian wilderness, which he had never been known to leave except upon one mysterious occasion many years before.

"She did not know the name of the lady so long and faithfully mourned, but when I asked her if this tragedy did not occur near Fort Edward on the Hudson, she remembered to have heard that place mentioned in connection with it. She said they were all forbidden to speak in his presence of American affairs or history, but she had once persuaded him to let her see the mournful relic so precious to him. She described to me the hair as the most beautiful she had ever seen, light auburn in color, soft and glossy as silk, perfectly even and a yard and a quarter in length. [3]

[1] A lapse of memory on the part of the elderly narrator, as Burgoyne, it will be recalled, was then at Fort Anne.

[2] This corroborates Mr. Lossing's statement. See *ante*—that David Jones purchased Jenny's scalp from the Indian.

[3] This statement, it will be noted, conflicts with Mrs. Teasse's statement that Jenny's hair was "dark as the raven's wing." This very different description, however, goes to prove the accuracy in the main, of this old lady's narrative—as, if it had been made up, she would have given it consistently with the published accounts to which, as Mrs. Smalley states, she had just had access.

"Well, my dear A——," said I, "it so happens that I know more about this sad affair than even yourself, who have always lived in the house with him. When my father and mother used to visit his eldest sister in Bennington, Vt., they took me with them at her special request; for being the only daughter of her favorite brother, she always treated me with more tender affection than she showed to her other nieces. Her house, which she had long occupied, was one where the officers [British?] quartered at the Battle of Bennington and I remember the speechless awe with which I was wont to con over the names of these officers, recorded by themselves on the eve of the battle upon a pane of glass in the window with a diamond in a ring belonging to one of their number, who was killed in the conflict of the next day.[1]

"My aunt's memory was a store house of tales of those times and I never tired of listening to them. No sooner was one finished than I teased for another, until, I am sure, that the patience of the good dame must have been sorely tried. She knew this young lady, whose name was Jane McCrea, and also Mrs. McNeal, the Tory friend whom Miss McCrea was visiting at the time of their capture by the Indians.[2] I little thought, when I cried over the doleful story, that the lover was still living—much less that I should ever see him."

"A—— did not dare repeat to her venerable relative what I had told her, but she ventured to beg that I might be allowed to see the beautiful hair of his lost love. He was deaf to her entreaties, assuring her that she was the only one who had or would see it while he lived and that he wished to have it buried with him when he died.

"After our return to school I drew from her some facts in relation to the 'mysterious journey' she had mentioned he had once taken. 'I do not know much about it,' she said, 'I heard it from an old servant woman of the family, who told me that many years before I was born a stranger came there one evening, who appeared to be a gentleman's valet. He brought a fine-looking, intelligent young boy with him and enquired for my grandfather, Captain Jonathan Jones.

[1] Writing with a diamond on panes of window-glass, seems to have been a favorite amusement of the British officers. The "old Longfellow House" in Cambridge, Mass., the headquarters of General Riedesel and his staff when they were there as prisoners, has his name "Riedesel" cut in one of the panes, and it is plainly to be deciphered at the present day.

[2] This use of the word "*captured*," corroborates Judge Hay's version of the tragedy—i. e., that the two ladies were *taken prisoners* by the Indians and not as the result of a quarrel between two opposing parties.

"The substance of my friend's account was that, after an interview of some length with her grandfather, his brother, the Lieutenant, was called in, and the three were together in the library during most of the night, discussing some very interesting matter connected with the boy. The butler had been ordered to prepare refreshments in the dining-room, and Robert, one of the waiter-boys—an urchin gifted with a larger amount of mischief and curiosity than his small frame could possibly enclose, insomuch that they were constantly overflowing to the annoyance of the whole household—was directed to remain within call to serve them when required. It was not in the nature of this valet that he should remain idle at his post during the long hours of the night, and his faculties were too much on the alert, as to the subject engaging his superiors, to yield to drowsiness; so, in perfect submission to his ruling instincts, he plied the key-hole diligently for such information as it might convey to his ear, when the parties became so excited as to raise their voices above the low tone to which most of their conversation was confined. He gathered from these snatches that Captain Jones was urgently entreated to perform some service for the boy which he was reluctant to undertake. He heard him exclaim vehemently: 'I will not be persuaded to receive under my roof the son of that detestable traitor, whose treason, although to an unrighteous cause, caused my dearest friend, one of the bravest and most noble officers in his Majesty's service, to be hung like a dog by the vile rebels. I should be constantly haunted with the thought that I was nurturing a viper to sting me when occasion offered.' His brother David said something in reply, of which Robert heard only enough to infer that there was a retired officer of the American army across the river who might be persuaded to do what was desired. 'Very well,' said Captain Jones, 'you can undertake the task, if you see fit, but I have no belief that you will gain the consent of one who loathes the father so bitterly to take charge of the son.' Robert heard no more and soon after these remarks the confab broke up and he was called to serve the refreshments in the library. * * *

"Lieutenant David Jones departed with the boy the next day. He was absent about a week and nothing further was known as to his journey, its object and result, than was gathered from Robert's story, which was soon circulated throughout the neighborhood.

" * * * I afterwards learned that at the period to which this account of my young friend referred, a settlement was rapidly form-

ing on the American shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite a Canadian village and that the fact that a leading man in the community and retired officer of the American Revolution had adopted a boy whose origin was unknown, but who bore the name of a traitor. This lad afterward grew up to manhood and became an enterprising, respectable citizen and a distinguished officer in the volunteer service in the War of 1812.

"The mystery, however, surrounding the retired American officer, the problem of the suspected relationship of the boy to Arnold, the notorious American traitor were never solved.

"It continued for many years to be the subject of evening gossip by rural firesides in that region and strange stories were told by Indian and white hunters and trappers of the startling things they had heard and seen in the vicinity of the officers's lonely cottage—long since fallen into decay—both during the occupancy of the owner and after his disappearance. Whether he died there or left for some far-off country before his death, was never known.[1]"

As might naturally be supposed, many ballads were written upon the tragic death of the unfortunate maiden, which, at the time and

[1] "Previous to the Revolution," says Wilson in his Life of Jane McCrea. "there was, perhaps, no family settled on the upper waters of the Hudson, who exerted greater influence or held more extensive possessions than the Joneses. Their landed estates included a section upon which large and thriving villages have since arisen and which, in the progress of time, has become of almost inestimable value. The fortunes of the war drove them from their inheritance. Their broad lands were confiscated, and among the later generations that have dwelt upon them, but few probably have known aught of the history of their ancient owners. After the lapse of seventy-five years [this was written in 1853], however, recent developments seem to indicate that the name of the old proprietors is about to become closely connected with the title of the soil. One of their descendants, David Jones [of the same name as his ancestor, the lover of Jane McCrea] appeared before the New York Legislature of 1853, and presented a memorial to that body, wherein he claimed legal title to the forfeited estate of his ancestor. The claim rests upon the ground that the judgment of confiscation was not rendered until after the Treaty of Peace was signed between Great Britain and the United States. And inasmuch as, by the terms of that Treaty, it was agreed there should be no future confiscations by reason of the part any person might have taken in the war, it is insisted by the claimant that the judgment rendered subsequently, is void, and that he is sustained in that position by decisions of both the State and Federal courts. The memorial was referred to the Attorney-General for his opinion, who afterwards submitted to the consideration of the Legislature a report favorable to the claim."

On the walls of the Saratoga monument, erected by the "Saratoga Monument Association," there is a tablet in bronze in *alto relievo*, two-thirds the size of life, representing the death of Jane McCrea. She is there shown falling off her horse, after receiving the accidental though fatal shot from her American pursuers.

In closing this sketch some critical reader may say that its concluding paragraphs are somewhat irrelevant. My excuse, however, for giving these facts, is, that as David Jones was such a prominent character for many years among the traditions of the early settlers of Washington County, anything relating to his after career, should not be without very special interest.

afterward, had an extensive circulation both in this country and in Europe. Among them all we cull the following. It was written for and published in the Saratoga *Sentinel* at the date given at the bottom of the poem, and while the author is unknown, yet I think from the internal evidence, that it was by my friend the late Judge William Hay of Saratoga Springs. This, however, is a mere matter of conjecture.

REFLECTIONS AT THE GRAVE OF JANE McCREA.

"And thus it is,
The bright and beautiful and wise,
The puling youngster and the gray-haired sage,
Manhood and youth, and infancy and age,
Alike yield up their struggling, passing breath—
Alike are subject to the grim fiend Death.

"Alike, yet not alike,
For I wist not, that it is death to strike
The sudden blow, beneath some summer flower,
And then transplant it into soil more pure,
That it may waste its fragrant sweetness where
More rare exotics bloom and scent the air.

"A lonely mound,
But marked from those that's gathered round.

By slab unstoned all, and neither tells
The name, nor worth, nor fame of her that dwell
Beneath the sod, within the grave's dark gloom,
Our last sought resting-place and common doom.

"She fell by hands
Of savage violence—the gleaming brands
Of war were gathered far and near around,
And seeking love she fell—the lover found
Was Death, and in one long embrace,
With icy lips, he pressed her marble face."

FORT EDWARD, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1842.

Yet, amid these scenes of desolation and affright, there was one woman whose proud spirit was undaunted. It was the wife of General Philip Schuyler. The General's country seat was upon his estate at

Saratoga (now Schuylerville, N. Y.) standing at the confluence of Fish Creek—the outlet of Saratoga Lake—with the Hudson. On the approach of Burgoyne, Mrs. Schuyler went up to Saratoga from Albany, in order to remove her furniture. Her carriage was attended by only a single armed man on horseback. When within two miles of her house, she encountered a crowd of panic-stricken people, who recited to her the recent tragic fate of Jane McCrea, and at the same time representing the danger of proceeding further in the face of the enemy, urged her to return. She had yet to pass through a dense forest, within which even then some of the savage foe might be lurking for prey. But to these prudential counsels she would give no heed. "The General's wife," she exclaimed, "must not be afraid," and pushing forward, she accomplished her purpose.[1]

Before the mansion was evacuated, however, the General, himself, had a narrow escape from assassination by the hand of a savage, who had hidden himself within the house for that special purpose. It was at the hour of bed-time and while the General was preparing to retire for the night, that a female servant, in coming in from the hall, saw a gleam of light reflected from the blade of a knife, in the hand of some person whose dark outline she discerned behind the door. The servant was a black slave, who had sufficient presence of mind not to appear to have made the discovery. Passing directly through the door into the apartment where the General was yet standing near the fire-place, with an air of unconcern she pretended to arrange such articles as were disposed upon the mantle-piece, while, in an undertone she informed her master of her discovery and said aloud, "I will call the guard." The General instantly secured his arms, while the faithful servant hurried out by another door into a long hall, upon the floor of which lay a loose board which creaked beneath the tread. By the noise she made in trampling rapidly upon the board, the Indian—for such he proved—being thus led to suppose that the "Philistines were upon him," in numbers, sprang from his concealment and fled. He was pursued, however, by the guard and a few friendly Indians attached to the person of General Schuyler, overtaken and made prisoner. Exasperated at his treachery, the friendly Indians were resolved to put him to death, and it was with much difficulty that they were diverted from their purpose by the General.

[1] This incident was told my father, the late Colonel William L. Stone, by the late Mrs. James Cochran of Oswego, N. Y., who was the youngest daughter of General Schuyler.

The effect of these incidents detailed in this chapter as well as other recitals of savage cruelties, not all, as General Burgoyne represented without foundation, was extensive and powerful. The cry of vengeance was universal and a spirit was aroused throughout the Colonies, especially in that of New York, which proved of speedy and great advantage to the American arms.

CHAPTER XVI

1777.

BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN CONTINUED.

Schuyler Delays the March of Burgoyne—The Battle of Bennington and Its Direct Result in the Defeat of Burgoyne—Comments on it—Sergeant Lamb's Journal of His Trip Through the Wilderness from Fort Miller to Ticonderoga—Anecdotes and Incidents While Burgoyne was at Fort Miller—Consternation Produced Among the People of Washington County on the Approach of the British Army.

It will be remembered that we left General Burgoyne, at the close of the fourteenth chapter, at Fort Anne where he had arrived on the 25th of July, after a terrible march along the banks of Wood Creek—owing to the wise foresight of Schuyler in the felling of trees and placing other obstacles in his path. Meanwhile, on Burgoyne's arrival at Fort Anne, Schuyler had fallen back from his position at Fort Edward to Moses Creek, four miles below that post, because it was a better and much more defensible position. Fort Edward was really no position at all. Nevertheless, many of his fellow citizens who, like the would be military critics of our own day, blamed him greatly for its abandonment. Because it bore the title of "Fort" they thought it must be one; and yet it was a defensive work in nothing but the name. Indeed, if "Old Ty," after the millions expended on it was nothing but "a trap," Fort Edward, neglected, almost in ruins, nestled in a little valley and commanded on all sides, was a delusion and a snare. That experienced soldier, the Marquis de Chastellux, it will be remembered in my sketch of Fort Edward, is quoted as repre-

senting the Fort at the time of his visit as utterly indefensible.[1] This charge, therefore, of the unnecessary abandonment of a miserable little earthwork when an army of 7,000 men was advancing against it with an enormous park of artillery, is a sample of the unjust condemnations heaped upon the judicious Schuyler."[2]

From his camp at Moses Creek, Schuyler wrote his famous letter, promising "to obstruct every mile of Burgoyne's advance"—a promise which was kept to the letter. He had already, as has been seen, caused Burgoyne the irreparable loss of five weeks, and the same causes, attributable to Schuyler's sagacity, kept Burgoyne two weeks longer at Fort Edward. Indeed, as Burgoyne afterwards admitted, "There is no doubt that I lingered too long at Fort Edward."

As Burgoyne sluggishly made his way southward Schuyler fell back from Moses Creek (ever presenting a bold front to the enemy) to Saratoga on the 21st of July. Thence, for excellent strategic reasons, he changed his position to Stillwater, about nine miles further south. He finally made his stand on Van Schaick's Island at the mouth of the Mohawk near its confluence with the Hudson (sometimes called "The Sprouts of the Mohawk") where he threw up extensive earthworks on the right bank of the river,[3] some thirteen miles nearer Albany, which city again is nine miles south of Cohoes Falls.

While his troops were posted at "Half Moon," which derives its name from the fact that Hendrick Hudson, with his *Vlieboot* (Half Moon) ascended to this point—the junction of the Mohawk with the "Great River of the North"—Schuyler's own headquarters continued to be at Stillwater, thirteen miles nearer to the enemy. Here he continued until (as will be seen further on) he was superseded by Gates on the 19th of August.

Meanwhile, the patriot inhabitants in the towns along the line of Burgoyne's march had nearly all fled before that General's advance with his Indian allies. The latter spread out on both flanks of his army and were but too ready to carry slaughter among the Whig families of Washington County. Even the Tory families, like the Allens, as we have seen, were not safe when there was an opportunity

[1] He said, it will be recollected, that it could not have resisted four hundred men with four cannon.

[2] General J. W. de Peyster.

[3] These earthworks may yet be distinctly seen by the traveller on the railroad train from Troy to Waterford, N. Y., just before the train crosses the river into that village.

afforded either for booty or scalps. The patriots also, in the southern part of the county, were equally dismayed. They were daily expecting the appearance of the Indians among them; and an order issued by General Schuyler directing them to leave their farms and seek refuge in the interior was almost as disheartening. The harvest time was close at hand; and what were they to live on if they abandoned their crops?

The county committee met at New Perth (Salem) on the 25th of July, John Rowan being chosen chairman. After declaring very ungratefully, that "universal desolation had overspread the county, on account of General Schuyler's order to abandon their farms"—though admitting that it was unsafe to remain—they appointed a committee as appraisers to estimate the value of their crops and buildings with a view of obtaining compensation in case they were lost in obedience to the order. "Alas!" says Johnson, "both the national and state governments were unable to pay or feed their soldiers, much less to make good the loss of destroyed crops or burned buildings!"

Schuyler's order was carried by Captain Joseph McCracken, and soon after his arrival it was resolved to build a fort at New Perth, which might serve as a refuge to the inhabitants from wandering bands of red or white marauders. For this purpose, the old log church—the first one erected in the county and to which allusion has already been made—was torn down and the logs set up in a stockade around a frame church which had been more recently erected. It was finished on the 26th of July, and received the name of "Salem Fort"—Captain McCracken being placed in command. "This was," says Johnson, "the first use of the name of Salem, so far as we can discover, in the town which now bears that appellation." It was probably derived from the town of Salem in Massachusetts—though it is possible "that some biblical scholar may have thought the Hebrew meaning of Salem—Peace—might properly be applied to a fortress made of two churches and intended to preserve peace to their homes." This explanation of the name, however, seems to me very far-fetched and not deserving of consideration.

THE EXPEDITION TO BENNINGTON.

On General Burgoyne's arrival at Fort Anne, instead of advancing at once upon Fort Edward and thence to Saratoga, Stillwater and

Albany before Schuyler had had time to concentrate his forces in his front, he sent a detachment of Brunswickers, under Colonel Baum, by way of the Battenkill and thence southward through the county to Bennington to surprise and capture some stores which he had heard were at that place and of which he stood sorely in need. He was also influenced to this step by the advice of his friend, Major Skene, who assured him that large numbers of the yeomanry of the country would flock to his standard—an expectation which the event proved to be entirely fallacious.

General Riedesel, who commanded the German allies, was totally opposed to this diversion; but, being overruled, he proposed that Baum should march in the rear of the enemy, by way of Castleton, toward the Connecticut river.[1] Had this plan been adopted, the probability is that the Americans would not have had time to prevent Baum from falling unawares upon their rear. Burgoyne, however, against the advice of Riedesel and Philips, insisted obstinately upon his plan, which was, that Baum should cross the Battenkill opposite Saratoga, move south and parallel with the Connecticut river in a direct line to Bennington, destroy the magazine at that place and mount the Brunswick Dragoons, who were destined to form part of the expedition.[2] In this latter order a fatal blunder was committed by employing troops, the most awkward and heavy, in an enterprise where everything depended on the greatest celerity of movement, while the *rangers* who were lightly equipped were left behind!

Let us look for a moment at a fully equipped Brunswick Dragoon as he appeared at that time. He wore high and heavy jack-boots, with large, long spurs, stout and stiff leather breeches, gauntlets, reaching high up upon his arms, and a hat with a huge tuft of ornamental feathers.[3] On his side he trailed a tremendous broad-sword, a short, but clumsy carbine was slung over his shoulder, while, down his back, like a Chinese mandarin, dangled a long queue. Such were

[1] See my *Life and Military Journals of Major-General Riedesel.*

[2] And yet General Riedesel states that 1,500 horses had been purchased in Canada, as early as the middle of June, for the army. What became of them? Is it possible that the contractors of that day as well as our own, pocketed the money and failed to produce the horses?

[3] The weight of one of these Brunswick Jack Boots was 5 1-2 pounds or 11 pounds for the pair, and this only for the boots, to say nothing of the dragoon's other equipments. One of these boots, worn by a man captured at Saratoga, is yet (1900) preserved at Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh, N. Y. The man who wore this boot was captured at Saratoga. He travelled on foot with other prisoners on his way to Easton, Pa., as far as North Newburgh, where he exchanged his boots for a lighter pair.

the troops sent out by the British General, on a service requiring the lightest of light skirmishers. The latter, however, did not err from ignorance. From the beginning of the campaign, the English officers had ridiculed these unwieldy troopers, who strolled about the camp with their heavy sabres dragging on the ground, saying (which was the fact) that the hat and sword of one of them were as heavy as the whole of an English private's equipment. But, as if this was not sufficient, these *light* dragoons were still further cumbered by being obliged to carry flour and drive a *herd* of cattle before them for their maintenance on the way. Could anything have been more fatuous?

Baum left Fort Miller on the 11th of August and encamped near old Fort Saraghtoga that night. When about to move the next morning he received an order to wait for further instructions, and remained encamped through the day at the mouth of the Battenkill. The following day, August 13, he set out on his unlucky expedition. That night he encamped near what is now called "Wait's Corners" in the town of Cambridge. His advance had a slight skirmish with a few militiamen, capturing eight of them. They were released the following morning at Colonel Skene's request, the latter having an idea that this action would have a good effect on the large number of those of the population who were supposed to be favorably inclined towards the cause of the King.

Colonel Baum had been specially instructed to consult Skene in everything relating to the treatment of the inhabitants, whom that personage was supposed to know all about, but whom he, as the result proved, actually knew very little about. The fact is, that Skene thought that two-thirds of the people were loyalists, whereas, especially in the section traversed by Baum, hardly one in ten were so. On the 14th Baum's command proceeded southward through Cambridge, crossed the Hoosick into the present town of Rensselaer and followed up the valley of that stream and its tributary, the Walloomsac, toward Bennington.

The result of these inefficient manoeuvres may be easily foreseen. By a rapid movement of the Americans under Stark, at three o'clock of the afternoon of the 16th of August, Baum was cut off from his English allies, who fled and left him to fight alone, with his awkwardly equipped squad, an enemy far superior in numbers. In this manoeuver Stark was greatly aided by a ruse practiced on the German Colonel. "Toward nine o'clock on the morning of the 16th," writes

General Riedesel, in giving an account of this action, "small bodies of armed men made their appearance from different directions. These men were mostly in their shirt-sleeves. They did not act as if they intended to make an attack and Baum, being told by a Provincial who had joined his army on the line of march, that they were all Loyalists and would make common cause with him, suffered them to encamp on his sides and rear. This confidence, perhaps, was the first and chief false step which caused Baum's ultimate defeat. Shortly afterward, another force of the 'Rebels' arrived and attacked his rear, but with the aid of artillery, they were repulsed. After a little while a stronger body made their appearance and attacked more vigorously. This was the signal for the seeming Loyalists, who had encamped on the sides and rear of the army, to attack the Germans, and the result was that Baum suddenly found himself cut off from all his detached posts."[1] For over two hours he withstood the sallies and fire of the Americans—his dragoons to a man fighting like heroes—but at last, his ammunition giving out and the re-inforcements he had sent for not arriving, he was obliged to give way before superior numbers and retreat. "The enemy," to quote again from General Riedesel, than whom no better or more conscientious authority can be given, "seemed to spring out of the ground." Twice the dragoons succeeded in breaking a road through the forces of Stark, for, upon their ammunition being used up, Baum ordered that they should sling their carbines on their shoulders and trust to their swords. But bravery was now in vain, the heroic leader, himself mortally wounded in the abdomen by a bullet, and having lost three hundred and sixty out of four hundred men, was forced to surrender. Meanwhile, the Indians and Provincials had taken flight and sought safety in the forest.

While these events were taking place Lieutenant-Colonel Breymann, who had been sent by Riedesel to the aid of Baum, reached the bridge of Sancoick at three o'clock in the afternoon. Here he was met by Major Skene, who assured him that he was only two miles distant from Lieutenant-Colonel Baum. Skene, however, not informing him of the latter's defeat, he continued his march as quickly as possible, although his troops—the day being unusually hot and sultry—were greatly fatigued. But scarcely had he advanced fifteen hun-

[1] I have only quoted a very small portion of Riedesel's account. If the reader wishes to read more of it, he is referred to my "*Life and Times of General Riedesel*," and my "Burgoyne's Campaign."

dred paces beyond the bridge, when he descried a strongly armed force on an eminence toward the west. Skene assured him this force were not the enemy, but Breymann, not satisfied with this assurance, sent ahead some scouts who were immediately received with a volley of musketry. Perceiving how the case stood, he at once ordered Major Barner to advance upon the hill, sent his grenadiers to the right, put the guns of both regiments into position and directed the fire upon a log-house occupied by the Americans. The Germans drove the enemy across three ridges of land, but their ammunition giving out, they were obliged to desist from the pursuit. Thereupon, the Americans, guessing the cause of the halt, in their turn, once more advanced, upon which, Breymann, relying solely upon the fast gathering darkness to save himself, halted his men opposite the enemy and remained there until it was perfectly dark. Then, under cover of the night, he retreated across the bridge, but was forced to leave his cannon in the hands of the Americans. At twelve o'clock that same night, Breymann arrived with his tired troops at Cambridge, reaching the main army at Fort Miller on the 17th. Meanwhile, he had dispatched messengers to Burgoyne, who, galloping through darkness and mud, reached that general with the news of both battles at three o'clock on the morning of the 17th. Startled by these unexpected tidings of disaster and fearing lest Breymann, too, would be overwhelmed by an avalanche of New England riflemen—whom, notwithstanding his supercilious remark,[1] he had already begun to fear—he consulted Riedesel as to the advisability of starting at once with his entire army to support the defeated detachment—at the same time sending off an officer to inform Colonel Breymann of his intention. But before he could put his design in operation, Riedesel had received news that Breymann had escaped and was within six miles of the Battenkill, and the order was therefore countermanded. In the course of that day (the 17th) the wearied Brunswickers, covered with mud and almost dead with fatigue, marched disconsolately into the camp at Fort Miller while, hour after hour, the Dragoons, the Tories and the Indians came straggling in with their several tales of woe.

[1] Reference is here made to Burgoyne's remark in Parliament, before assuming the command in America, that "with 5000 British troops he could march through all of the Colonies."

In this action the Americans captured four brass cannon,[1] besides some hundred stand of arms and brass barrelled drums, several Brunswick swords and about seven hundred prisoners. "It is true," says Riedesel, in commenting upon this action, "that justice was done to the bravery of Colonel Baum, but the English also said, that he did not possess the least knowledge of the country, its people, or its language. But *who* selected him for this expedition?"[2]

I have dwelt on this battle at length, because the Battle of Bennington was one of those decisive conflicts which "fringe the border of Washington County with a red band of warlike wrath." It was barely outside of the southern line of the present town of White Creek, in the valley of the Walloomac, that "the old Indian fighter, grim John Stark," having waited throughout the 15th for the rain to abate, on the morning of the 16th led his militia against the well trained and disciplined forces of Colonel Baum. His men were, it is true, chiefly from New Hampshire, and there were, also, a considerable number from Vermont and Massachusetts, but many of them were from the towns of Cambridge, White Creek, Jackson and Salem in this county.

In order, however, says Jennings, in his "Memoirs of a Century," to appreciate the valor of the Americans in the Bennington Battle, their general want of military experience and training must be considered. When Stark ordered the cannon taken from Baum to the scene of action, upon the arrival of Breymann, the men whom he directed to load and fire knew not how to do it; the general thereupon dismounted and taught them, by loading one of the pieces himself.[3] After the battle in all Stark's brigade there was but one case

[1] These beautiful brass pieces of artillery were destined to undergo several of the vicissitudes of war. They are French cast and were brought from Quebec with the army of Burgoyne. They were afterwards inscribed "taken at Bennington, August 16, 1777," and constituted a part of the artillery of General Hull's army and fell into the enemy's hands at Detroit. When the British officer of the day ordered the evening salutes to be fired from the American cannon, he chanced to read the inscription, whereupon he said that he would cause to be added, as an additional line, "Retaken at Detroit, August 16, 1812." The guns were carried by the British down to Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara river, where they again fell into the hands of the American army, which captured that fortress. Gen. Dearborn had them transported to Sackett's Harbor and with them were fired the salutes in honor of Harrison's victory over Proctor at the river Thames, in Upper Canada. The guns are now in Washington.

A beautiful monument erected under the auspices of the Bennington Monument Association on the site of the Battle, commemorates the action.

[2] This, of course, was meant for a severe cut at Burgoyne—and a just one.

[3] Thatcher.

of amputating instruments. Doctor Henry Clark relates that a resident of Bennington, who was a lad at the time of the battle, told him of the vivid impression made upon his mind by seeing the men hurrying past where he stood (he stood on the corner since occupied by Mr. Patchen's store) with scythes and axes, as well as muskets and fowling pieces to meet the enemy.

Some remarks of Mr. Everett in his life of Stark may appropriately be quoted on this point:

"Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the conduct of those who gained the Battle of Bennington, officers and men. It is, perhaps, the most conspicuous example of the performance by militia of all that is expected of regular veteran troops. The fortitude and resolution with which the lines at Bunker Hill were maintained by recent recruits against the assault of a powerful army of experienced soldiers have always been regarded with admiration. But at Bennington the hardy yeomanry of New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts [when he speaks of Vermont, of course he refers to the people of Washington County, at least those residing east of the Hudson] many of them fresh from the plow and unused to the camp, 'advanced,' as General Stark expresses it 'through fire and smoke and mounted breastworks that were well fortified with cannon.'"

With the failure of this expedition against Bennington, the first lightning flashed from Burgoyne's hitherto serene sky. The soldiers, as well as their officers, had set out on this campaign with cheerful hearts for, the campaign brought to a close, all must end in the triumph of the British arms. Even the ladies who accompanied the expedition —Mrs. General Riedesel and Lady Harriet Acland and others— thought they were actually on a grand picnic and, as they plodded through the wilderness from Fort Edward to Fort Miller with their brilliantly uniformed escorts, they laughed and chattered in a right merry mood.[1] "Britons never go back," Burgoyne exultantly had said, as the flotilla passed up Lake Champlain. Now, however, the Indians deserted by scores and an almost general consternation and languor took the place of the former confidence and bouyancy.

On his arrival at Fort Edward, which, as has been narrated, was

[1] See my "Life and Letters of Mrs. General Riedesel." One of the bronze tablets in the Saratoga Monument at Schuylerville, N. Y., has a represention of this gala march through the wilderness—the ladies and officers talking merrily together while carrying their lap-dogs in their arms!

evacuated by Schuyler on the approach of the British army, the English General was joined by the Mohawk nation, or, as they were called, "Sir William Johnson's Indians." The celebrated Indian chieftain, Joseph Brant—Thayendanegea—also visited Burgoyne's camp at the same time, as a matter of courtesy, and tarried only a few days. The Mohawks agreed to fight, provided their women and children were sent to Canada, a condition which was faithfully carried out.

It was while Burgoyne was at Fort Edward that his German ally, General Riedesel, was joined on the 18th of July by his wife, who had followed the army on from Canada. In one of her letters to her mother she gives a delightful picture of her sojourn at Fort Edward at this time. "In the afternoon of the 14th of July," she writes, "we seated ourselves in a calash [1] at Fort George and reached Fort Edward on the same day. We led during the three weeks of our stay at this place, a very pleasant life. The surrounding country was magnificent and we were encircled by the encampments of the English and German troops. We lived in a building called the 'Red House.' [2] I had only one room for my husband, myself and my children, in which my husband also slept, and had besides all his writing materials. My women servants slept in a kind of hall. When it was beautiful weather we took our meals under the trees, but if not, in a barn, upon

[1] Isaac Weld in his "Travels in Canada" (1795-7) gives the following description of a "Calash" which will be of interest to the reader. He writes as follows:

"The calash is a carriage very generally used in Lower Canada. Indeed, there is scarcely a farmer in the country who does not possess one. It is a sort of one horse-chaise, capable of holding two people besides the driver, who sits on a kind of box placed over the footboard expressly for his accommodation. The body of the calash is hung upon broad straps of leather, round iron rollers that are placed behind by means of which they are shortened or lengthened. On each side of the carriage is a little door about two feet high, whereby you enter it, and which is useful when shut, in preventing anything from slipping out. The harness for the horse is always made in the old French taste, extremely heavy; it is studded with brass nails and to particular parts of it are attached small bells, of no use that I could ever discover but to annoy passengers."

[2] "The 'Red House' or Burgoyne's Headquarters, was built [as mentioned in a preceding note, out of the *debris* of the old fort] before the Revolution by Doctor James Smyth, who fled to Canada, but, subsequently, sold the 'Red House' to Captain Ezekiel Baldwin, who occupied it as a tavern until he built and removed to the tavern owned, subsequently, by Major Sproll. The 'Red House' stood on an open, unfenced space. I recollect having seen it in that condition. When it was taken down I do not know; but two years ago, I found its chimney foundation, over which a new street has since been opened. The fort of 1709 was on the 'Red House' site, where Colonel Lydius, after having been expelled from Montreal, built a kind of block-house residence, which the French called Fort Lydius, and by whom it was burned in 1745. On its foundation Doctor Smyth erected the 'Red House,' which, after Smyth left for Canada, was occupied by Peter Treal, a Tory."—*Letter from the late Hon. William Hay of Saratoga Springs, (long a resident of Glens Falls and Fort Edward) to the author, December 1st, 1866.*

boards, which were laid upon casks and served as a table. It was at this place that I eat bear's flesh for the first time and found it of capital flavor. We were often put to it to get any thing to eat; notwithstanding this, however, I was very happy and contented, for I was with my children and beloved by those by whom I was surrounded. There were, if I remember rightly, four or five adjutants staying with us. The evening was spent by the gentlemen in playing cards and by myself in putting my children to bed."[1]

Beyond Fort Edward the county was peopled with German, Dutch and English settlers. The latter, pretending to be good royalists, were allowed by Burgoyne, against the strong representations of his officers, not only to carry arms, but to stroll about the camp at their leisure, and without any restraint. "These men, however," says Riedesel in his Journal, "were all but Royalists. They consequently improved the opportunity to gain intelligence of all the occurrences in the army by appearances, and they forthwith communicated to the commanders of the enemy's forces that which they had seen and heard. Having finally reached the Hudson at the mouth of the Battenkill, those of the German dragoons that were left were horsed. Their number had now diminished to twenty, and this number constituted the *entire cavalry* force of the invading army.

SERGEANT LAMB'S ACCOUNT OF HIS JOURNEY FROM FORT MILLER TO TICONDEROGA.

While General Burgoyne was in camp at Fort Miller, at the month of the Battenkill, and just as he was on the point of making an advance upon Saratoga preparatory to a still further movement against Albany, he sent Sergeant Lamb back to Ticonderoga on a particular mission. As part of this journey through the woods was made within the present limits of Washington County, I have thought the general, as well as the Washington County reader, would be glad to hear Lamb's narrative in full—especially when it is stated that the work from which it is taken is exceedingly rare—there being, with the

[1] Stone's *Riedesel Pg.* 32.

exception of my own copy, but three in the libraries of the United States.[1] Lamb writes as follows:

"During our continuance at Fort Miller, the writer of this memoir was selected by his officers to return alone to Ticonderoga, for the purpose of taking back some of our baggage which had been left there. Going unaccompanied on such a solitary route was dreary and dangerous; but yet the selection of one from numbers, seemed to render the man chosen on the occasion a depository of peculiar confidence. He therefore undertook the duty imposed, not only without repining, but with alacrity. A small detachment, if sent, could not pass unnoticed or safe by such a route through the woods, a distance of twenty miles, and a sufficient force could not be spared on the occasion.[2] The sending of a single soldier appeared, therefore, as the most advisable plan, and it was ordered by General Burgoyne, that he should, after arriving at Ticonderoga, follow the Royal army with the baggage escorted by the recruits and as many of the convalescents remaining at that post as could march with it. Pursuant to this arrangement, he prepared himself, taking twenty rounds of ball cartridges and some provisions. About noon he set out and at four in the afternoon reached our former encampment, Fort Edward, where he stopped awhile to refresh. Thence he proceeded with as much expedition as he could make to Fort Henry[3] on Lake George. Almost

[1] *Memoir of his own life*, by k. Lamb, formerly a sergeant in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Dublin, 1811. Lamb, after his return to Ireland, established a school for boys, which met with great success. He evidently, as I have remarked before, was a man of great shrewdness of observation and of education. That he retained the esteem of the officers in the British army is evident, since in his work he gives the names of some four hundred subscribers to it—nearly all people of the highest prominence and among whom were nearly all of the officers of the British army who served in America at that time. This occupation, as he informs us, enabled him for twenty-six years, to provide for and educate a growing family—the source of satisfaction and solicitude. He was discharged without the pension usually given for past services (occasioned by a mere technicality and "red tape") and being frequently advised by his friends to apply for it, in 1809 (twenty-five years after receiving his discharge) he memorialized His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, and was graciously favored by an immediate compliance with the prayer of his petition. Lamb, as I hear from the secretary of the Royal Hospital in Chelsea, in his reply to my letter asking for the information under date of October 4th, 1885, states that Lamb died in 1832.

[2] Lamb refers here to the distance from Fort Miller to Fort George, where he would take water-carriage and not of course, to the distance from Fort Miller to Ticonderoga.

[3] Meaning, of course, Fort George. Fort William Henry, that fort being then in ruins.

Indeed, much confusion seems always to have arisen regarding these two forts. Thus, the French on Montcalm's expedition against Fort William Henry in 1757 (built by Sir William Johnson in 1755) spoke of going against Fort George—though that fort, which consisted, by the way, of only a single bastine, was not built until several years after by General Amherst.

eleven o'clock at night, becoming very weary, he laid him down to sleep a little in a thick part of the wood. Although the day had been hot, the night dews soon awakened him shivering with cold, having rested but about two hours; then resuming his march for four or five miles, he saw a light on his left, and directed his course toward it. Having gained the place, he was saluted by a man at the door of his house,[1] who informed him that a soldier's wife had been just taken in from the woods, where she was found by one of his family, in the pains of childbirth. Being admitted into this hospitable dwelling, the owner of which was one of the Society of Friends, or people called Quakers, he recognized the wife of a sergeant of his own company. The woman was delivered of a fine girl soon after, and having requested her friendly host to allow her to stop, until his return from Ticonderoga, at which time he would be able to take her to the main army in one of his wagons, he set out on his lonely route again.[2] Previous to his leaving her, she informed him that she had determined to brave the dangers of the woods, in order to come up with her husband; that she had crossed Lake George and was seized with the sickness of labor in the forest, where she must have perished, had she not been proventially discovered by the kind-hearted people under whose roof she then was.[3] It is worthy of remark that the author not long since in this city, [Dublin] with great pleasure, saw the female who was born as he before related, in the wilderness near Lake George. She had been married to a man serving in the band of a militia regiment and the meeting with her revived in his mind the lively emotions of distressful and difficult scenes, which, although long passed, can never be forgotten by him. At Fort George he was provided with a boat to take him across to Ticonderoga."

"Lake George is situate southwest of Lake Champlain, and its bed lies about 100 feet higher. Its waters are beautifully clear, composing

[1] Probably, not much of a "house," more likely a log-cabin.

[2] It might be quite a study for some antiquarian of Washington County to trace out this particular house occupied, at that time by this hospitable Quaker. I merely suggest it as of interest. I have been over this route again and again, but have never stumbled on the site of such a place. A glance, however, at the county records should show the exact spot. I do not know how this anecdote will strike the reader, but to me it seems peculiarly interesting. For perhaps, this little girl of a soldier's wife may have been the first child born in Washington County!

[3] Contrast the sorrows of this poor private's wife with that of Mrs. General Riedesel, who only a day or two before had driven down in her calash to Fort Edward, yet, Mrs. Riedesel—so large was her heart—had she met this poor woman on her way, would undoubtedly have taken her in, and ministered to all her necessities.

a sheet thirty-six miles long and from one to seven wide. It embosoms more than two hundred islands, affording for the most part but a ground of barren rocks covered with heath, and a few cedar and spruce trees. On each side it is skirted by prodigious mountains. The lake abounds with fish, and some of the best kind, such as the black or Oswego bass, also large speckled trout.[1] It was called Lake Sacrament by the Canadians, who, in former times were at the pains to secure its water for sacramental uses in their churches."[2]

"There are two islands nearly in the center of it, in one of which, called Diamond Island, two companies of the 47th were stationed, commanded by Captain Aubrey, for the purpose of forwarding the prisoners over the lakes. These islands were, anterior to this time, said to swarm with rattle-snakes; so much so, that people would not venture to land upon them.[3] A bateau in sailing near "Diamond Island,[4] having upset, the people in it gained the shore, but climbed the trees for fear of the snakes until they got an opportunity of a vessel passing, to leave it. Some hogs, however, which had been carried in the upset boat remaining on the island to which they swam, were some time afterward followed by their owners, who, to recover them, ventured ashore. They found the swine exceedingly fat, and, to their surprise, met but very few of the rattlesnakes which before had been so plenty. A hog being killed on the spot, made a good meal for the people. It was discovered by its stomach that the hog fed upon the rattlesnakes and had nearly cleared the island of such obnoxious tenantry."

"The wild hog in the woods and the Indian himself are known to

[1] This will be quite a revelation to fishermen in Washington County at the present day—since it is generally supposed, not only that the name *Oswego Bass* is a modern one, but that the bass were introduced into Lake George comparatively recently.

[2] The writer here, in common with Cooper, falls into a very common error. The French missionary, Father Joques, named it *St. Sacrament*, not on account of the purity of its waters, but because he arrived at the lake upon one of the festival days of that name—"Ils arriverant, la veille du S. Sacrament, au bout du lac qui est joint au grand lac du Champlain, Les Iroquois le momment *Andiatarocte*, comme qui diseit *la ou le lac se ferme*. Le Pere le momma le lac du S. Sacrament"—*Jesuit Relations*, 1645-6. "The early Roman Catholic discoverers," says the late Rev. Mr. Van Rensselaer, "frequently connect the discoveries of places with the festival name on the calendar." Mr. Cooper, in his *Last of the Mohicans*, suggests the name of Horicon for this lake (after a tribe that were in the habit of encamping around it during the hunting season.) This, though quite poetical, is merely fanciful, as indeed, he claims, and has not the merit of historical truth.

[3] "French Mountain" on Lake George, still (1900) swarms with these reptiles.

[4] So called on account of the great amount of rock crystals that were formerly found there.

feed on snakes as a delicacy.[1] * * * There are but two serpents whose bites or stings prove mortal, viz: the pilot or the copperhead and the rattlesnake. For the bite or venom of the former, it is said that no remedy or cure is yet discovered. It is called "Pilot" from its being the first in coming from its state of torpidity in the spring, and its name of *copper-head* is taken from the copper colored spots of its head. The black snake is a good deal innocuous, and is remarkable for its agility, beauty, and its art or instinct of enticing birds or insects to approach it. I have heard only of one person who was stung by a copperhead. He quickly swelled in a most dreadful manner, a multitude of spots of different hues on different parts of his body, alternately appeared and vanished; his eyes were filled with madness and rage; he fixed them on all present with the most vindictive looks; he thrust out his tongue as the snakes do; he hissed through his teeth with inconceivable strength, and became an object of terror to all bystanders. To the lividness of a corpse, he united the desperate force of a maniac; they hardly were able to keep him fast, so as to guard themselves from his attacks; when, in the space of two hours, death relieved the poor individual from his struggles and the spectators from their apprehension.[2] The venom of the rattlesnake does not operate so soon, and hence there is more time to procure medical relief. There are several antidotes with which almost every family is provided against the poison of it. It is very inactive and unless pursued or vexed, perfectly inoffensive. * * * "

"A rattlesnake once caused a most deplorable accident, which I shall relate to you, as I had it from the widow and mother of the victims. A Dutch farmer of the Minisink went to mowing with his negroes, in his boots—a precaution used to prevent being stung. Inadvertently, he trod on a snake, which immediately attacked his legs and, as he

[1] "The Indians," says Hector St. John, "cut off the head, skin and body, and cook it as we do eels and its flesh is extremely sweet and white." Aubury, also, in writing about the rattlesnakes, around Lake George, states that "its flesh is superior to that of the eel and produces a very rich soup." Nor was this writer wrong in his opinion of the palatable qualities of "Rattlesnake soup!" In a letter from Castle-Town (now Castleton, Vt.) quoted in my "Revolutionary Letters," under date of July 27, 1777, a German officer, writing from Burgoyne's camp, says: "On one occasion the Indians begged of us a rattlesnake which one of our party had killed and made of it a very nice soup. These delicacies are extremely welcome in the kitchen of Gen. Burgoyne." It thus appears that the British general was even at this time on short rations.

[2] The parallel here between one bitten by a dog who barks and the one bitten by a snake who "hisses" will be obvious to any one.

drew back in order to renew its blow, one of his negroes cut it in two with his scythe. They prosecuted their work and returned home. At night the farmer pulled off his boots and went to bed and was soon after seized with a strange sickness at his stomach. He swelled and before a physician could be procured he died. A few days after his decease, his son put on the same boots and went to the meadow to work. At night he pulled them off, went to bed and experienced similar sufferings of sickness as took off his father, and died in the same manner. A little before he expired, a doctor came but, not being able to assign what could be the cause of so singular a disorder, he pronounced both father and son to have died of witchcraft. Some weeks after the widow sold all her moveables for the benefit of her younger children, and the farm was leased. One of the neighbors who bought the boots, presently put them on and fell sick, as had happened in the case of the other two. But this man's wife by what had befel the former family, dispatched one of her negroes for an eminent physician who, fortunately having heard of the dreadful affair, ascertained the cause and applied remedies which recovered the man. The boots, which had been so fatal, were then carefully examined, and he found that the two fangs of the snake had been left in the leather, after being wrenched out of their sockets by the strength with which the snake had drawn back his head. The bladders, which contained the poison, and several of the small nerves were still fresh, and had adhered to the boot. The unfortunate father and son had both been poisoned by wearing these boots, in which action they imperceptibly scratched their legs with the points of the fangs, through the hollow of which some of the astonishing venom was conveyed."[1]

"The author, having arrived and completed his business at Ticonderoga, he accompanied the baggage over Lake George and to Fort Edward and Fort Miller—attended by a number of seamen sent to work the *batteaux* on the Hudson River. On his returning, he called on the good Quaker who had lodged the sick wife of his fellow soldier, but to his astonishment, was told that on the morrow after he left her there in child-birth, she had set out to meet her husband against the wishes and repeated entreaties of the whole family, who were most anxious to retain her until his return. She could not be persuaded to

[1] I am fully aware that this story has long been current in many households—many considering it apocryphal; but I give this extract as showing that it has its origin in Lamb's statement, who, it will be seen, received it at first hand.

stop, but set out on foot with her new born infant and arrived safe with her husband, whom she had followed with such fond solicitude. She thus gave an instance of the strength of female attachment and fortitude, which shows that the exertions of the sex are often calculated to call forth our cordial admiration."

"In a short time the author had the gratification of conducting the stores and baggage for which he had been despatched, in safety to the army, and to receive the thanks of his officers, for the manner in which he executed the orders confided to him. By this conveyance the forces obtained a month's provisions."

"During the time (nearly a month)[1] that Burgoyne, with his army lay at or near the Battenkill," writes Mr. Charles Neilson in his "Burgoyne's Campaign," "an incident took place which I think worthy of notice, as showing the spirit and ardor of the Whigs in those troublous times, and their determination to cut off the supplies from the invading army."

"The Tories, or cowboys as they were then called, were in the constant habit of plundering the inhabitants on both sides of the Hudson river of their grain, poultry and other kinds of eatables and driving off their cattle, hogs and sheep, wherever they could find them, for the purpose of supplying the British army with provisions, for which no doubt they were well paid. Though often pursued and sometimes roughly handled by the Whigs, they still persisted. At one time in particular they had collected and secreted in a deep, dark ravine, branching off from Mill Creek, a large quantity of provisions, such as beef, pork, flour, and other articles of consumption, with the intention of transporting them, at some favorable opportunity, to the British camp. By accident it was found out, and the place of concealment discovered; upon which my father, at the head of about twenty resolute fellows, which he had collected together and well armed, went on in the night for the purpose of taking or destroying their plunder. On their arrival within a short distance of the depot, one of them crept slyly along, when he discovered the Tories, about thirty in number; five of whom appeared to be armed and keeping guard, while the others were in the act of loading four wagons which stood a short distance from the depot, and which they had brought for the purpose of conveying away their stores. The assailing party then held a secret

[1] An error, unless Fort Miller, ten miles above, is considered a part of the encampment at the Battenkill.

council of war, to consult whether, the enemy being so much superior in number, it was advisable to proceed; whereupon it was unanimously agreed that they should 'go ahead,' and they then made their arrangements accordingly."

"The place where the stores were concealed, was behind a point projecting from the opposite side, around which the ravine curved, forming the bank on the side of the assailants into a semi-circle, around which, it was preconcerted, they should extend themselves in couples, and silently approach the bank or brow of the hill, and at the word of command, '*Come on boys!*' they were all to give a whoop and rush on, though not to fire unless the Tories made resistance; but in that case, to fight their way through in the best way they could. All preliminaries being arranged, they formed themselves in order of battle, and silently moved on to the brow of the hill forming the ravine; and when my father, who was at the head, and as previously agreed, gave the word 'Come on boys!' they gave such horrid, continued, and frightful yells, and at the same time rushing down the hill like a mighty torrent, that by the time they had got to the bottom of the ravine, the enemy had all decamped, leaving their arms and baggage a prey to the victors. The assailants, not yet satisfied, pursued on a considerable distance, shouting, whooping and making the woods ring with their horrid yells, as though a thousand Indians had been let loose upon the frightened fugitives. Having found no enemy in their pursuit, the assailants returned to the deserted camp, to examine their booty; but as the Tories had not yet brought, or had concealed their horses, and having no means of bringing off the wagons, they went to work and broke them in pieces, as much as they could. Having stove in the barrels and scattered and otherwise destroyed the flour and other provisions, they all returned home safe and sound, and much to the joy of their families and friends; bringing with them twenty-five stand of arms, with which Burgoyne had furnished the Tories, and which the victors considered lawful prize."

"Thus ended this hazardous and praiseworthy exploit, and for which my father was honored with the title of *Captain*, a title, as is now well known to many, by which for a number of years he was addressed and until he was appointed a civil magistrate, when the title was exchanged for *Esquire*."

"About the same time, small parties of Indians, [detached from Burgoyne's army at Fort Miller,] were seen prowling about the vicinity,

of whom my father and a few resolute fellows had been in pursuit. On their return [from the outskirts of the Battenkill and Fort Edward] he had occasion, while the others passed on, to call at a Mrs. Ezekiel Ensign's, who afterwards, and for a number of years, kept a public house a little north of Wilber's Basin. While sitting there about nine o'clock in the evening, in conversation with Mr. Ensign, a ferocious looking giant like Indian, armed and accoutred in the usual costume of an aboriginal warrior, ushered himself into the room and, after eyeing them sharply for a moment, he with one hand drew from his belt a huge tomahawk, which he flourished above his head in true Indian style, and with the other a long scalping knife, whose glittering steel became more brilliant in the dazzling glare of a bright torch-light, and with which he exhibited, in pantomime, his dexterous manner of taking scalps. At the same time, with eyes flashing fire and turning alternately from one to the other, as they sat in opposite directions, he accompanied his daring acts in broken English, with threats of instant death if they attempted to move or speak. Ensign, being a cripple in one arm, and feeling his own weakness, should resistance become necessary, and being in momentary expectation of receiving the fatal blow, became fixed and immovable in his chair, with a countenance of ashy paleness."

"On the other hand, my father, being a man of great muscular strength, and of uncommon agility, and having had many encounters with the Indians, prepared himself for a desperate event. To this effect, while the Indian would momentarily direct his attention to Ensign, he would imperceptibly turn himself in his chair and in this manner would, from time to time, keep silently moving by little and little, until he succeeded in placing himself in a position in which he could grasp with both hands the back posts of his chair. He then watched his opportunity and, the moment the Indian turned his eye from him, he grasped the chair and, with almost the rapidity of lightning, sprang upon his feet, whirled the chair over his head and aimed at him a desperate blow, but the Indian dodging the blow he missed his aim. The Indian, having recovered his position, immediately sprang with a hideous yell, and with his tomahawk uplifted to strike the fatal blow, but before he could effect his direful purpose, the chair was brought around the second time and with redoubled force, athwart his head and shoulders, which brought him to the floor."

"No sooner had he fallen than my father, dropping the chair, sprang

upon him, and wrenched from his firm grasp the dreadful weapon of death and would have disabled him on the spot, but Ensign, who, by this time had received the power of speech, and supposing he intended to take the Indian's life, begged of him not to kill him in the house. He then, holding him in his firm grasp, called for a rope, which was soon procured, and with the assistance of Ensign, he succeeded, though not without a dreadful struggle, in binding the savage monster. By this time two of the neighbors, who had been alarmed by some female of the family, came in, when he was shut up in an outhouse, with the doors barred and left in their keeping, during the remainder of the night, to be disposed of in the morning as circumstances might require. In the night, the guard believing him secure and allowing themselves to fall asleep, he made his escape by removing some portion of the floor and under wall, on the opposite side of the prison to which his guard was posted, much to the regret, not only of his victor, but to many of the neighbors who had flocked together to obtain a sight of the *conquered savage*."

Mr. Neilson, also gives a graphic account of the terrors which fell upon the people of Washington County by the advance of the British army. He says:

"On the approach of Burgoyne with so powerful, and as yet successful an army, with his horde of unrestrained savages, who were continually in advance and on his flanks, prowling about the country, plundering, murdering and scalping all who refused loyalty to the British King, the inhabitants on both sides of the river, in the wildest consternation and alarm, fled in every direction. The horrors of war, however mitigated by the laws and usages of civilization, are at all times sufficiently terrific, but when to these the fierce cruelties of a cloud of savages are superadded, those only who are familiar with an American border warfare, can form an adequate opinion of its atrocities. In one place a long cavalcade of ox-carts, occasionally intermixed with wagons, filled with all kinds of furniture hurriedly thrown in, and not often selected by the owners with reference to their use and value, on occasions of such alarm, were stretched for some distance along the road; while in another might be seen a number on horseback and, here and there, two mounted at once on a steed panting under the weight of a double load, closely followed by a crowd of pedestrians, and some, perhaps weeping, mothers with a child or two screaming in their arms or on their backs, trudging along with fearful

and hurried step. These found great difficulty in keeping up with the rapid flight of their mounted friends. Here and there would be seen some humane person assisting the more unfortunate by relieving them of their burdens with which they were encumbered, but generally a principle of selfishness prevented much interchange of friendly offices—every one for himself was the common cry."

"To those who now sit quietly under their own shady bowers, or by the fireside long endeared by tranquility and happiness, it is left to imagine with what feelings they hastened to abandon their homes and their all, as it were, and fly for safety, they knew not whither. The men of this generation can never know what were the sorrows of those fathers who saw their children exposed to danger and death and what the agonies of those kind mothers, of whom my own respected mother was one, who pressed their offspring to their bosoms in the constant apprehension of seeing them torn from their embraces to become the victims of savage cruelty; and it is impossible with sufficient force to describe the appalling distress that many families experienced at that moment of peril and alarm."

CHAPTER XVII.

1777.

BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN CONTINUED.

The Advance of Burgoyne—Battle of the 19th of September—Anecdotes, etc.—Action of the 7th of October—Bravery of Arnold—The Taking of the Great Redoubt—Death of Colonel Breymann—Death and Burial of General Fraser.

While Burgoyne, who, it will be remembered, had advanced as far as Fort Miller as early as the 19th of August, was making preparations for crossing the Hudson, with a view of forming a junction with Sir Henry Clinton at Albany in accordance with the plan adopted by the British Ministry, he encamped on an extensive flat or intervale about one hundred yards north of Lansing's saw-mill. Indeed, it was

not very far from the site of the fort that Colonel Schuyler built in 1709 which was located on the east side of the river on the second Highland south of the Battenkill, in what was then called Saratoga; though, as a matter of fact, it was then and is now in the County of Washington. At that place the Hudson could be forded through the rapids until within a short distance of the west shore where a short bridge was constructed across a deep, narrow channel in the rocks[1] and was upon the farm occupied in 1876 by Simon Sheldon, whose ancestors have occupied the place about a century.

At length, on the 14th of September, all preparations being completed and Lamb having brought to Burgoyne (as seen in the last chapter) a month's provisions, the Royal army, with the exception of the German troops, crossed the Hudson on a bridge of boats just below the Saratoga Falls, two miles above Schuylerville and some eighty rods northwest of the residence of Abraham Yates Rogers.[2] The *avant guard*, under Fraser, was the first to march over. At nine o'clock the reserve under Lieutenant Colonel Breymann followed after them in order to cover Fraser's left flank. The Germans, who formed the left wing of the army, went over last of all—two days afterwards—and as soon as the last man had crossed the bridge it was broken up. They had passed the *Rubicon*, and all further communication with Canada was now cut off. The army, which, on first setting off from there, was 10,000 strong, had already diminished to 6,000, one thousand having been left at Ticonderoga. The precise point where the British army left the bridge, on the west side of the river, is upon the farm now (1900) owned by Daniel A. Bullard, and the excavation through the embankment is yet plainly visible, and will long remain a monument of that event.

The British army, after crossing the bridge, made a short tarry on Bullard's farm and then encamped on the heights and plains of Saratoga near the mouth of Fish Creek—the present site of Schuylerville,

[1] The "Brunswick Journal" states that as early as the 10th of August—the day of the British army's taking position at Fort Miller a bridge was made *above* the present Saratoga Falls or rapids, but a better place being found further down, it was broken up and a new one built *below* the rapids.

[2] The entrenchments which were at that time thrown up to cover the passage of the river, are still (1900) to be seen very plainly. They are three hundred feet in length and from four to six feet high, but are now overgrown with scrub pine. Mr. Rogers, whose grandfather lived on the farm at the time, informs me that within thirty years the wooden platforms for the cannon were in existence behind the entrenchments. The survey, by the way, of the railroad to Saratoga Springs was through these entrenchments.

N. Y.—within a few miles of the Northern Division of the Continentals under Gates—Burgoyne selecting General Schuyler's House as his headquarters.[1]

After crossing the bridge, the 9th, 20th, 21st and 62nd regiments, with the artillery, were stationed on the plain near the river (the present "Bullard farm") between the barracks and the Fishkill—the batteaux on the right bank being crossed on the right bank by six companies of the 47th. These barracks were used as a hospital and were located on the north side of the road to Saratoga Springs, directly upon the present site of the barns of the late Hon. Alonzo Welsh of Schuylerville, who resided a few rods east of the barns in the main village street of Schuylerville. The barracks were standing and occupied by a farmer up to within forty years. In March, 1867, Mr. Welsh, while plowing back of his barn, came across the burying place of the hospital. The bones thus exhumed, he carefully reburied.

The hills around Saratoga were so densely covered with woods and underbrush that it was impossible to place the army in position to withstand an attack from the Americans. Accordingly, all of the generals carefully inspected the high ground nearest the camp and agreed upon a position to be taken up at a moment's notice in case of an attack. The situation of the army, moreover, was rendered still more precarious by the fact of its being divided by the river, and thus obliged to be constantly on its guard. New entrenchments were therefore thrown up, especially on the eastern side of the river.

After the evacuation of Fort Edward, Schuyler, as we have seen, had fallen down the river, first from Moses Creek to Stillwater, and then to Van Schaick's Island at the mouth of the Mohawk and, as we have already said, he was superseded by Gates, who, on the 8th of September, advanced with six thousand men to Bemis Heights—three miles north of Stillwater. These heights were at once fortified under the direction of the Polish engineer, Kosciuszko. Along the brow of the river he threw up a line of breastworks about three-fourths of a

[1] It will be remembered that General Schuyler had been superseded by General Gates, who arrived and assumed the command of the Northern army on the 19th of August—Schuyler leaving Stillwater and retreating to Van Scaick's Island at Half Moon (now Waterford, N. Y.) being considered, from a military point of view, a mistake—a fact which the opponents of Schuyler in the Continental Congress—among whom, to his shame be it spoken, was John Adams, owing to his ridiculous jealousy of New York men—did not fail to take advantage of.

mile in extent, with a strong battery at each end, and one in the center, in such positions as to sweep the alluvial meadows between them and the river. A line of entrenchments, also, ran from west to east half a mile in length and terminated on the east end on the west side of the intervale. The right wing occupied a hill nearest the river and was protected in front by a wide, marshy ravine, and behind this by abattis. From the foot of the hill, across the flats to the river, an entrenchment was opened, at the extremity of which, on the margin of the river, another strong battery was constructed. The left wing commanded by Arnold (who, after the defeat of St. Leger at Fort Stanwix had joined Gates) extended on to a height three-quarters of a mile further north—its left flank being also protected on the hillside by felled trees or *slashings*. Gates's headquarters were in the center, a little south of what was then and is now (1900) known as the "Neilson Farm."

On the 15th the Germans, as has been stated, having crossed the river and destroyed the bridge, Burgoyne gave the order to advance "in search of the enemy," *supposed* to be *some* where in the forest, for, strange as it appears, that General had no knowledge of the position of the Americans, nor had he taken pains to inform himself upon this vital point. The army in gala dress, with its left wing resting on the Hudson, set off on its march with drums beating, colors flying and their arms glistening in the sunshine of the lovely autumn day. "It was a superb spectacle," says an eye-witness, "reminding one of a grand parade in the midst of peace."[1] That night they pitched their camp at Dovegate House (Coveville).[2]

[1] In one of the tablets of the Saratoga Monument, this march of the British army is well represented—showing the ladies as to a picnic going through the woods—with some of the officers holding their lap-dogs, etc. This is *not* exaggerated, for from contemporary accounts, it all took place as represented.

[2] Up to three years since, this house was in existence. But, vandalism being *triumphant*, and the state—notwithstanding the plea of the D. A. R. paying no attention to their expostulations, it has been within the last two years torn down. We can not speak of this without the strongest terms of reprobation. Fortunately, however, I got some of the timbers from which—through the courtesy of Mr. C. S. Closson of Schuylerville, N. Y.—I had several relics made, one of which I sent to Lady Carnovan, the widow of Lord Carnovan, late Lieutenant-General of Ireland—the great nephew of Lady Harriet Acland.

It may be as good a place as any now to say to the reader, that the limits assigned for this history, forbid me to give the very many anecdotes connected with the Burgoyne Campaign. All who wish to investigate further are therefore referred to either "Sylvester's Account of Saratoga," or Johnson's "History of Washington County," where they will have full information—though chiefly taken from my works. Also, in regard to the origin of the name "Coveville" the reader is referred to my "Burgoyne's Campaign" for a letter to the author from the late Dr. Asa Fitch.

On the following morning, the enemy's drums were heard calling the men to arms, but, although in such close proximity, the invading army knew not whence the sounds came, nor in what strength he was posted. Indeed, it does not seem that up to this time Burgoyne had sent off *eclaireurs* or scouting parties to discover the situation of the enemy. Now, however, he mounted his horse to attend to it himself, taking with him a strong body-guard, consisting of the four regiments of Specht and Hesse-Hanan with six heavy pieces of ordnance and two hundred workmen to construct bridges and roads. This was the party with which he proposed "to scout, and if occasion served"—these were his very words—"to attack the Rebels on the spot." This remarkable scouting party moved with such celerity, as to accomplish two and a half miles the first day,[1] when in the evening, the entire army, which had followed on, encamped at Sword's House, within five miles of the American lines.

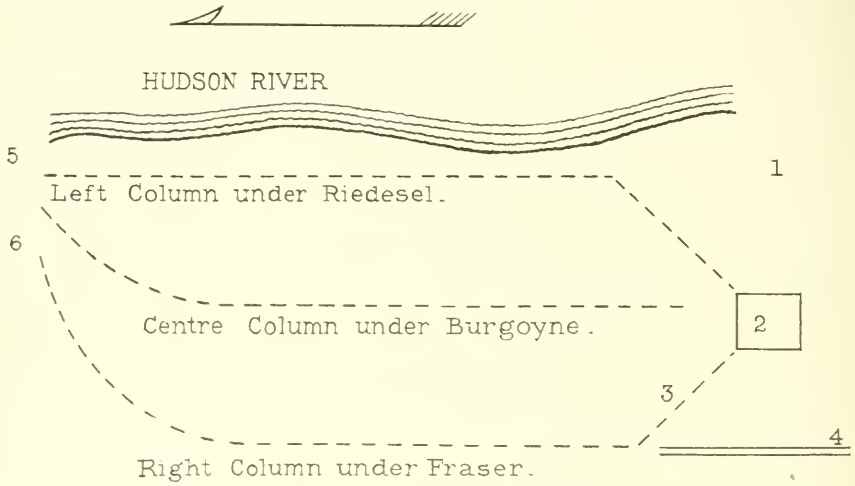
The night of the 18th passed quietly, the scouts that had finally been sent out having returned without trace of the enemy. Indeed, it is a noteworthy fact, that throughout the entire campaign Burgoyne was never able to obtain accurate knowledge either of the position of the Americans or of their movements, whereas, all his own plans were openly known long before they were officially given out in orders. "I observe," writes Mrs. General Riedesel at this time, "that the wives of the officers are beforehand informed of all the military plans. Thus the Americans anticipate all our movements, and expect us whenever we arrive, and this of course, injures our affairs."

On the morning of the 19th, a further advance was again ordered, an advance which prudence dictated should be made with the greatest caution. The army was now in the immediate vicinity of an alert and thoroughly aroused enemy, of whose strength they knew as little as of the country.[2] Notwithstanding this, the army not only was divided into three columns, each marching half a mile apart, but at 11

[1] A New Hampshire regiment, while endeavoring to head off Clinton and save Albany, marched *forty* miles from Saratoga (Schuylerville) in fourteen hours and forded the Mohawk below Cohoes Falls. *Belknap's New Hampshire*. Col. Otto Williams, the bosom friend of Washington, marched forty miles on the 18th of November, 1781. *Bancroft* X. 473. Tarleton rode seventy miles in twenty-four hours, destroying public stores on the way. *Idem*. And Cornwallis, in marching order, pursued Greene's lightened retreating troops at the rate of thirty miles a day.

[2] "At this encampment (Sword's House) several of our men having proceeded into a field of potatoes, were surprised by a party of the enemy that killed about thirty of them. They might without difficulty have been surrounded and taken prisoners, but the Americans could not resist the opportunity of shedding blood."—*Lamb's Memoirs, Dublin*, 1811.

o'clock a cannon fired as a signal for the start, echoes through the still aisles of the primeval forest, informing the Americans both of the position and the forward movement of the British.



ROUTE OF THE ENGLISH TROOPS TO FREEMAN'S FARM.

1. Bemis Heights.
2. Freeman's Farm.
3. Route of Fraser to assist Burgoyne
4. Road to Quaker Springs.
5. Dovegate's.
6. Sword's House.

The left column, which followed the river-road, consisted of four German regiments, and the 47th British, the latter constituting a guard for the batteaux. These troops, together with all the heavy artillery and baggage, were under the command of General Riedesel. The right column, made up of the English Grenadiers and the light battalion, with eight six-pounders under Lieutenant-Colonel Breymann, was led by General Fraser, and followed the present road from Quaker Springs to Stillwater, on the heights. The center column, also on the heights and midway between the left and right wings, consisted of the 9th, 20th, 21st and 62d regiments, with six six-pounders, and was led by Burgoyne in person. The front and flanks of the center and right columns were protected by Canadians, Provin-

cials and Indians. The march was exceedingly tedious, as frequently new bridges had to be built and trees cut down and removed.[1]

About one o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Morgan,[2] who with his sharpshooters had been detached to watch the movements of the British and harass them, owing to the dense woods, unexpectedly fell in with the center column and sharply attacked it; whereupon Fraser, on the right, wheeled his troops, and coming up forced Morgan to give way. A regiment being ordered to the assistance of the latter, whose numbers had been sadly scattered by the vigor of the attack, the battle was renewed with spirit. By four o'clock the action had become general, Arnold, with nine Continental regiments and Morgan's corps, having completely engaged the whole force of Burgoyne and Fraser. The contest, accidentally begun in the first instance, now assumed the most obstinate and determined character—the soldiers often being engaged hand to hand. The ground being mostly covered with woods embarassed the British in the use of their field artillery, while it gave a corresponding advantage to Morgan's sharpshooters. The artillery fell into the hands of the Americans at every alternate discharge, but the latter could neither turn the guns upon the enemy nor bring them off.

Meanwhile, General Riedesel, who had kept abreast of the other two columns, and had reached the present site of Wilbur's Basin, hearing the firing, hastened through the woods to the relief of the commander-in-chief. When he arrived on the scene, the Americans were posted on a corner of the woods. In front of this corner of the forest and entirely surrounded by dense woods was a vacant space on which the English were drawn up in line. The struggle was for the possession of this clearing—known then as it is to this day as "Freeman's Farm." The timely arrival of the German general alone saved the army of Burgoyne from total rout. Charging on the double-quick with fixed bayonets, he repelled the Americans; and Fraser and Breymann were preparing to follow up this advantage, when they were recalled by Burgoyne and reluctantly forced to retreat. General

[1] It is of interest, and also a curious fact, that *all* of the *present* roads, now in existence between Schuylerville and Stillwater on both sides of the river, follow out the very ones cut out by Burgoyne's engineers—showing how skillfully the latter took advantage of the topographical conditions of the country.

[2] It should be remembered that Washington, himself, detailed Morgan to the relief of Gates, ignoring, for the time, the necessity of keeping Morgan with him, so we see the prescience of Washington.

Schuyler, referring to this, in his diary says: "Had it not been for this order of the British general, the Americans would have been, if not defeated, at least held in such check as to have made it a drawn battle, and an opportunity afforded the British to collect much provision of which they stood sorely in need." The British officers also shared the same opinion. Fraser and Riedesel severely criticised the order, telling Burgoyne in very plain terms that "he did not know how to avail himself of his advantages." This reaction was, moreover, the more striking, because they had placed the utmost confidence in his capacity at the beginning of the expedition. They were also, still more confirmed in their dislike, by the general belief that he was addicted to drinking. Neither does this seem to be owing to an unwillingness to fight or a lack of *esprit*; for when, subsequently, the men were reduced to short rations, "they put up," says General Riedesel, "with this, as also with all the fatiguing labors, duties and night watches, with the greatest patience and perseverance."

In connection with this battle, the heroism of Lieutenant Hervey of the 62d regiment, and nephew to the adjutant-general of the same name, should not be forgotten. Early in the action he received several wounds and was repeatedly ordered off by Lieutenant-Colonel Anstruther, but his enthusiasm would not allow him to leave his brave comrades as long as he could stand. Presently, however, a ball striking one of his legs, his removal became a necessity, and while he was being borne away, another bullet wounded him mortally. In this situation the surgeon recommended him to take a powerful dose of opium if he would avoid seven or eight hours of dreadful torture. To this he consented and when the Colonel entered the tent with Major Harnage, who were both wounded, they asked whether he had any "affairs they could settle for him?" His reply was, that being a minor everything was already adjusted; but he had one request which he retained just life enough to utter, and with the words "Tell my uncle I died like a soldier," he expired.

Night put an end to the conflict. The Americans withdrew within their lines, and the British and German forces bivouacked on the battlefield, the Brunswicks composing in part the right wing. Both parties claimed the victory, yet, as the intention of the Americans was not to advance, but to maintain their position, and that of the English, not to maintain theirs, but to gain ground, it is easy to see which had the advantage of the day.

In this battle an unusual number of youthful officers fell on the British side, as their army abounded at this time, with young men of high respectability, who, after several years of peace, anterior to the Revolution, were attracted to the profession of arms. Three subalterns of the 20th regiment, on this occasion—the oldest of which did not exceed the age of seventeen years—were buried together. In confirmation of this I cite the following: "The morning after the action, I visited," says General Wilkinson, "the wounded prisoners, who had not been dressed and discovered a charming youth not more than sixteen years old lying among them, feeble, faint, pale and stiff in his gore. The delicacy of his aspect and the quality of his clothing attracted my attention and I found on enquiry, that he was an Ensign Phillips. He told me he had fallen by a wound in his leg or thigh and as he lay on the ground was shot through the thigh by an army follower, a murderous villain,[1] who owned up to the deed, but I now forget his name. The moans of the hapless youth affected me to tears. I raised him from the straw on which he lay, took him in my arms and removed him to a tent, where every comfort was provided and every attention paid to him, but his wounds were mortal and he expired on the 21st. When his name was mentioned to General Gates he exclaimed, 'Just Heaven, he may be the nephew of my wife,' but enquiries afterward showed that the fact was otherwise."

It was the intention of General Burgoyne, the morning following this engagement to attack the Americans on their left with his entire force. His sick and wounded were disposed of at the river; the army was drawn up in order of battle, and he waited only for the dispersion of a heavy fog, when General Fraser observed to him that the grenadiers and light infantry, who were to lead the attack, appeared fatigued by the duty of the preceding day, and that if he would suspend the operation until the next morning (the 21st) he believed they would enter into the combat with greater spirit. Burgoyne yielded to this suggestion, the orders were countermanded and the troops returned to their quarters.[2] Meanwhile, in the course of the night a spy reached the British general with a letter from Sir Henry Clinton,

[1] There were plenty of such both on the *American* side, as well as on the British. Let us do justice to each side, for the fact is that as many, if indeed, not more atrocities were committed by the Americans than by the British.

[2] In this connection see General Wilkinson's Memoirs, showing that had Burgoyne attacked the Americans on the 21st he would have gained a decisive victory.

advising him of his intended ascent of the Hudson for his relief. Thereupon, he resolved to postpone the meditated attack and await the arrival of Clinton at Albany.[1]

Accordingly, the day that was to have witnessed a renewal of the action of the 19th, Burgoyne devoted to the laying out of a fortified camp. He made the site of the late battle his extreme right and extended his entrenchments across the high ground to the river. For the defense of the right wing, a redoubt (known as the "Great Redoubt") was thrown up on the late battlefield, near the corner of the woods that had been occupied by the Americans during the action, on the eastern edge of the ravine. The defense of this position was entrusted to the corps of Fraser. The reserve corps of Breymann was posted on an eminence on the western side of the ravine, for the protection of the right flank of Fraser's division.[2] The right wing of the English was placed in close proximity to the left wing of Fraser, thus extending the line on the left to the river bank, at Wilbur's Basin, where were placed the hospital and supply trains. The entire front was protected by a deep muddy ditch, running nine hundred paces in front of the outposts of the left wing. This ditch ran in a curve around the right wing of the English brigade, thereby separating Fraser's corps from the main body.

[1] That Burgoyne, however, believed that he was *whipped* by the result of the action of the 19th of September, is evident from this fact. In the library of the late John Carter Brown of Providence, R. I., there is a volume of *Stedman* with marginal notes in the hand-writing of Sir Henry Clinton, who once owned the book, and which I have myself seen. In that portion of the work where Stedman speaks of the failure of Burgoyne, Clinton writes as follows: "If General had not been sure of a co-operation, 'tis pity he ever passed the Hudson. Sir Henry Clinton, thinking General Burgoyne might want some co-operation (though he had not called for it in any of his letters) offered in his of the 12th of September, to make an attempt on the forts as soon as the expected reinforcements should arrive from Europe. General Burgoyne fought the Battle (the first battle) of Saratoga on the 19th, and on the 21st, tells General Clinton in answer, that *no attempt*, or *even the menace of an attack would be of use*."

In justice to Burgoyne, however, it should be said that Stedman was here clearly in error. First. It will be remembered by my readers who have followed this history that Burgoyne expressly stipulated that Clinton should join him. Again, which has *lately been discussed*, which fact, of course Stedman could not know when he wrote the above, the orders for Clinton to *make a junction with Burgoyne* were *made out by Lord George Germaine*, but owing to his going to a dinner-party, he forgot to send them by a ship, and hence they were pigeon-holed. (See *Lickey's History of England.*) On such trivial things does the fate of empires sometimes depend.

[2] The traces of Breymann's entrenchments are yet (1900) very plainly to be seen. They lie about twenty rods northwest of Leggett's house. The place is considerably elevated by nature, and is known among the farmers in the vicinity as *Burgoyne's Hill*. *Properly*, it should be *Breymann's Hill*. It was at the northeast corner of this eminence that Arnold was wounded in the action of the 7th of October. A tablet commemorating this event has been erected by General de Peyster.

General Burgoyne made his headquarters between the English and German troops on the heights at the left wing.[1] This was the new camp at Freeman's farm.

During the period of inaction which now intervened, a part of the army, says the private journal of one of the officers, was so near to the Americans that "we could hear his morning and evening guns and other noises in his camp very distinctly, but we knew not in the least, where he stood, nor how he was posted, much less how strong he was." "Undoubtedly," *naively* adds the Journal, "a rare case in such a situation."

Meanwhile, the work of fortifying the camp was continued and *a place d'armes* was laid out in front of the regiments and fortified with heavy batteries. During the night of the 21st considerable shouting was heard in the American camp. This, accompanied by the firing of cannon, led the army to believe that some holiday was being celebrated. Lamb also bears testimony to the close proximity of the Americans. "We could," says that observant and exceedingly interesting writer, "distinctly hear the Americans felling and cutting trees, and they had a piece of ordnance, which they used to fire as a morning gun, so near us that the wadding struck against our works." On the 28th, a captured cornet, who had been allowed by Gates to go to the British camp for five days gave an explanation of the shouting heard on the night of the 21st. This was that General Lincoln with a strong body of men composed of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Washington county militia—the latter called out by the strenuous exertions of General Schuyler, although he was no longer in command—had attempted to surprise Ticonderoga and, though unsuccessful in that effort, had captured four companies of the 53d, together with an

[1] The "Taylor House" (the foundations of which are on the river bank about one-fourth of a mile north of Wilbur's Basin) has often been mistaken for the headquarters of Burgoyne. The *Brunswick Journal*, however, is very explicit in stating that "Burgoyne camped between the English and German troops of Riedesel on the heights at the left wing." This statement, moreover, receives additional confirmation in the following incident. On one of my visits to the battleground, I pointed out to Mr. Wilbur (on whose land we were then standing), the place designated by the *Brunswick Journal's* original maps as Burgoyne's Headquarters. "That," exclaimed Mr. Wilbur, "explains what I have often wondered at." He then stated that when he first plowed up that particular spot, he was accustomed to find great quantities of gin and wine bottles, and that until now, he had often been puzzled to know "how on earth those bottles got there!"

armed brig and one batteau. Thus—singularly as it may appear—Burgoyne was indebted to an enemy in his front for information respecting his own posts in his rear.

But the action of the 19th had essentially diminished his strength, and his situation began to grow critical. His despatches were intercepted and his communications with Canada cut off by the seizure of the posts at Skenesborough (Whitehall) and at the head of Lake George. The pickets were more and more molested, the army was weakened by the sick and wounded and the enemy swarmed on its rear and flanks, threatening its strongest positions. In fact, the army was as good as cut off from its outposts, while in consequence of its close proximity to the American camp, the soldiers had but little rest. The nights, also, were rendered hideous by the howls of large packs of wolves that were attracted by the partially buried bodies of those slain in the action of the nineteenth.[1] On the first of October a few English soldiers who were digging potatoes in a field a short distance in the *rear* of headquarters within the camp, were surprised by the enemy who suddenly rushed from the woods and carried off the men in the very faces of their comrades.[2]

There were now only sufficient rations for sixteen days—all the supplies which Burgoyne had counted on as coming by way of Skenesborough and Fort Edward, being cut off—and foraging parties, composed of a large number of men were sent out daily. One of these parties met some militia from Washington County, near Greenwich, and were driven back with some loss. At length Burgoyne was obliged to cut down the ordinary daily rations to a pound of bread and a pound of meat, and, as he had heard nothing from Clinton he became seriously alarmed. Accordingly, on the evening of the 5th of October, he called a council of war. Riedesel and Fraser advised an immediate falling back to their old position, behind the Battenkill.

[1] The first two nights this noise was heard, General Fraser thought it to have been the dogs belonging to the officers, and an order was given for the dogs to be confined within the tents.' The next night the noise was much greater, when a detachment of Canadians and Provincials were sent out to reconnoiter, and it proved to have arisen from large droves of wolves that came after the dead. They were similar to a pack of hounds, for one setting up a cry, they all joined, and when they approached a corpse, their noise was hideous until they had scratched it up.

In fact, Saratoga and vicinity seem to have been a great place for wolves. Amos Stafford, who settled on the bank of Fish Creek (near Stafford's Bridge) about 1780, paid for his farm by the bounties he received from the wolves he shot. The rifle, with which he did such execution, was for several years in my possession.

[2] Regarding this move in detail see *Life of Morgan*.

Phillips declined giving an opinion and Burgoyne reserved his decision until he had made a reconnoisance in force "to gather forage and ascertain definitely the position of the enemy, and whether it would be advisable to attack him."[1] Should the latter be the case, he would, on the day following the reconnoissance, advance on the Americans with his entire army, but if not, he would march back to the Battenkill.

At ten o'clock on the morning of October 7th, liquor and rations having been previously issued to the army, Burgoyne, with fifteen hundred men, eight cannon and two howitzers, started on his reconnoissance, accompanied by Generals Riedesel, Phillips and Fraser. The Canadians, Indians and three hundred of Breymann's Brunswickers,[2] were sent ahead under Captain Fraser (not the General) to make a diversion in the rear of the Continentals. They succeeded in reaching a point a little in the rear of a log-barn (on the present "Neilson Farm" on Bemis Heights) which formed the extreme left of the American breastworks; but they were speedily discovered and after a brisk skirmish of half an hour, were driven back, hotly pursued by the Americans, to within a short distance of the British line of battle which was then forming.

The British advanced in three columns toward the left wing of the American position, entered a wheat field, deployed into line and began cutting up wheat for forage. The grenadiers, under Major Acland, and the artillery under Major Williams, were stationed on a gentle eminence.[3] The center was composed of British and German troops, under Phillips and Riedesel. In advance of the right wing, under the Earl of Balcarras, General Fraser had command of a detachment of five hundred picked men. The movement having been seasonably discovered, the center advanced guard of the Americans beat to arms. Colonel (afterwards General) Wilkinson, Gates's adju-

[1] It would seem, from the extracts from the *Brunswick Journal* above quoted, as though Burgoyne should have known pretty well the position of the Americans but that is only one instance of his fatuitous course throughout the campaign.

[2] The statement of Bancroft and Irving that the Hessians bore the brunt of the battles of Freeman's Farm and Saratoga is erroneous. Only one Hessian regiment was in these actions—the rest being in Long Island and the Southern Department.

[3] This eminence is now (1900) covered by an orchard, some two rods east of the road leading from Quaker Springs to Stillwater, and twenty rods southeast of the house formerly occupied by Joseph Rogers. Fraser was shot midway between the orchard and Roger's house. A basswood tree, as well as a granite tablet, erected by Joseph W. Drexel, now marks the spot. This tree is a shoot out of the stump of the original tree that stood at the time when Fraser fell.

tant-general, being at headquarters at the moment, was dispatched to ascertain the cause of the alarm. He proceeded to within sixty rods of the enemy, and returning, informed Gates that the enemy were foraging, attempting, also, to reconnoiter the American left, and likewise, in his opinion, offering battle. In this view Generals Lincoln and Arnold, who had also reconnoitered the British lines, coincided. "What is the nature of the ground, and what is your opinion?" asked Gates. "Their front is open," Wilkinson replied, "and their flank rests on woods, under cover of which they may be attacked; their right is skirted by a height; I would indulge them." "Well then," rejoined Gates, "order Morgan to begin the game." At his own suggestion, however, Morgan was allowed to gain the ridge on the enemy's right by a circuitous course, while Poor's and Learned's brigades should attack his left.

The movement was admirably executed. At half past two o'clock in the afternoon the New York and New Hampshire troops marched steadily up the slope of the knoll on which the British Grenadiers and artillery under Acland and Williams were stationed; and for a moment there was an awful stillness—each party seeming to bid defiance to the other. At length the artillerymen and grenadiers began the action by a shower of grape, which passed over the heads of the Americans, who, in turn, rushed forward firing and opening to the right and left. Then again forming on the flanks of the grenadiers they mowed them down at every step until the top of the hill was gained. Here a blood and hand struggle ensued which lasted about thirty minutes, when Acland being badly hurt, the grenadiers gave way leaving the ground thickly strewn with their dead and wounded. In this dreadful conflict one field-piece that had been taken and retaken *five* times, finally fell into the hands of the Americans; whereupon Colonel Eillery of New Hampshire leaped upon the captured cannon, waved his sword and dedicated it "to the American cause," jumped down and, turning its muzzle, fired it on the British with the ammunition they had left behind. "The ground which had thus been occupied by the British Grenadiers," says Wilkinson in his memoirs, "presented a scene of complicated horror and exultation. In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards lay eighteen grenadiers in the agonies of death and three officers were propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding and almost speechless. A surgeon, a man of great worth, who was dressing one of the officers, raising his blood-be-

smeared hands in a frenzy of patriotism, exclaimed, 'Wilkinson, I have dipped my hands in British blood!' He received a sharp rebuke for his brutality, and, with the troops, I pursued the hard-pressed flying enemy."

While pursuing the retreating grenadiers, Wilkinson heard a feeble voice exclaim, "Protect me, sir, against that boy." Turning his eyes he saw a lad taking deliberate aim at a wounded British officer, whom he at once knew to be Major Acland. Wilkinson quickly dismounted and taking him by the hand expressed the hope that he was not badly wounded. "Not badly," replied that gallant officer, "but very inconveniently, as I am shot through both legs. Will you, Sir, have the goodness to have me conveyed to your camp?" Wilkinson at once directed his servant to alight and, lifting the wounded man into the vacant seat, had him conveyed to headquarters.

As soon as the action began on the British left, Morgan poured down like a torrent from the side and attacked Fraser so vigorously on his flank as to force him back to his lines. At this critical moment Major Dearborn[1] arrived on the field with two regiments of New England troops, and delivered so galling a fire that the English gave way and fled in wild confusion. The brunt of the action now fell upon the Brunswickers, who alone had to sustain the impetuous onset of the Americans.

Brigadier Fraser, who up to this time had been stationed on the right, noticed the critical situation of the center and hurried to its succor with the 24th regiment. Conspicuously mounted on an iron-grey horse, he was all activity and vigilance, riding from one part of the division to another, and animating the troops by his example. Perceiving that the fate of the day rested upon that officer, Morgan, who, with his riflemen, was immediately opposed to Fraser's corps, took twelve of his sharpshooters aside, among whom was the celebrated marksman, "Tim" Murphy—men on whose precision of aim he relied—and said to them: "The gallant officer yonder is General Fraser. I admire and respect him, but it is necessary for our good that he should die. Take your station in that cluster of bushes and do your duty."

Within a few moments a rifle-ball cut the crouper of Fraser's horse, while another passed through his horse's mane. Calling his attention

[1] Who afterward built Fort Dearborn, on the site of which Chicago is erected.

to this, Fraser's aid said: "It is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "my duty forbids me to fly from danger." The next moment he fell mortally wounded by a ball from the rifle of Murphy and was carried off the field by two grenadiers.

Upon the fall of Fraser, dismay seized the British, while a corresponding elation took possession of the Americans. Up to this time Burgoyne had been in the thickest of the fight, and now finding himself in danger of being surrounded, he abandoned his artillery,[1] and ordered a retreat to the "Great Redoubt." In the retreat the enemy left all their cannon on the field, except two howitzers, with a loss of more than four hundred men and among them the flower of Burgoyne's officers, viz.: Fraser, Acland, Williams, Captain Money (who had distinguished himself so much at the Battle of Fort Anne) Deputy Quartermaster-General, Sir Francis Clarke and many others.

The retreating troops had scarcely entered their lines when Arnold, notwithstanding he had been refused a command by Gates, placed himself at the head of the Continentals, and under a terrific fire assaulted their works from right to left. "He behaved," says Samuel Woodruff, a sergeant in this battle, in a letter to my father, the late Colonel William L. Stone, "more like a madman than a cool and discreet officer." But if it were madness, there was "method in it." With a part of Patterson's and Glover's Marblehead's brigades, he attacked, with the ferocity of a tiger, the Great Redoubt, and encountering the light infantry of Balcarras, drove them at the point of the bayonet from a strong abattis within the redoubt itself.[2] Then spurring boldly on, exposed to the cross-fire of the two armies, he darted to the extreme right of the British camp.

[1] In this connection I cannot refrain from quoting as quite amusing, an extract from the "Journal" of Pauch who had charge of the Hesse-Hanau artillery in this action. It is undoubtedly to this retreat of the artillery mentioned in the text that he writes: * * Finding myself alone, isolated and almost surrounded by the enemy, and with no way open, my two cannon dismounted and deserted, I had no alternative but to make my way back to camp with great difficulty, if I did not wish to be stuck in a *damned* crooked road." Pauch does not exaggerate it. The old wood-road, traces of which were visible up to the last twenty-five years, was almost serpentine in its course. The use here of the preposition "in" instead of "on" probably refers to the *muddiness* of the road.

[1] "So severe was the fighting at this point, that an old soldier who was in this fight, once told me that in the lower ground in front of the Redoubt, the blood and water was knee-deep."—*E. R. Freeman to the author.* This also shows that the much vaunted idea that only *British* soldiers can wield the bayonet is humbug. Witness the present Boer war.

This right flank defense of the enemy was occupied by the Brunswick troops under Breymann, and consisted of a breastwork of rails piled horizontally between perpendicular pickets and extended two hundred yards across an open field to some high ground on the right,[1] when it was covered by a battery of two guns. In front of the east work the ground declined in a gentle slope for a hundred yards when it sunk abruptly. The Americans had just formed a line under this declivity and were engaged with the Germans when, about sunset, Learned came up with his brigade. A slack fire was then observed in that part of the enemy's lines between the Germans and the light infantry, where were stationed the Provincials.

This slack fire was owing to the fact that most of the Canadians were absent from their posts. Had they been at their places Riedesel thinks it would have been impossible for the left flank to have been surrounded. Be this as it may, the Canadians fled, leaving the German flank uncovered, and at the same moment Arnold, arriving from his attack on the "Great Redoubt," attacked the Brunswickers on their left flank and rear with such success, that the chivalric Breymann was killed and they themselves forced to retreat, leaving the key of the British position in the hands of the Americans. The advantage thus gained was retained by the Americans and darkness put an end to an action, equally brilliant and important to the Continental arms. Great numbers of the enemy were killed and two hundred prisoners taken. Burgoyne, himself, narrowly escaped, one ball having passed through his hat and another having torn his waistcoat. The loss of the Americans was inconsiderable.

In their final retreat the Brunswickers turned and delivered a parting volley, which killed Arnold's horse. Just at this moment a wounded Brunswicker fired at Arnold and wounded him in the same leg that had been injured by a musket ball at the storming of Quebec two years previously. A private by the name of John Redman, seeing his general wounded, at once ran up to bayonet the offender, but was prevented by Arnold, who, with true chivalry, exclaimed, "He's a fine fellow—don't hurt him." At this instant, while Arnold was striving to extricate himself from his saddle, Major Armstrong rode up and delivered to him an order from Gates to return to camp, fearing he "might do some rash thing." "He indeed," says Mr. Lossing,

[1] Now called Burgoyne's (Breymann's) Hill. See note *ante*.

"did a rash thing in the eyes of military discipline. He led troops to victory without an order from his commander." "It is a curious thing," says Sparks, "that an officer, who had really no command in the army, was the leader in one of the most spirited and important battles of the Revolution. His madness or rashness, or whatever it may be called, resulted most fortunately for himself. The wounds he received at the moment of rushing into the very arms of danger and death, added fresh lustre to his military glory and were a new claim to public favor and applause." In the heat of the action, he struck an officer on the head with his sword and wounded him, an indignity which might justly have been retaliated on the spot and in the most fatal manner. The officer did, indeed, raise his gun to shoot him, but he forbore and, on the next day, when he demanded redress, Arnold declared his entire ignorance of the act and expressed his deep regret. Wilkinson ascribed his rashness to intoxication; but Major Armstrong, who, with Samuel Woodruff, assisted in removing him from the field, was satisfied that this was not the case.[1] Others ascribed it to opium. All this, however, is mere conjecture, unsustained by proofs of any kind, and consequently may be dismissed as improbable. His vagaries may, perhaps, be sufficiently explained by the extraordinary circumstances of wounded pride, anger and desperation in which he was placed. But his actions were certainly rash, when compared with the stately method of the Commander-in-chief, (Gates), who directed by orders from his camp, what his *presence* should have sanctioned in the field.

Indeed, the conduct of Gates does not compare favorably either with that of his generals, or of his opponents. While Arnold and Burgoyne were in the hottest of the fight, boldly facing danger and almost meeting face to face, Gates, according to the statement of his Adjutant-General, was discussing the merits of the Revolution with Sir Francis Clarke, Burgoyne's aide-de-camp, who, wounded and a prisoner, was lying upon the commander's bed, seemingly more intent upon winning the *verbal*, than the *actual* battle. Gates became incensed because Sir Francis would not admit the force of his argument and, calling his aide out of the room, asked him if "he had ever heard so impudent a son of a bitch?" A few days afterwards Sir Francis died.

[1] See Woodruff's letter to my father in his "Life of Brant."

Gates has been suspected—and I think truly—of a lack of personal courage.[1] He certainly looked forward to a possible retreat, and while he cannot be censured for guarding against every emergency, he, to say the least, was not animated by the same spirit which led Cortez to burn his ships behind him. At the beginning of the battle Quartermaster-General Lewis was directed to take eight men with him to the field to convey to Gates information from time to time concerning the progress of the action. At the same time, the baggage trains were all loaded up ready to move at a moment's notice.[2] The first information that arrived, represented the British troops to exceed the Americans and the trains were ordered to move on; but scarcely were they under motion, when more favorable news was received, and the order was countermanded. Thus, they continued to move on and halt alternately until the joyful news—"The British have retreated"—rang through the camp, which reaching the attentive guard of the teamsters, they all with one accord swung their hats and gave three long and prolonged cheers. The glad tidings were transmitted with such rapidity from one to another that by the time the victorious troops had returned to their quarters, the American camp was thronged with inhabitants from the surrounding country and formed a scene of the greatest exultation.

From the foregoing account, it will be seen that the term *Battle of Bemis Heights*, used to designate the action of October 7th is erroneous and calculated to mislead. The original maps, which I have in my possession, having procured them in Germany in 1856, show that the second engagement began on ground two hundred and twenty-five rods southwest of the site of the first (known as the Battle of Freeman's Farm) and ended on *the same ground* on which this action was fought. The only interest, in fact, that attaches to Bemis's Heights—fully one mile and a quarter south of the battleground—is, that they were the headquarters of Gates during, and a short time

[1] "I will bring the rascals back with me into line," exclaimed Gates, as the militia broke and fled at Camden and, leaving Kalb to bear the brunt of the attack, he spurred after them, not drawing rein till he reached Charlotte, sixty miles from the field of battle." *Greene's German Element in the War of the American Revolution.*

[2] The heroic bronze statue of General Gates in the north niche of the Saratoga Monument at Schuylerville, N. Y., represents him as holding a *spy-glass* in one of his hands. The committee having the matter in charge, put the spy-glass in *especially* to symbolize the conduct of Gates as noted in the text.

previous, to the battle. This action of the 7th of October is called by writers on the subject, variously, the "Battle of Stillwater," "Bemis Heights" and "Saratoga."[1]

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, before daybreak, Burgoyne left his position, now utterly untenable, and defiled on to the meadows by the river where were his supply trains; but was obliged to delay his retreat until the evening, because his hospital could not be sooner removed. He wished, also, to avail himself of the darkness. The Americans immediately moved forward and took possession of the abandoned camp. Burgoyne, having concentrated his forces upon some heights which were strong by nature, and covered by a ravine running parallel with the entrenchments of his late camp and the river, a random fire of artillery and small arms was kept up through the day, particularly on the part of the German chasseurs and the Provincials. The former, stationed in coverts of the ravine kept up an annoying fire upon every one crossing their line of vision, and it was by a shot from one of these lurking parties that General Lincoln was severely wounded in the leg while riding near the line. It was evident from the movements of the British that they were preparing to retreât; but the American troops, having, in the delirium of their joy consequent upon their victory, neglected to draw and eat their rations, and being withal not a little fatigued with their two days' exertions fell back to their camp which had been left standing in the morning. Retreat was, indeed, the only alternative left to the British commander, since it was now quite certain that he could not cut his way through the American army, and his supplies were reduced to a short allowance for five days.

Meanwhile, in addition to the chagrin of defeat, a deep gloom pervaded the British camp. The gallant and beloved Fraser, the life and soul of the army, lay dying in the little farm-house on the river bank occupied by Mrs. General Riedesel.

General Fraser had been borne off the field supported by two soldiers, one on each side of his horse. "When he arrived in camp," says Lamb, whom we have before so often quoted, "the officers all anxiously inquired as to his wound, but the downcast look and melancholy that were visible to every one too plainly spoke his situation,

[1] It may not, perhaps, be considered indelicate on my part, to state that I believe that my history of these two battles—fortified by these maps and my researches in Germany—are generally considered by all historians as *the* authority on this subject.

and all the answer he could make to the many enquiries, was a shake of his head, expressive that all was over with him. So much was he beloved, that even the women flocked round, solicitous for his fate. When he reached his tent and was recovered a little from the faintness occasioned by the loss of blood, he told those around him that he saw the man who shot him; he was a rifleman and aimed from a tree. After the surgeon had dressed his wound he said to him very composedly, 'Tell me, to the best of your skill and judgment, if you think my wound is mortal?' When he replied, 'I am sorry, sir, to inform you that it is, and that you cannot possibly live more than twenty-four hours,' the General called for a pen, ink and paper, and after making his will and distributing a few little tokens to the officers of his suite, desired that he might be removed to the general hospital."

Mrs. General Riedesel, whose "charming blue eyes," General Wilkinson says he has often seen bedimmed with tears at the recital of his sufferings—has described the last scene in the life of this unfortunate officer with such unaffected pathos, that I give it in her own words, simply premising that on the previous day she had expected Burgoyne, Phillips and Fraser to dine with her after their return from the reconnoissance of the morning.[1]

Mrs. Riedesel says: "About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests who were to have dined with us, they brought unto me, upon a litter, poor General Fraser mortally wounded. Our dining table, which was already spread, was taken away and, in its place they fixed up a bed for the General. I sat in the corner of the room trembling and quaking. * * * I heard him often, amidst his groans, exclaim, 'Oh fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife! * * * He then sent a message to General Burgoyne begging that he would have him buried the following day at six o'clock in the evening on the top of a hill, which was a sort of a redoubt. * * * About three o'clock in the morning they told me that he could not last much longer. I had desired to be apprised of the approach of this moment. I accordingly, wrapped up my children

[1] For a full and detailed account of this see my "Life of Mrs. General Riedesel."

All war is dreadful, still it seems to me that this cold blooded shooting of Fraser by Murphy was no less than murder—yet Murphy lived to be highly extolled for this deed, and during the Governorship of Buck, of New York State, was sent to the Legislature. On the other hand, it may be argued that this cold blooded murder saved the lives of many soldiers. So, let it go! Let each reader judge of it from his own ideas of right or wrong.

in the coverings and went with them into the entry. Early in the morning, at eight o'clock, he died."

General Fraser belonged to the House of Lovatt, whose family name was Fraser. The Earl of Lovatt was one of the noblemen who were compromised by the rebellion of the last Stuart pretender and whose fortunes were reversed at the Battle of Culloden in 1746. General Fraser, a scion of the house, had received intimations (on being appointed to a command under Burgoyne) that if the enterprise were successful, the government would revoke the act of attainder, and restore to him the family estates. With a knowledge of these facts, it is easy to understand the meaning of the wounded general's exclamations as he lay waiting for death—the first alluding to the sad extinction of his own well cherished hopes of well earned position and renown; the second betraying his anxiety for his commander, whose impending disgrace he clearly foresaw.

"We learned," continues Mrs. Riedesel, "that General Burgoyne intended to fulfill the last wish of General Fraser and to have him buried at six o'clock, in the place designated by him. This occasioned an unnecessary delay, to which a part of the misfortunes of the army was owing. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudewell, performed the funeral services. The cannon balls flew continually around and over the party.[1] The American General, Gates, afterward said that if he had known it was a burial he would not have allowed any firing in that direction. Many cannon balls also flew not far from me; but I had my eyes fixed upon the hill, when I distinctly saw my husband in the midst of the enemy's fire, and therefore, I could not think of

[1] These shots were fired from the rising ground above the eastern shore in Washington County, almost opposite the scene of the interment, and not, as some have thought, from "Willard's Mountain." This last (as it is in Washington County) is worthy of mention. It lies about three miles northeast of Wilbur's Basin and derives its name from the following fact. At the time that Burgoyne was encamped with his army near Wilbur's Basin, a man by the name of Willard took a spy-glass and went to the top of the mountain for the purpose of ascertaining, as near as possible, the number of the British troops, the situation of their camp, and to watch their movements and make his reports accordingly, by means of colored glass flashed by the sun to Gates. These reports were of much benefit to the Americans and from this circumstance the mountain has ever retained the name of "Willard's Mountain."

The precise spot where Fraser was buried is now (1900) marked by two tall pines which stand like two grim sentinels, over the remains of the gallant general. The hill, on the top of which the latter was buried, stands some forty rods west of the river-road from Schuylerville to Stillwater and about two hundred rods north of Wilbur's Basin. The Champlain canal passes close to its base. For an incident connected with the supposed removal of Fraser's remains to England, see my "Burgoyne's Campaign."

my own danger." "Certainly," says General Riedesel in his Journal, "it was a real military funeral, one that was unique of its kind."

General Burgoyne has himself described this funeral with his usual eloquence and felicity of expression. "The incessant cannonading during the solemnity, the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw upon all sides of him, the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon the mind of every man who was present, the growing duskiness added to the scenery and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited.[1] To the canvas and to the faithful pen of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period find due distinction and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten!"[2]

CHAPTER XVIII.

1777.

BURGOYNE'S CAMPAIGN CONCLUDED.

Burgoyne's Army Begin Their Retreat—The Heights of Saratoga Occupied, Thus Cutting Off all Hopes of Escape—Lady Acland's Flight to the American Camp—Burgoyne Surrenders—Incidents Connected with that Event—Madame Riedesel's Estimate of General Schuyler—Character of Burgoyne and Gates Compared—The General Result of the Surrender in Securing the Americans the French Alliance.

As soon as the funeral services of General Fraser were finished—as narrated in the last chapter—an order was issued that the army should

[1] This scene has been several times depicted by some of the best English and American artists.

[2] This is, of course, a very beautiful tribute—but, so far as relates to the chaplain (Brudenell) who officiated at Fraser's obsequies, the less said of him the better. He was, from all accounts, a man whose habits brought *disgrace* upon all the English clergy, and I may as well state here that the tradition, that after her husband's death, he married Lady Acland, is entirely without foundation. See letter from Lord Carnarvon, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and a grand-nephew of Lady Acland, to myself. *Vide* my "Visits to the Saratoga Battle Grounds."

retreat as soon as darkness had set in, and the Commander-in-chief, who in the beginning of the campaign, had vauntingly given out in general orders that memorable sentiment, "Britons never retreat," was now compelled to steal away in the night, leaving his hospital containing four hundred and sixty sick and wounded, to the mercy of a victorious and hitherto despised enemy. Gates in this, as in all other instances, extended to his former companion in arms on the Monongahela, the greatest humanity.

The army began its retrograde movement at nine o'clock on the evening of the 8th in the midst of a pouring rain, Riedesel leading the van, and Phillips bringing up the rear with the advanced corps. All deplored the loss of Fraser, who had always shown as great skill in managing a retreat as bravery in leading an attack. Indeed, he used frequently to say that if the army had the misfortune to retreat, he would ensure, with the advanced corps, to bring it off in safety. This was a piece of generalship of which he was not a little vain, having, during the "Seven Year's War," made good his retreat with five hundred chasseurs in sight of the French army.

In this retreat, the same lack of judgment on the part of General Burgoyne is apparent. Had General Burgoyne, as Riedesel advised, fallen immediately back across the Hudson where is now a part of Washington County, and taken up his former position behind the Battenkill, not only would his communications with Lakes George and Champlain and Canada have been restored, but he could, at his leisure, have awaited the movements of Clinton. Burgoyne, however, having arrived at Dovegat's house, two hours before daybreak on the morning of the 9th, gave the order to halt, greatly to the surprise of his whole army. "Every one," says Riedesel in his Journal, "was, notwithstanding, then of the opinion, that the army would make but a short stand, merely for its better concentration, as all saw that haste was of the utmost necessity, if they would get out of a dangerous trap."

At this time the heights of Saratoga, commanding the ford across Fish Creek, were not yet occupied by the Americans in force, and up to seven o'clock in the morning, the retreating army might easily have reached the place and thrown a bridge across the Hudson. General Fellows, who, by the orders of Gates, occupied the heights at Saratoga opposite the ford, was in an extremely critical situation. On the night of the 8th, Lieutenant-Colonel Southerland, who had been

sent forward to reconnoiter, crossed Fish Creek and, guided by General Fellow's fires, found his camps so entirely unguarded that he marched around it without being challenged. He then returned and reporting to Burgoyne, entreated permission to attack Fellows with his regiment, but was refused. "Had not Burgoyne halted at Dovegat," says Wilkinson, "he must have reached Saratoga before day in which case Fellows would have been cut up and captured or dispersed and Burgoyne's retreat to Fort Edward and Fort George would have been unobstructed. As it was, however, Burgoyne's army reached Saratoga just as the rear of our militia was ascending the opposite [i. e. the eastern] bank of the Hudson, where they took post and prevented its passage." Burgoyne, however, although within half an hour's march of Saratoga, gave the surprising order that "the army should bivouac in two lines, and await the day."

Mr. Bancroft—who, notwithstanding his reputation as an historian, is often exceedingly superficial—ascribes this delay to the fact that Burgoyne "was still clogged with his artillery and baggage, and that the night was dark and the roads weakened by rain." But according to the universal testimony of all the manuscript journals extant, the road which up to this time was sufficiently strong for the passage of the baggage and artillery trains, became, during the halt, so bad by the continued rain, that when the army again moved at four o'clock in the afternoon, it was obliged to leave behind the tents and camp equipage, which fell, most opportunely, into the hands of the Americans. Aside, however, from this, it is a matter of record that the men, through their officers, pleaded with Burgoyne to be allowed to proceed, notwithstanding the storm and darkness; while the officers themselves pronounced the delay "madness." But whatever were the motives of the English general, this delay lost him his army and, perhaps, the British crown her American Colonies.

During the halt at Dovegat's, there occurred one of those incidents which relieve with fairer lights and softer tints the gloomy pictures of war. Lady Harriet Acland had, like the Baroness Riedesel, accompanied her husband to America and gladly shared with him the vicissitudes of campaign life. Major John Dyke Acland was a rough, blunt man, but a gallant soldier and devoted husband and she loved him dearly. She had already been subjected to great inconvenience and distress before the army arrived at Saratoga. She had been dis-

tinguished by her devotion and unremitting attention to her husband, when he lay sick at Chamblee in a miserable hut. She was, indeed, not only the idol of her husband, but, together with the Baroness Riedesel, shared the admiration of the whole army, continually making little presents to the officers belonging to the Major's corps, whenever she had anything among her stores that she thought would gratify them. In return she received from them every attention which could mitigate the hardships she daily encountered and now, ever since he had been wounded and taken prisoner in the action of the 7th, she had been in sore distress; and it had required all the comforting attentions of the Baroness to reassure her. As soon as the army halted, by the advice of the latter, she determined to visit the American camp, and implore the permission of its commander to join her husband, and by her presence alleviate his sufferings.

Accordingly, on the 9th, she requested permission of Burgoyne to depart. "Though I was ready to believe," says that General in his trial by Parliament, "that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to an enemy, probably in the night and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was able to give was small indeed. All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few lines, written upon dirty wet paper to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."[1]

In the midst of a driving autumnal storm and with nothing but a little spirits and water, obtained from the wife of a soldier, to sustain her, Lady Acland set out at dusk in an open boat for the American camp, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Brudewell, the chaplain—the same who had officiated at the burial of General Fraser—her waiting-maid and her husband's valet. At ten o'clock they reached the American advanced guard under the command of Major Henry Dearborn. Lady Acland, herself, hailed the sentinel and, as soon as the bateau struck the shore the party were immediately conveyed into the log cabin of

[1] Nor was it in the higher walks of life, only, that female heroism and conjugal devotion were displayed. In proof of this, the reader will recall Sergeant Lamb's account of his trip to Lake George to obtain supplies, some pages back.

the Major, who had been ordered to detain the flag until the morning, the night being exceedingly dark and the quality of the lady unknown.[1] Major Dearborn gallantly gave up his room to his guest, a fire was kindled, a cup of tea provided, and as soon as Lady Acland made herself known, her mind was relieved from its anxiety by the assurance of her husband's safety. "I visited," says Wilkinson, "the guard before sunrise. Lady Acland's boat had put off and was floating down the stream to our camp, where General Gates, whose gallantry will not be denied, stood ready to receive her with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim. Indeed, the feminine figure, the benign aspect and polished manners of this charming woman, were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate; but if another motive could have been wanting to inspire respect, it was furnished by the peculiar circumstances of Lady Harriet, then in that most delicate situation, which cannot fail to interest the solicitude of every being possessed of the form and feelings of a man." The kindness which had been shown to his wife, Major Acland reciprocated, while on parole in New York, by doing all in his power to mitigate the sufferings of the American prisoners.[2]

On the evening of the 9th, the main portion of the drenched and weary army forded Fish Creek waist deep and bivouacked in a wretched position in the open air on the opposite bank. Burgoyne remained on the south side of the creek, with Hamilton's brigade as a guard and passed the night in the mansion of General Schuyler. The officers slept on the ground with no other covering than oilcloth. Nor did their wives fare better. "I was wet," says the Baroness Riedesel, "through and through by the frequent rains and was obliged to remain in this condition the entire night, as I had no place whatever, where I could change my linen. I asked General Phillips why we did not continue our retreat? 'Poor woman,' answered he, 'I am amazed at

[1] Among the bronze tablets in the Saratoga Monument there is one representing Lady Acland proceeding to the American camp. The picture of Lady Acland is from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a photograph of which was sent me, for this purpose, by my friend, the late Lord Carnarvon, (Lieutenant-General of Ireland) who was, as before stated, the grand nephew of Lady Acland. Lady Carnarvon recently sent me a contemporaneous print showing the voyage of her great-aunt by marriage, going to the camp of Burgoyne. It is a remarkable one and, as I have said before, in speaking of my various original documents, should any reader wish to see this print, I shall be very happy to show it to him.

[2] As everything connected with this devoted wife must be of interest, the reader is referred to my "Burgoyne's Expedition" appendix No. VII for some particulars of her after life.

you! completely wet through, have you still the courage to wish to go further in this weather? Would that *you* were our commanding general! *He* halts because he is tired and intends to spend the night here and give us a supper!'"

Burgoyne, however, would not think of a further advance that night; and while his army were suffering from cold and hunger and every one was looking forward to the immediate future with apprehension, "the illuminated mansion of General Schuyler," says the "Brunswick Journal," "rang with singing, laughter and the jingling of glasses. There, Burgoyne was sitting with some merry companions, at a dainty supper, while the champagne was flowing. Near him sat the beautiful wife of an English commissary, his mistress.[1] Great as the calamity was, the frivolous general still kept up his orgies. Some were even of the opinion that he had merely made that inexcusable stand for the sake of passing a merry night. Riedesel thought it his duty to remind his general of the danger of the halt but the latter returned all sorts "of evasive answers." This statement is corroborated by Madame Riedesel who also adds, "the following day General Burgoyne repaid the hospitable shelter of Schuyler's mansion by burning it, with its valuable barns and mills to the ground, under pretence that he might be better able to cover his retreat; but *others* say, out of mean revenge on the American General." Let us, however, do justice. Lamb, who was present at the time of the fire claims, on the contrary, that the burning of the barns was purely accidental and of the house, the result of military necessity.

But the golden moment had fled. On the following morning, the 10th, it was discovered that the Americans, under Fellows, were in possession of the Battenkill, on the eastern side of the Hudson, and Burgoyne, considering it too hazardous to attempt the passage of the river, ordered the army to occupy the same quarters on the heights of Saratoga, which they had used on first crossing the river on the 13th of September. At the same time he sent ahead a working party to

[1] Were this statement made by Mrs. Riedesel only—for she states the same thing—instead of by the "Brunswick Journal," it might be necessary to receive it with caution, since her prejudices sometimes, unintentionally led her into extremes. Mr. Fonblanque, however, in his admirable, though too partial *Life and Correspondence of General Burgoyne*, admits this by implication, but seeks to leave the impression that the champagne and the "flirtation," as he calls it, were indulged in by the British general to relieve the mental agony consequent upon his defeat. This *may* be so, but how about all of his officers who were left out "in the cold" on that occasion?

Fort Edward, his intention being to continue his retreat along the west bank of the Hudson river to the front of that fort, force a passage across, and take possession of that post. Colonel Cochran, however, had already garrisoned it with two hundred men and Burgoyne's detachment hastily fell back to his camp.

Meanwhile, General Gates, who had begun the pursuit at noon of the 10th with his main army, reached the high ground south of Fish Creek, at four the same afternoon. The departure of Burgoyne's working party for Fort Edward led him to believe that the entire British army were in full retreat, having left only a small guard to protect their baggage. Acting upon this impression, he ordered Nixon and Glover, with their brigades, to cross the creek under cover of the fog which at this time of the year usually prevails till after sunrise and attack the British camp. The English general had notice of this plan, and placing a battery in position, he posted his troops in ambush behind the thickets along the banks of the creek,[1] and concealed also by the fog, awaited the attack confident of victory. At early daylight, Morgan, who had again been selected to begin the action, crossed the creek with his men, on a raft of floating logs, and falling in with a British picket, was fired upon, losing a lieutenant and two privates. This led him to believe that the main body of the enemy had not moved, in which case, with the creek in his rear, enveloped by a dense fog and unacquainted with the ground, he felt his position to be most critical. Meanwhile, the whole army advanced as far as the south bank of the creek and halted. Nixon, however, who was in advance, had already crossed the stream near its confluence with the Hudson, and captured a picket of sixty men, and a number of bateaux, and Glover, with his Marblehead regiment, was preparing to follow him, when a deserter from the enemy confirmed the suspicions of Morgan. This was corroborated a few moments afterwards, by the capture of a reconnoitering party of thirty-five men by the advanced guard under Captain Goodale of Putnam's regiment, who, discerning them through the fog just as he neared the opposite bank, charged and took them without firing a gun. Gates was at this time at his headquarters, a mile and a half in the rear,[2] and before intelligence could be sent to

[1] This precise spot is about three rods east of Victory Mills.

[2] This seems to have been the normal position of that general whenever any fighting was going on.

him the fog cleared up and exposed the entire British army under arms. A heavy fire of artillery and musketry was immediately opened upon Nixon's brigade, and they retreated in considerable disorder across the creek.

General Learned had, in the meantime, reached Morgan's corps with his own and Patterson's brigade, and was advancing rapidly to the attack, in obedience to a standing order issued the day before, "that in case of an attack against any point, whether in front flank or rear, the troops are to fall upon the enemy at all quarters." He had arrived within two hundred yards of Burgoyne's battery, and in a few minutes more, would have been engaged at great disadvantage, when Wilkinson reached him with the news that the right wing under Nixon had given way, and that it would be prudent to retreat. The brave old general hesitated to comply. "Our brethren," said he, "are engaged on the right, and the standing order is to attack."

In this dilemma Wilkinson exclaimed to one of Gates' aides standing near, "Tell the general that his own fame and the interests of the cause are at hazard; that his presence is necessary with the troops." Then, turning to Learned, he continued, "our troops on the right have retired, and the fire you hear is from the enemy; although I have no orders for your retreat, I pledge my life for the general's approbation." By this time several field officers had joined the group, and a consultation being held, the proposition to retreat was approved. Scarcely had they turned about when the enemy, who, expecting their advance, had been watching their movements with shouldered arms, fired and killed an officer and several men before they made good their retreat.

Had the plan of the English general succeeded, it is difficult to say what might have been the result. With the brigades of Nixon, Glover, Learned and Patterson cut off, and with the consequent demoralization of the American army, his retreat would have been rendered less difficult, or retracing his steps, he might possibly have entered Albany in triumph. He himself, called it, in his trial in Parliament, "one of the most adverse strokes of fortune during the campaign."

The ground occupied by the two armies after this engagement, resembled a vast amphitheatre—the British occupying the arena and the Americans the elevated surroundings. Burgoyne's camp, upon the meadows and the heights of Saratoga north of Fish Creek, was fortified and extended half a mile parallel with the river, most of its

heavy artillery being on an elevated plateau, northeast of the present village of Schuylerville. On the American side, Morgan and his sharpshooters were posted on still higher ground west of the British, extending along their entire rear. On the east or opposite bank of the Hudson (what is now a portion of Washington County) Fellows, with three thousand men, was strongly entrenched behind heavy batteries; while Gates, with the main body of the Continentals, lay on the high ground south of Fish Creek and parallel with it. On the north, Fort Edward was held by Stark with two thousand men, and between that post and Lake George in the vicinity of Glens Falls, the Americans had a fortified camp; while, from the surrounding country (and especially from Washington County) large bodies of yeomanry flocked in, and voluntarily posted themselves up and down the river. The "trap" which Riedesel had foreseen, was already sprung!

The Americans, impatient of delay, urged Gates to attack the British camp, but that general, now assured that the surrender of Burgoyne was only a question of time, and unwilling needlessly to sacrifice his men, refused to accede to their wishes, and quietly awaited the course of events.

The beleaguered army was now constantly under fire both on its flanks and rear and in the front. The outposts were continually engaged with those of the Americans, and many of the patrols, detached to keep up communication between the center and right wing, were taken prisoners. The captured bateaux were of great use to the Americans, who were now enabled to transport troops across the river at pleasure, and reinforce the posts on the road to Fort Edward. Every hour the position of the British grew more desperate, and the prospect of escape less. There was no place of safety for the baggage and the ground was covered with dead horses that had been killed by the enemy's round shot and bullets, or by exhaustion, as there had been no forage for four days. Even for the wounded there was no spot that could afford a safe shelter, while the surgeon was binding up their wounds. In fact, the entire camp became a scene of constant fighting. The soldier dare not lay aside his arms night or day, except to exchange his gun for a spade, when new entrenchments were to be thrown up. He was also debarred of water, although close to Fish Creek and the river, it being at the hazard of his life in the day time to get any, from the number of sharpshooters Morgan had posted in trees, and at night he was sure to be taken prisoner if he attempted

it. All the water accessible was from a muddy spring, and what could be obtained out of the holes the cattle made with their feet, while by way of luxury, when it rained hard, the men used to catch it in their caps to mix their flour. Without tents to shelter them from the heavy and incessant rains, the sick and wounded would drag themselves along into a quiet corner of the woods and lie down and die upon the damp ground. Nor were they safe even here, since every little while a ball would come crashing down among the trees. The few houses that were at the foot of the heights were nearest to the fire from Fellow's batteries at the mouth of the Battenkill, notwithstanding which the wounded officers and men crawled hither, seeking protection in the cellars.[1]

In one of these cellars the Baroness Riedesel ministered to the sufferers like an angel of light and comfort. She made them broth, dressed their wounds, purified the atmosphere by sprinkling vinegar on hot coals, and was ever ready to perform any friendly service—even such from which the sensitive nature of a woman would recoil. Once, while thus engaged, a furious cannonade was opened upon the house from Fellow's batteries under the impression that it was the headquarters of the English commander. "Alas," says Madame Riedesel, "it harbored none but wounded men and women." Eleven cannon balls went through the house and those in the cellar could plainly hear them crashing through the walls overhead. One poor fellow by the name of Jones, a British surgeon, whose leg they were about to amputate in the room above, had his other leg taken off by one of the cannon balls in the very middle of the operation.[2] Often General Riedesel wished to withdraw his wife from danger by send-

[1] This cellar is underneath the "Marshall House," two miles north of Schuylerville and directly opposite the mouth of the Battenkill whence the shots were fired. With the exception of a recent addition, the house is the same (1900) as when it was shelled by Fellow's batteries. In this connection I may say, that the ball which passed through the surgeon's leg (Jones) as mentioned a little further on is now in my possession, and if any curious reader would like to see it, I would be happy to show it to him, if he should call on me at Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

[2] An almost similar incident occurred during our late Civil War. In the naval battle, June 19, 1864, between the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama," as Assistant Surgeon Llewellyn of the latter vessel was seeing to the wounded in the ward-room, his table and a patient lying upon it were swept away from him by an eleven inch shell, which opened in the side of the ship an aperture that fast filled the ship with water. See *Century Magazine* for April, 1886.

The veritable cannon-ball (a 12-pounder) which took off Jones's leg, is in my cabinet of relics from the Saratoga Battlegrounds, and is seen by me while I write this. It was very kindly given me by Mrs. Sample, who now owns and occupies the "Marshall House." This cannon-ball entered the northeast corner of the wall of the house, and the hole made by it was still visible until recently.

ing her to the American camp, but the latter remonstrated with him on the ground that to be with people whom she would be obliged to treat with courtesy, while, perhaps, he was being killed, would be even yet more painful than all that she was then forced to endure. The greatest suffering was experienced by the wounded from thirst,[1] which was not relieved until a soldier's wife volunteered to bring water from the river. This she continued to do with with safety, the Americans gallantly withholding their fire whenever she appeared.

Meanwhile, order grew more and more lax, and the greatest misery prevailed throughout the entire army. The commissaries neglected to distribute provisions among the troops, and, although there were cattle still left, not one had been killed. More than thirty officers came to the Baroness for food, forced to this step from sheer starvation, one of them, a Canadian, being so weak as to be unable to stand. She divided among them all the provisions at hand, and having exhausted her store without satisfying them, in an agony of despair, she called to Adjutant-General Petersham, one of Burgoyne's aides who chanced to be near her, and said to him passionately. "Come and see for yourself these officers who have been wounded in the common cause and are in want of everything that is due them. It is your duty to make a representation of this to the general." A quarter of an hour afterward, Burgoyne himself, came to Mrs. Riedesel, and thanked her for reminding him of his duty. In reply, she apologized for meddling with things she well knew, were out of a woman's province, still, it was impossible, she said, for her to keep silent, when she saw so many brave men in want of food, and had nothing more to give them. "Thereupon," says the Baroness, "he thanked me once more (though I believe in his heart, he has never forgiven me the lashing I gave him) and went away from me to the officers, and said to them that he was very sorry for what had happened, but why had they not come to him, as his cook was always at their service?" They replied, that English officers were not accustomed to visit the kitchen of their general, and that they had "gratefully received every morsel from Mrs. Riedesel as they felt that she gave it to them directly from her heart."

On the afternoon of the 12th, Burgoyne held a consultation with

[1] I have seen it stated, that gunshot wounds always create unusual thirst.

Riedesel, Phillips, and the two brigadiers, Hamilton and Gall, to whom he submitted the choice of the following courses:

"*First.* To wait in the present position an attack from the enemy, or the chance of favorable events."

"*Second.* To attack the enemy."

"*Third.* To retreat, repairing the bridges, as the army moves, for the artillery, in order to force the passage of the ford."

"*Fourth.* To retreat by night, leaving the artillery and the baggage, and should it be found impracticable to force the passage with musketry, to attempt the upper-ford [Fort Edward] or the passage round Lake George."

"*Fifth.* In case the enemy, by extending to their left, leave their rear open, to march rapidly upon Albany."

The want of provisions rendered the first proposition inadmissable; while to break through the superior numbers of an enemy strongly posted and entrenched in every point was desperate and hopeless. In view of these facts, Riedesel strongly urged the adoption of the fourth proposition and suggested that the baggage should be left and a retreat begun on the west side of the Hudson, and, as Fort Edward had just been reinforced by a strong detachment of the Americans, he further proposed to cross the river four miles above that fort and continue the march to Ticonderoga through the woods, leaving Lake George on the right—a plan which was then feasible, as the road on the west bank of the river had not yet been occupied by the enemy. This proposition was approved, and an order was issued that the retreat should be begun by ten o'clock that night. But when everything was in readiness for the march, Burgoyne, with his usual indecision, suddenly changed his mind and postponed the movement until the next day,[1] when an unexpected manœuver of the Americans made it impossible. During the night, the latter crossing the river on rafts near the Battenkill[2] erected a heavy battery on an eminence nearly opposite the mouth of that stream and on the left flank of the army, thus making the investment complete.[3]

[1] Very likely, so as to have one more merry evening with his mistress and boon companions.

[2] The Dutch word *Kil*, meaning a channel, is often used for creek, and always erroneously printed *Kill*. It is not unusual to meet in American works with such an anomaly, for instance, as Batten *Kill Creek*.

[3] The fact of the erection of this battery seems to have escaped the notice of almost every writer upon the subject. The planting of it, however, was, as is shown in the text, of vital importance to the complete success of the Americans.

Burgoyne was now entirely surrounded, the desertion of his Indian and Canadian, and many of his German allies,[1] and his losses in killed and wounded had reduced his army one-half; there was not food sufficient for five days, and not a word had been received from Clinton. Accordingly, on the 13th he again called a general council of all his officers, including even the captains of companies. The council were not long in deciding, unanimously, that a treaty should be at once opened with General Gates for an honorable surrender—their deliberations being doubtless hastened by rifle balls perforating the tent in which they were assembled, and an 18-pound cannonball sweeping across the table at which Burgoyne and his generals and captains were seated.

Accordingly, the following day, the 14th, General Burgoyne sent Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston to the headquarters of General Gates with a proposition for "a cessation of arms, during the time necessary to communicate the preliminary terms, by which, in any extremity he and the army mean to abide." Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston was met by Adjutant-General Wilkinson on the banks of Fish Creek and conducted blindfolded to the American headquarters.

General Gates, upon the reception of this communication, authorized a cessation of arms until sunset, and having already prepared a schedule of the terms upon which he was prepared to treat, forwarded them by Kingston to Burgoyne. This schedule evinced that the American general was well acquainted with the distresses of the British, and was drawn up in terms of extreme liberality. It did not, however, satisfy Burgoyne, who returned it with his comments—

[1] In justice to Burgoyne it should be stated that the chief cause of the desertion of his Indian allies was the fact, that they were checked by him in their scalping and plundering of the unarmed.

Regarding, however, the desertion of the Germans, many availed themselves of this opportunity to settle on good farms in the northern portion of New York. There is even yet (1900) standing, near the late Hon. John B. Haskin's place on Friend's Lake, near Chestertown, Warren County, N. Y., the foundations of the cabin of a German deserter from Burgoyne's army, who settled there in the fall of 1777. The cabin was built in 1783, as the figures cut in the stone lintel above the fireplace attest. Hon. Charles H. Faxon, of Chestertown, a gentleman whose patriotic tastes are well known, did his best to have this cabin bought by the State of New York, and preserved as an "heir-loom" for the county. But our wise Legislature—much more interested in political jobs—no matter under which machine "boss" they are carried on—found no time to attend to this suggestion of Mr. Faxon. And, why, pray, should they? When there was *no money* in it for those of our Legislators—be they Republicans or Democrats—who are working "for their pockets all the time!" *Shame* on such men who represent us in the Legislature!

Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston, who delivered it, adding the following message:

"If General Gates does not mean to recede from the sixth article, the treaty ends at once. The army will, to a man, proceed to any act of desperation rather than submit to that article.[1] Finally, after much discussion over the articles of the treaty, Burgoyne wrote to Gates that "Lieutenant-General Burgoyne is willing to appoint two officers immediately, to meet two others from Major-General Gates, to propound, discuss and settle these subordinate articles, in order that the treaty in due form may be executed as soon as possible."

This meeting took place on the afternoon of the 15th, and the parties mutually signed articles of capitulation, or *Convention*, as Burgoyne wished to have it designated. A copy of the Convention was to be formally signed by the English General and delivered the next morning. Meanwhile, during the night, a provincial arrived from below, who stated that he had heard through a third party that Clinton had captured the forts on the Hudson Highlands, and had arrived at Æsopus eight days previously; and further, that by this time he was very likely at Albany. Burgoyne was so encouraged by this news, that he once more called together a council of war and laid before it the following questions:

First. Whether a treaty which was about being completed by his deputies, and which he, himself, had promised to sign, could be broken? Fourteen votes against eight decided this question in the negative.

Second. Whether the report of a man whom nobody knew was sufficient, in our present situation, to justify our refusal of so advantageous a treaty? The same number of votes decided this also in the negative.

Third. Whether the common soldiers possessed sufficient spirit to defend the present position of the army to the last man? All the officers of the left wing answered this in the affirmative. Those of the center and right wings gave a similar answer provided the enemy were attacked; but the men were too well acquainted with their defective positions to display the same bravery in case they were themselves attacked."

[1] This article was as follows:

"Article VI. These terms being agreed to and signed, the troops under his Excellency's, General Burgoyne's command, may be drawn up in their encampments, when they will be ordered to ground their arms, and may, thereupon, be marched to the river side on their way to Bennington."

But, notwithstanding these votes, Burgoyne was resolved, as the articles of capitulation were not yet signed, to repudiate the informal arrangement with Gates; and in order to gain time, he informed him by letter that he had been told by deserters and other reliable persons that he had sent a considerable corps of his army toward Albany, and that this being contrary to all faith, he (Burgoyne) could not give his signature without being convinced that the American army outnumbered his own by at least three or four to one; Gates should, therefore, name an officer of his army who might see for himself the number of the enemy; and should Burgoyne, after hearing this officer's report, be convinced of the superior number of the Americans, he would at once sign the treaty. General Gates received this letter with considerable *nonchalance*, but replied that he would give his word of honor that his army was just as strong now as it was previous to the treaty, and that having since then been re-inforced by a few brigades, it certainly did outnumber the English four to one, and this, too, without counting those troops that were on the other side of the Hudson and at Half-Moon. He also gave Burgoyne to understand what it meant to break his word of honor, and offered to show his whole army to him after the latter had signed the treaty, when he would find that everything he had stated was true. Being, moreover, in no mood for temporizing, he drew up his troops in order of battle at early dawn of the next day, the 17th, and informed Burgoyne in plain terms, that he must either sign the treaty, or prepare for immediate battle. Riedesel and Phillips added their persuasions, representing to him that the news just received was mere hearsay; but even if it were true, to recede now would be in the highest degree dishonorable. Burgoyne thereupon yielded a reluctant assent, and the articles of capitulation were signed at nine o'clock the same morning.

The second clause of this agreement or capitulation was not carried out by Congress, and most of the captured army, with the exception of Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips and Hamilton were retained as prisoners while the war lasted.[1]

[1] The second clause, to which allusion is made in the text, read as follows:

"*Second.* A free passage to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain, on condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest; and the port of Boston is assigned for the entry of transports to receive the troops, whenever General Howe shall so order."

The excuses given by Congress for this lack of faith were most paltry and utterly unworthy of a body representing a great cause. The remonstrances to General Gates and Congress remained unnoticed, and although Washington, himself, earnestly urged a fulfillment of the pledge in which the honor of Congress and the country was involved, the most unworthy counsels prevailed. When, for instance, it was proposed that the embarkation of the troops should take place at Newport, R. I., an intention (perfectly absurd) was imputed to General Howe of breaking faith by causing Burgoyne's army to join him in New York. Finally, in the beginning of January, 1778, Congress passed a resolution indefinitely suspending the embarkation. The true reason for this course was, undoubtedly, the unworthy one that many of the troops might be brought over to the American cause by desertions, which, however, was unsuccessful, as—although it has been thought otherwise—not more than eighty Germans deserted from their colors after the surrender. Washington felt this keenly and seems to have been greatly mortified at the decision of Congress. In a letter to Burgoyne dated at headquarters, Penn., March 11th, 1778, he writes: "I take pleasure in the opportunity you have afforded me of assuring you, that, far from suffering the views of national opposition to be embittered and debased by personal animosity, I am ever ready to do justice to the gentlemen and the soldiers, and to esteem where esteem is due, however the idea of a public enemy may interpose." By this most unworthy action of Congress, the Riedesels, Phillips and many other worthy officers as well as privates suffered great privation and misery for several years.

The Americans obtained by this victory, at a very critical period, an excellent train of brass artillery, consisting of forty-two guns of various calibre, four thousand, six hundred and forty-seven muskets, four hundred sets of harness, and a large supply of ammunition. The prisoners numbered five thousand, eight hundred and four, and the entire American force at the time of the surrender, including regulars (i. e. Continentals) and militia, was twenty thousand, eight hundred and seventeen effective men. This, however, does not include the American troops on the eastern bank of the Hudson as they were not counted. These consisted chiefly of militia from what is now Washington County, and from New Hampshire and Connecticut.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 17th the Royal army left their fortified camp and marched to the green in front of old Fort

Hardy, on the meadow just north of Fish Creek, at its junction with the Hudson.[1] Here in the presence only of Morgan Lewis and Wilkinson, they left their cannon and small arms. With a longing eye the artilleryman looked for the last time upon his faithful gun, parting with it as from his bride, and that forever. With tears trickling down his bronzed cheeks, the bearded grenadier stacked his musket to resume it no more. Others, in their rage, knocked off the butts of their arms and the drummers stamped their drums to pieces. General Riedesel was, also, deeply affected by these sad events. At eight o'clock in the morning he collected all the German troops, and informed them of their fate. In solemnity and in silence, and with drooping heads, the brave and tried warriors heard the words from the mouth of their beloved leader, whose voice, manly at all times, trembled on this occasion, and who was obliged to summon all of his self control to hide his emotions. "It was no lack of courage on your part," he said, among other things, to his men, "by which this awful fate has come upon you. You will always be justified in the eyes of the world." He concluded his address, with the exhortation that as good soldiers they should bear their misfortune with courage and do their duty at all times, displaying order and discipline, for, in so doing, they would retain the love of their sovereign and the respect of their enemies.

Immediately after the surrender, the British, under a body-guard, took up their march for Boston, whence they expected to embark; and bivouacked the first night at their old encampment at the base of the hill where Fraser was buried. As they debouched from the meadow, where they had deposited their arms, they passed between the Continentals, who were drawn up in parallel lines. But on no face did they see exultation. "As we passed the American army," writes Lieutenant Aubury, one of the captured officers and bitterly prejudiced against his conquerors, "I did not observe the least disrespect, or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity; and it gave us no little comfort to notice this civil deportment to a captured enemy, unmarred by the exultant air of victors." General Gates, moreover, showed himself on this occasion, exceedingly noble

[1] Fort Hardy was a military work built by the English, during the governorship of Sir Charles Hardy, and was intended to supersede the old fort which had been erected as the war of William and Mary (See one of my early chapters) during the latter part of the 17th century. The outer works yet (1900) retain the appearance of a strong fortification and embrace about fifteen acres of ground.

and generous towards the captives. That he might show in some manner the feeling of the Americans, he commanded his troops to wheel around the instant the English laid down their arms, while he, himself, drew down the curtains of his carriage in which he had driven to the ground and in which he was then seated.

Early the next morning General Wilkinson, before the capitulation, visited Burgoyne in his camp and accompanied him to the ground where his army were to lay down their arms. Having inspected the place, the two generals rode to the bank of the Hudson, where Burgoyne, surveying it with attention, asked his companion whether it was not fordable at that place? "Certainly, sir," said Wilkinson, "but do you not observe the people on the opposite shore?" "Yes," replied Burgoyne, "I have seen them too long!"

The English general having expressed a wish to be formally introduced to his old comrade, Gates, Wilkinson arranged an interview a few moments after the capitulation. In anticipation of this meeting, Burgoyne had bestowed the greatest care upon his toilet. He had attired himself in full court dress, and wore costly regimentals and a richly decorated hat with streaming plumes. Gates, a smaller man and with much less of manner, was dressed, on the contrary, in a plain blue overcoat, which had upon it scarcely anything indicative of his rank. Upon the two generals first catching a glimpse of each other, they rode forward simultaneously and advanced until they were only a few steps apart, when they reined up and halted. The English general took off his hat, and making a polite bow, said, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general, in reply, simply returned his greeting and said: "I shall ever be ready to testify that it was not the fault of your excellency."

As soon as this introduction was over the other captive generals and their suites repaired to the cabin which constituted the headquarters of Gates, where they were received with the greatest courtesy, and with the consideration due to brave but unfortunate men. After Riedesel had been presented to Gates, Morgan and other American officers, he sent for his wife and children. It is to this circumstance that we owe the portraiture of a lovely trait in General Schuyler's character. "In our passage through the American camp," the Baroness writes, "I observed with great satisfaction, that no one cast at us a scornful glance. On the contrary, they all greeted me, even

showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a condition. I confess I feared to come into the enemy's camp, as the thing was so entirely new to me. When I approached the tents a noble looking man came toward me and took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me to alight. He then led me to the tent of General Gates, with whom I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips who were upon an extremely friendly footing with him. Presently, the man who had received me so kindly, came up and said to me: "It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes.' 'You are certainly,' answered I, 'a husband and father, since you show me so much kindness.' I then learned that he was the American General Schuyler."

The English and German generals dined with the American commander in his cabin on boards laid across barrels. The dinner, which was served upon four dishes, consisted only of ordinary viands, the Americans at this period being accustomed to plain and frugal meals. The drink, on this occasion, was cider and rum mixed with water. Burgoyne appeared in excellent humor. To General Morgan he talked a great deal and spoke very flatteringly of the Americans, remarking, among other things, that he admired the number, dress and discipline of their army and, above all, the decorum and regularity that were observed. "Your funds of men," he said to Gates, "are inexhaustible. Like the Hydra's head, when cut off, seven more spring up in its stead."

He also proposed a toast to General Washington, an attention that Gates returned by drinking the health of the King of England. The conversation on both sides was unrestrained, affable and free. Indeed, the conduct of Gates, throughout, after the terms of the surrender had been adjusted, was marked with equal delicacy and magnanimity, as Burgoyne himself admitted in a letter to the Earl of Derby. In that letter, the captain-general particularly mentioned one circumstance which, he said, exceeded all he had seen or read of on a like occasion. It was, that when the British soldiers had marched out of their camp to the place where they were to pile their arms, *not a man of the American troops was to be seen*; General Gates having ordered his whole army out of sight, that not one of them should be a spectator

of the humiliation of the British troops. This was a refinement of delicacy and of military generosity and politeness reflecting the highest credit upon the conqueror, and was spoken of by the officers of Burgoyne in the strongest terms of approbation.

As the company rose from the table, the Royal army filed past in their march to the seaboard, the American bands striking up "Yankee Doodle." Thereupon, by preconcerted arrangement, the generals stepped out, and Burgoyne, drawing his sword, presented it in the presence of the two armies to General Gates. The latter received it with a courteous bow and immediately returned it to the vanquished general. Colonel Trumbull has graphically depicted this scene in one of his paintings in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington.

General Schuyler, as we have seen, was in the camp with Gates at the time of the surrender; and when Burgoyne, with his general officers, arrived in Albany, they were the guests of Mrs. General Schuyler by whom they were treated with great hospitality. The urbanity of General and Mrs. Schuyler's manners, and the chivalric magnanimity of his character, smarting as he was, under the extent and severity of his pecuniary losses, are attested by General Burgoyne, himself, in his speech in 1778, in the British House of Commons. He said further, that one of the first persons he saw, after the "Convention" was signed, was General Schuyler; and when expressing to him his regret at the burning of his mansion, General Schuyler desired him "to think no more of it, and that the occasion justified it according to the rules of war." "He did more," continued Burgoyne, "He sent an aide-de-camp[1] to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. That gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family. In that house I remained during my whole stay in Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other demonstration of hospitality."[2]

[1] The late Colonel Richard Varick, then the military secretary of General Schuyler.

[2] During Mrs. Riedesel's stay at Albany, as the guest of General and Mrs. Schuyler, one of her little girls, on first coming into the house, exclaimed, "Oh mamma! Is this the palace papa was to have when he came to America?" As the Schuyler family understood German, Madame Riedesel colored at the remark, which, however, was pleasantly got over. *Life of Peter Van Schaick.*

When I was in Germany in 1857, I arrived there about a *month, only*, after the death of this very little girl who made the above remark and who had become a grandmother with a large num-

General Burgoyne, until his unfortunate campaign, stood very high in his profession. He had made a brilliant record on the banks of the Tagus for dash, as well as judgment, under the eye of a master in the art of war, the famous Count Schaumberg Lippe, who had been selected by Frederick the Great to save the Kingdom of Portugal, on the very verge of ruin. He also added to a prepossessing exterior, the polished manners and keen sagacity of a courtier. He was likewise witty and brave. But personal courage alone does not constitute a commander; for of a commander other qualities are expected, especially experience and presence of mind. Burgoyne, in all his undertakings, was hasty and self-willed. Desiring to do everything himself, he rarely consulted with others, and yet he never knew how to keep a plan secret. While in a subordinate position, although continually carping at his military superiors and complaining of his inferior position, yet when given a separate command, he was guilty of the same faults which he had reprehended in others. Being a great sybarite he often neglected the duties of a general, as well toward his king as his subordinates. He could easily make light of everything, provided he was eating a good meal, or was with his mistress, and while he was enjoying his champagne and choice food his army suffered the keenest want. Thus, immediately after the capitulation, he could eat and drink with the enemy's generals, and talk with the greatest ease of the most important events.

Soon after the surrender he returned to England and justly threw the failure of the expedition upon the ministry. Nor can there be any doubt that, had he been properly supported, he would, despite his mistakes, have reached Albany; since, in that case, Gates would not have been at Bemus[1] Heights, with an army to oppose him. Mr. Fonblanque, in his "Life of Burgoyne," draws particular attention for the first time, to a fact that throws entirely new light on the apparent failure of Howe, and clears up all that has hitherto seemed mysterious and contradictory. Orders, fully as imperative as those to Burgoyne,

ber of descendants. I had intended to call on her, and was greatly disappointed to find she had died so recently before my visiting Germany. I mention this circumstance merely to show how near these old Revolutionary times are to our own — not so *very* far distant!

[1] The correct spelling, and not Bemis as is generally supposed. My authority for this is Hon. Hugh Hastings, (State Historian for New York) who wrote me a few days since, that in his late researches, he had come across the signature of Jotham Bemus—the owner of the Heights—in which he writes his name *Bemus*.

were to have been sent to Howe, but, owing to the carelessness of Germaine—who preferred going to a good dinner in Kent to waiting a few moments to append his signature—they were pigeon-holed in London where they were found, after the Convention at Saratoga, carefully docketed and only wanting the signature of the minister. Hence, Howe acted on the discretionary orders sent to him previously and concluded to go to Philadelphia instead of to Albany—merely telling Clinton that, if other reinforcements came meanwhile from England, he might make a diversion in favor of Burgoyne. Primarily, then, the failure of the expedition was due to the gross negligence of the war-minister, though the failure of Howe does not excuse the blunders through which Burgoyne lost his army in the retreat. It should, however, be stated in justice to the British General that, in arranging the campaign with the King, he expressly stipulated and insisted on it most strenuously that his success depended upon Howe's co-operation.

Burgoyne, however, was perhaps, not so much to blame for the dismal failure of his "Expedition." Thus, Colonel Montressor in his Journal (published in Vol. XIV of the Historical Society Collection, new series) in commenting upon the reasons of the failure of British arms in America, among other criticisms writes: "The sending of Burgoyne on a route where he never had been, nor knew nothing of, commanding officer of the artillery, a parade man, neither knew American service, clogged with a needless heavy train of artillery. No engineer that had ever been there before, no plans, etc., of all absurd things, dividing that little army, one division with Lieutenant Leger and the other with Skene, two madmen."

On his first arrival in England he was received very coldly by the court and people, the King refusing to see him; but upon a change in the Ministry he regained somewhat of his former popularity. In 1780, he appeared before the public in a vindication of himself in a work entitled the *State of the Expedition*. Subsequently, he wrote several popular comedies, and was one of the managers of the impeachment of Lord Hastings. He did not live, however, to see the result of that trial, as he died on the 4th of August, 1797, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.[1]

In regard to General Gates, the same incapacity which afterward

[1] There were rumors at the time that he died of poison, self-administered, from chagrin at his failure in life. But these rumors appear to me to be without any foundation.

became so apparent in his unfortunate southern campaign, was manifested from the time of his assuming the command of the Northern army until the surrender. It was, perhaps, no fault of his that he had been placed in command at the North, just at the auspicious moment when the discomfiture of Burgoyne was no longer problematical.[1] He was ordered by Congress to the station and performed his duty passably well. But it is no less true, that the laurels won by him ought to have been worn by Schuyler. Colonel Wilkinson, who was a member of Gates's military family, has placed this question in its true aspect. He maintains, in his *Memoirs*, that not only had the army of Burgoyne been essentially disabled by the defeat of the Germans at Bennington before the arrival of Gates, but that the repulse of St. Leger at Fort Stanwix had deranged his plans, while safety had been restored to the western frontier and the panic, thereby caused, had subsided. He likewise maintains that after the reverses at the North, nowise attributed to him, and before the arrival of Gates, the zeal, patriotism and sanitary arrangements of General Schuyler had vanquished the prejudices excited against him; that by the defeat of Baum and St. Leger, Schuyler had been enabled to concentrate and oppose his whole Continental force against the main body of the enemy, and that by him, also, before the arrival of General Gates, the friends of the Revolution had been re-animated and excited to manly resistance, while the adherents of the Royal cause were intimidated, and had shrunk into silence and inactivity. From these premises, which are indisputable, it is no more than a fair deduction to say "that the same force which enabled Gates to subdue the British army, would have produced a similar effect under the orders of General Schuyler; since the operations of the campaign did not involve a single instance of professional skill, and the triumph of the American arms was accomplished by the physical force and valor of the troops UNDER THE PROTECTION AND DIRECTION OF THE GOD OF BATTLES."[2]

[1] And yet, I am not entirely sure of this statement, for Gates undoubtedly intrigued in Congress to have himself supersede Schuyler. Therefore, in the text, it will be observed, I say "perhaps."

[2] "A Thanksgiving sermon," says Lamb, "was preached on the occasion of the surrender before the American army by the chaplain [Timothy Dwight, afterwards President of Yale College] from Joel II, 20th. "But I will remove far from you the Northern Army and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the East sea and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his ill savor shall come up because he hath done great things."

Gates was a man of great plausibility and address and, withal, a handsome fellow and a great lion in society. It is, therefore, not surprising, that, flushed with his fortuitous success, or rather with the success attending his fortuitous position, he did not wear his honors with any remarkable meekness. On the contrary, his bearing toward the commander-in-chief was far from respectful. He did not even write to Washington on the occasion until after a considerable time had elapsed. In the first instance, Wilkinson was sent, as the bearer of dispatches to Congress, but did not reach that body until fifteen days after the articles of capitulation had been signed, and three days more were occupied in arranging the papers before they were presented.[1] The first mention which Washington makes of the defeat of Burgoyne is contained in a letter written to his brother on the 18th of October, the news having been communicated to him by Governor Clinton. He spoke of the event again on the 19th in a letter addressed to General Putnam. On the 25th in a letter written to that officer he acknowledges the reception of a copy of the articles of capitulation *from him*—adding, that it was the first authentic intelligence he had received "of the affair," and that he had begun to grow uneasy and almost to suspect that the previous accounts were premature. Nor was it until the 2nd of November that Gates deigned to communicate to the Commander-in-chief a word upon the subject, and then only incidentally, as though it were a matter of secondary importance.[2]

Gates's treatment of Morgan, also, was on the same line. Notwithstanding the splendid service he had rendered at the Battle of October 7th, his name had only a passing notice in the early dispatches, and was not even mentioned in Gates's official account of the surrender to which he (Morgan) had so largely contributed.

This sudden fall from the General's favor was remarked by the officers, as Gates had given Morgan unmistakable proofs of his confidence and esteem from the moment of his arrival in camp. Morgan kept silent, and the matter remained a mystery at the time, but it was afterward satisfactorily explained.

"Immediately after the surrender, Morgan visited Gates on busi-

[1] "It was on this occasion that one of the members of Congress made a motion, that they should compliment Colonel Wilkinson with the gift of a pair of spurs." *Sparks.*

[2] "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but exceedingly sure." So is it in regard to Gates. He has been relegated to a proper obscurity, whereas, Washington remains, as ever, in a brilliant light, both to the present and probably, to all future generations.

ness, when he was taken aside by that General and confidentially informed that the main army was extremely disatisfied with the conduct of the war by the commander-in-chief, and that several of the best officers threatened to resign unless a change took place. Morgan perfectly comprehended the motives of Gates, although he did not then know of the correspondence he had been holding with Conway, and he sternly replied: "I have one favor to ask of you, sir, which is never to mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington, as Commander-in-chief, would I ever serve." A day or two after the foregoing interchange of views, General Gates gave a dinner [in Albany] to the principal officers of the British army, to which a number of American officers were also invited. Morgan was not among the number. Before the evening was over, this petty indignity recoiled upon its author. Morgan had occasion to see Gates upon official business. He was accordingly ushered into the dining-room, where the guests still sat at the table. Having attended to the matter in hand, he was about to withdraw, without even the empty ceremony of an introduction. Struck, however, by the commanding figure and noble mein of the Colonel, the guests enquired his name and, learning that it was Colonel Morgan, the British officers left the table, and, following him, took him by the hand, made themselves known to him, frankly declaring, at the same time, that they had felt him 'severely in the field,'[1] whereas they had only a *dining-room* acquaintance with Gates!

Indeed, General Carrington, one of the ablest and most careful of the writers on the American Revolution, says: "Gates had *no power* in action, and there is not a redeeming fact during his connection with the Southern army to show his fitness to command troops." It has been seen that he participated actively in one part of the operations near Saratoga until the morning of August 11th, 1777. Confiding in numbers, and neglecting reconnoissances, he then imperiled his army by forcing several brigades across Fishkill creek, while remaining in the rear himself. Just as he plunged, says de Peyster, like a reckless incapable into the *champ-clos*, or lists of Camden.

Gates, as de Peyster further adds, did nothing but talk, and he was great at that. Gates was actually arguing with a dying English officer and aggravating him, a mortally wounded prisoner, while Arnold

[1] *Graham's Life of Morgan*, also *Dr. Hill's MSS.*

and Morgan were winning for him the final battle of Saratoga, an exploit which must have chagrined Gates to the uttermost, since nothing was further from his mind than to afford Arnold an opportunity to win any glory whatever. The American people accepted Gates as a hero through ignorance, just as an untutored negro accepts a bone with a feather stuck in it for a god.

Transferred three years afterward (by a cabal in Congress) to the chief command of the Southern Department, his disastrous defeat and irresolute, not to say cowardly, conduct soon pricked the bubble of his ephemeral reputation and, after living in comparative obscurity for several years on his farm in Virginia, he died in the city of New York, April 10th, 1806.

Congress, in the first flush of its gratitude, decreed that Gates should be presented with a medal of gold to be struck expressly in commemoration of so glorious a victory. On one side of it was the bust of the general with these words around it: *Horatio Gates, duci strenuo*, and in the middle *Comitia Americana*. On the reverse Burgoyne was represented in the attitude of delivering his sword, and in the background, on the one side and on the other, were seen the two armies of England and America. At the top were these words: *Salus regionem Septentrional*, and at the foot, *Hoste ad Saratogam in deditione accepta. Die XVII Oct. M. D. CCLXXVII.*

The Battle of Saratoga has justly been designated by Sir Edward Creasy, as "one of the fifteen decisive battles of history." It secured for the American Colonies the French alliance, and lifted the cloud of moral and financial gloom that had settled upon the hearts of the people, dampening the hopes of the leaders of the Revolution, and wringing despairing words even from the hopeful Washington. From that auspicious day, belief in the ultimate triumph of American liberty never abandoned the nation till it was realized and sealed four years later, almost to a day, in the final surrender of Yorktown.[1]

And as a considerable portion of this campaign was on the soil of Washington County, her residents are justified in having great pride in the final result.

[1] A beautiful monument at Schuylerville, N. Y., commemorates the surrender of Burgoyne. It is as near as can conveniently be placed, to where the headquarters of Gates were situated, which witnessed the formal surrender of Burgoyne's sword and the unfurling, for the first time, of the stars and stripes.

It is true that a flag, intended for the stars and stripes, and made out of a white shirt and

CHAPTER XIX.

1777—1791.

The Militia Disperse to Their Homes—Sad Plight of the Whigs—Their Farms Desolated—A Fort or Block House Built at New Perth (Salem)—A Court-Martial Held to Punish Those Lukewarm to the Cause of the Colonies—The Vermont Controversy—Efforts of Governor George Clinton to Obtain for New York Jurisdiction over Vermont—The New Hampshire Grants—Clinton's Failure—End of Controversy—Vermont Gives Up Her Claim to Charlotte County—Is Admitted into the Union—Name of Charlotte Changed by Act of New York Legislature to that of Washington County—Commissioners Settle Finally the Boundary of the County.

As soon as the army of Burgoyne had departed for their quarters near Boston, the roads of Charlotte (Washington) county were filled with bands of New England militia returning in triumph to their homes—all of them convinced that for the present, at least, the tide of war was turned from that section; many of them believing that the war was virtually at an end. Most of the Whigs of Charlotte county, moreover, who had left their farms on account of the enemy's advance, now returned and resumed their wonted vocations. There was also, a great increase of people who suddenly found that they had all along been on the side of the Colonies and who had only restrained their real (?) sentiments by reason of policy. They had, of course, been patriots in their inmost hearts all along! Those unlucky persons, however, who had been true to their principles throughout it all, and had openly espoused the cause of the King, were glad in their turn, to make their escape from the wrath of their old neighbors; and very few of them ever returned to their former estates, except as members of desultory and marauding bands intent on the work of destruction and slaughter. Nor were the Whigs disposed to wage

some bits of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, first floated on captured standards on the ramparts of Fort Stanwix (August 6th, 1777), but the "Stars and Stripes," as we now see them—except as to the number of the stars—were first unfurled to grace the surrender at Saratoga. See General J. Watts de Peyster's *Justice to Schuyler*. The Fort Stanwix flag is now (1900) in the possession of Mrs. Abram Lansing of Albany, N. Y., a descendant of General Gansevoort, by whom it is justly cherished as a most precious relic.

war with gloves. Officers styled "Commissioners of forfeiture" were appointed by the State, and the property of every Tory "who had committed any overt act, in favor of the King, or had openly advocated his cause, was promptly seized and confiscated." Their personal property, in these cases, was sold for what it would bring; but, as there was very little demand for their real estate, most of it was not sold until after the war. Some of the farms, however, were leased to those Whigs who were willing to run the risk of being marked out for special vengeance in case of another invasion. Still, notwithstanding the total collapse of the Expedition of General Burgoyne, the Whigs of Charlotte county were, nevertheless, in a sad plight. All those in the northern part of the county had been driven (as we have seen in the preceding chapters) from their home just before harvest and many of those in the southern part had abandoned their farms through a well founded fear of the enemy.[1] "Glory," as Johnson remarks, "was a good thing, but as winter approached, many of the patriotic inhabitants of Charlotte county [i. e. Washington] were at a loss where to get food to last them through the season."

Indeed, so great was the devastation committed by the invaders that, in the fore-part of 1778, numerous petitions for aid were sent to the New York Legislature by the people of Charlotte county and also from Cambridge and Easton. In response to these petitions the Legislature directed the "Commissioners of Forfeiture" to sell two thousand bushels of wheat, rye and Indian corn (taken from the Tories) to those in need, to be paid for afterwards on moderate terms.

Early in the spring of 1778, another little fort was built at New Perth, (now Salem). It was a log block-house about twenty-feet square, well supplied with loop-holes, and was surrounded by a stockade of erect logs, after the usual fashion of that day. It was named "Fort Williams" in honor of the energetic young Colonel who manifested such unceasing activity in the American cause.[2] This fort was garrisoned most of the time by the Charlotte county regiment, although in March of this year, it appears from the Williams papers, that there was a regiment of Connecticut militia stationed here. A draft was ordered from the militia in the spring to fill up the depleted

[1] These farmers were too poor to take the course of Mrs. General Schuyler, who, on the approach of Burgoyne, deliberately fired her wheat-fields, lest they should afford comfort to the enemy.

[2] For a sketch of Colonel Williams, see appendix No. IV.

ranks of the Continental army; but Governor Clinton wrote to Colonel Williams, under date of the 13th of April, that the Charlotte county regiment was exempt from the draft, on the condition that it should furnish men for the defense of the frontier, designating the number of men for this purpose as seventy. But even this number, small as it was, it was almost impossible to raise. Accordingly, on the 22d of April, Williams wrote to Governor Clinton to the effect that he had called his battalion together and could obtain only seventeen volunteers. He expected, however, he further said, to get as many more, but he could not possibly raise seventy. Enough to make three companies had already moved down the river from Fort Edward, and others were preparing to go. Of those who remained, he likewise stated, about half were disaffected to the American cause, and most of these he feared would join the enemy. Indeed, the county, at this time, was continually in a state of alarm. At the date of this letter, Williams's little battalion had just been called out to repel a threatened invasion—it having been reported that a small party of Americans who were scouting within twelve miles of Ticonderoga had been driven back by a large force of the enemy who were supposed to be advancing on a raid against the American settlements. It would appear, however, that this was a false alarm, as no invasion was made at this time.

On the 23d of March, a regimental court-martial was held at Fort Williams, by order of Colonel Williams, to punish those who, the previous year, had been backward in responding to duty. This created at the time considerable excitement. The President of the court-martial was Captain (afterward Major and General) John Armstrong, who, it will be recalled, was subsequently Secretary of War during Washington's first administration. Over sixty men were arraigned; some for neglecting to turn out when called upon, some for accepting "protection" from the British, and others for failing to take their cattle and retire to a safer place when so ordered by General Schuyler. Fifty-eight were convicted, but their punishments were not very severe, consisting entirely of fines ranging from one dollar up to thirty pounds. Those who merely failed to appear on muster, when summoned, were generally fined in the first amount. Alexander Webster of Black Creek (Hebron) was Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment at this time, and was also State Senator.

On September 8th, 1778, the first election held in Charlotte county under the laws of the State of New York took place; and even this was by special enactment, the regular election-day having passed. Ninety-six votes were cast in Salem, twenty-nine in Kingsbury, twenty-four in Skeensborough, twenty-one in Granville and twenty-eight in Black Brook (Hebron), a total of only one hundred and ninety-eight voters in the county, although there were doubtless more. Many of the inhabitants, however, were probably not very anxious to exercise the elective franchise, when such exercise might be considered hereafter evidence of rebellion against the King on one side or treason to their country on the other. Therefore, a large proportion preferred to remain non-committal. Argyle, though a separate district, seems to have held no election that year. One senator was chosen from Salem and one assemblyman was re-elected, but three out of four of the latter class of officials were chosen from other parts of the county. It will be understood that at that period the work of election was much simpler than now, only town officers and members of the Legislature, besides the Governor and Lieutenant-governor, being thus chosen—the vast number of executive and judicial officers, now selected, being then appointed by the "Council of appointment." One of the legislative acts of this year, moreover, passed on February 17th, is of considerable importance. It directed the holding of county courts and courts of sessions at New Perth (Salem) which has ever been the county seat, or one of the county seats, of the county. An act of the previous year had directed that the sheriff's mileage should be computed from the meeting-house at the same place. If there were any courts held under the act just mentioned the records have been lost or destroyed.

The year 1779 passed away with comparatively little excitement on the northern frontier of Washington County. Elsewhere the tide of conflict rolled to and fro, the American's cause suffering great depression, notwithstanding the aid furnished by France—an aid which was slight compared with the expectations which had been raised regarding it. From the western part of New York, too, came news of terrible massacres and of the retribution inflicted by Sullivan, but on the banks of the Battenkill, of White Creek and of Black Creek the scattered inhabitants of Charlotte county planted, sowed and harvested in temporary safety.

We say "temporary safety," for soon after the farmers had planted

their seeds in expectation of fine crops, on April 29th, 1780, an American, who had been a prisoner at Montreal and had escaped, reached Skeensborough with the information that extensive preparations were making in Canada for an invasion of the Colonies by way of Lake Champlain. Some other facts received by General Schuyler seemed to corroborate his statement and a shock of alarm was quickly rolled through all of Northern New York. The Charlotte county militia were now commanded by Colonel Alexander Webster with Brinton Paine as Lieutenant-Colonel and Joseph McCracken as Major. They were ordered to be ready for instant action and Governor Clinton ordered four regiments, under Colonels Yates, Van Schoonhoven, Van Wart and McCrea, (a brother of the massacred Jane McCrea) to assemble at Saratoga. Clinton, himself, with all the men he could rally in Albany and Charlotte counties, hastened to Fort Edward, which he reached in eight days after leaving Kingston. Thence, he proceeded to Fort George, Ticonderoga[1] and Crown Point; when, having satisfied himself that no invasion was contemplated by the British at that time, he returned home. Meanwhile, the summer passed away with only the usual number of small alarms. Several corps of state troops, intermediate between militia and regulars, were raised this summer to defend the frontiers. A company of these troops, numbering between fifty and seventy-five men, under Captain Adiel Sherwood,[2] of Kingsbury was stationed, meanwhile, at Fort Anne.

These rumors, however, of an attack from Canada were not unfounded. In the early part of October, 1780, Major Christopher Carleton, of the 29th British regiment, and a nephew of Sir Guy Carleton, with a force numbering twelve hundred men, composed of regulars, royalists and a few Indians, and with eight vessels and twenty-six boats, sailed up Lake Champlain with the avowed object of attacking Ballston, now the county seat of Saratoga county. Arriving at Bulwagga Bay, which forms the western shore of Crown Point, they landed the two hundred men which formed the Ballston party. This detachment was made up in part of Sir John Johnson's corps of rangers (among whom were some refugees from the Ballston

[1] The abandonment of Ticonderoga by the British caused a feeling of more security to prevail in Charlotte County, though the thought of the Indian tomahawk still caused many a mother and many a child to shudder at every sound.

[2] The dean of the St. Louis Law School, M. A. L. Sherwood, is a descendant of this officer.

settlement) and partly of a few Mohawk Indians, under the command of their war chief, "Captain John." This motley company was under the command of Captain Monroe, who had, before the war, been an Indian trader at Schenectady, and had had much to do with the early settlement of Saratoga county. The object of this part of the expedition was to attack Schenectady; but, if that was not found to be feasible, (on account of its being considered too hazardous) then the orders were to make a descent upon the Ballston settlement. The orders to Monroe were to plunder, destroy property and take prisoners, but not to kill unless attacked or resisted, or to prevent escapes.[1]

After leaving this detachment of two hundred men under Captain Monroe to proceed to the lower settlements by way of "Crane Mountain" and Schroon river in Warren County, the main body, under Major Carleton, and consisting of some eight hundred men, proceeded up Lake Champlain, and landing at Skeensborough at the head of South Bay, marched rapidly to Fort Anne where they arrived on the 10th of October and demanded its surrender. The fort was a rude log block house with a stockade of pointed pickets around it,[2] and garrisoned by a company of state troops and a few Continentals. Though ill supplied with men, and almost out of ammunition, Captain Sherwood, the officer in command, at first refused to surrender on the demand of Carleton; but on seeing that he was greatly outnumbered by the enemy and that resistance accordingly would be hopeless, he yielded himself and his men prisoners—first stipulating, however, that the women and children who were in the fort should have a safe escort to their homes. Upon its evacuation by the Americans Carleton burned the fort or block house and swept down the Hudson as far as Stillwater plundering and burning as he went, the villages of Sandy Hill and Fort Edward. Kingsbury was thus again utterly desolated. "It was during this raid," says Dr. Holden in his history of Queensbury, "that Mrs. Abraham Wing lay all night on the edge

[1] It does not come within the province of this history to give an account of this raid upon Ballston. The curious reader, however, if he wishes to pursue this investigation further and learn of all the facts in detail—and they are most interesting—is referred to the following works: N. B. Sylvester's *History of Saratoga County*, Judge George G. Scott's Centennial *Historical Address*, July 4th, 1876, and *my own Reminiscences of Saratoga and Ballston*. Perhaps, in the last mentioned work, there will be found a more fuller description of this raid than in the other two.

[2] For an excellent representation of this block house, drawn on the spot by Lieutenant Aubury of Burgoyne's army, see the latter's *Travels*. Aubury, although an officer, was what would be called at present a newspaper correspondent.

of the big cedar swamp with her youngest child—the late Daniel W. Wing—and the following night by the spring at the foot of Sandy Hill." This last ruthless act of the Revolution in this county was long handed down by tradition as "the year of the burning." By it, the settlers were mostly driven away, and the town was abandoned.

"On the 9th of October, Captain Sherwood was dining with Colonel Henry Livingston, the commander at Fort Edward, being on his way to White Creek, and not imagining any foe to be near. While he was at Fort Edward, however, an order arrived from Governor Clinton requiring Livingston and Sherwood to endeavor to re-inlist their men for two months more. Sherwood returned to Fort Anne for that purpose; but that night he sent word to Livingston that the enemy were close by. The next morning he was captured as before stated. The same morning two of Livingston's officers came hurrying in from Kingsbury with the news that the enemy was burning and laying waste that district. Livingston sent to Colonel McCrea at Saratoga and Colonel Webster at Black Creek for their regiments of militia.

"Immediately afterwards some of the frightened inhabitants of Kingsbury came rushing down the hill north of Fort Edward, with such household goods as they could bring with them, seeking the protection of the post. They reported the enemy only four miles away, and the smoke of burning houses could plainly be seen from the fort. Livingston had but sixty-five men, of whom he sent twenty to menace the foe; but though they remained out through the day, they found the marauders too strong to attack. After dark four scouts were sent out, who found some of the enemy three miles distant. Colonel Livingston then ordered a lieutenant and twenty men to assail the camp in question; but as he was about to march, a terrible outcry was heard on the west side of the Hudson, where the Indians were yelling, burning and killing cattle, and the detachment was therefore ordered back. Two of the enemy came so close that they were fired on from the fort, but without effect. The next day another scout was sent out, who discovered that the main body of the enemy had taken the route to Fort George[1] with a view, undoubtedly, of attacking that post. This news was correct; and after a sharp skirmish outside of that fort between Gage's Hill[2] and "Bloody pond," in which the

[1] *Johnson.*

[2] "Fort Gage" was a small redoubt on the hill south of Fort William Henry. Its remains can still (1900) plainly be seen.

British were successful, and after a brief investment of the fort, the garrison surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, and the fort was entirely destroyed.

Meanwhile, on the eleventh and twelfth Livingston was reinforced by three hundred militia, but that officer, even with this additional force, did not think himself sufficiently strong to warrant an attack, and the following day Carleton made good his retreat down Lake Champlain. A few days afterward, more militia came to the relief of Fort Edward; but General Van Rensselaer declared them "to have been more interested on plundering the public stores left at Fort George than on any other service." They were, therefore, very quickly sent to their homes, while all but thirty of Livingston's men also left at the same time declaring that their time had expired.[1] "On the 16th and 17th Colonel Livingston learned from his scouting parties that small parties of the enemy had been seen hovering around Skeensborough, and on the latter day (17th) General Schuyler sent a messenger to Livingston advising the evacuation of Fort Edward. Accordingly, Livingston straightway fell back with his men to Saratoga, but, on the 24th, having received some additional reinforcements, he returned to Fort Edward."[2]

The year following these invasions (1781) brought with it no relaxation of Governor Clinton's vigilance. The air continued to be filled with Indian alarms, and rumors of projected movements of the British were rife; on the northern frontier, especially, another storm seemed about to break. "The enemy's morning and evening guns at Ticonderoga," wrote Schuyler to General James Clinton, under date of May 21st, 1781, "have been distinctly heard near Fort Anne for three or four days past." At the same time came equally alarming intelligence that an expedition, under Sir John Johnson, was meditated against Pittsburg, while to render affairs still more complicated, the troubles between New York State and the Green Mountain Boys, on account of the New Hampshire Grants—which has been discussed in full—and which, during the common peril had smouldered, burst out afresh.

Nevertheless, with this raid of Carleton (just narrated) it may be

[1] There is, however, much to be said on the side of these volunteer militia. For a full discussion of this subject see a few chapters back.

[2] The above account of Carleton's raid, says Johnson, is largely taken from an autograph statement of Colonel Livingston preserved among the family papers in Columbia County, N. Y.

said that the alarms and dreadful sufferings of the people of Washington County came to an end, and after the treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States three years afterward—thus ensuring full security—those farmers who had been driven from their hearths and firesides gradually returned and re-occupied their vacant lands. Henceforth, left in peace and quietness to till their farms, the county finally became one of the richest agricultural counties of New York State.

A history of Washington (Charlotte) County would be incomplete without a brief sketch of the circumstances under which it was set off as a separate county. The present county of Washington, as I have stated in my introductory chapter, was originally known as Charlotte, which, together with that part of Albany County now included in Washington, was chiefly settled by New Englanders and by Scotch and others of foreign birth. The former, as a matter of course had almost all adhered to the American cause, while many of the latter (though by no means all) were friendly to the King; and, as the Americans were most of the time in possession of the territory in question, the New Englanders were largely in the majority among the dominant class. When afterwards Charlotte was claimed by the New Hampshire governor as a part of the "New Hampshire grants" (patents for which had been given previously by Governor Wentworth) that county became at once in dispute. In order, however, that the reader may have a clear understanding of the events which finally led up to the county becoming a part of New York State, an account of the long and acrimonious discussion between the New York and Vermont authorities which preceded it, is in place, and not at all irrelevant.

Although the Vermonters had formed themselves into an independent state government, the Legislature of New York still attempted to assert its right of jurisdiction, although it made most liberal proffers of compromise in regard to titles of lands—offering, indeed, even to recognize those which had previously been in dispute. A proclamation to this effect, conceived in the most liberal spirit, had been issued by Governor Clinton in February, 1778, avowing, however, in regard to the contumacious, "the rightful supremacy of New York over their persons and property, as disaffected subjects." But like every preceding effort, either of force or conciliation the present was

of no avail. Ethan Allen issued a counter proclamation to the people of the Grants, and the work of their own independent organization proceeded without serious interruption. They were the more encouraged to persevere in this course, from an impression that although Congress could not then sanction proceedings in regard to New York that were clearly illegal, the New England members and some of the Southern also, would nevertheless not be very deep mourners at their success.

It must be confessed that the action of Congress was such as to give rise to unpleasant suspicions. "So long ago as the month of August last," wrote Clinton to President Jay on the 7th of June, 1779, "I remonstrated to Congress, through General Washington, on the conduct of Brigadier-General Starke, then commanding at Albany, for receiving from the revolted subjects of this state several of whom were among the most prominent citizens of Charlotte (Washington County) who had been apprehended and destined to banishment by Colonel Allen and his associates, and for detaining them under military confinement. To this atrocious insult on the civil authority of this state, Congress, though acquainted with it, has not to this day thought proper to pay the least attention. Nor can I forbear observing that the present inattention of Congress on this point strikes me with additional surprise, when I consider this is not the first instance in which their officers of high rank have aimed a bold stab at the honor and authority of this state." And, notwithstanding the continual remonstrances of Clinton Congress was in no haste, apparently, to right New York. Finally Congress passed a resolution appointing a committee to visit the Grants, and confer with the Vermonters—in short, what, at she present day would be called an "Investigating Committee." This, however, was extremely distasteful to the New York Legislature, and Clinton, more sensible than some of our statesmen (!) of the present day, protested strongly against it, on the ground that "*action* and not *talk*," was what was needed. "However pure," he added, "the intention of Congress may have been in this resolution for appointing a committee to confer with the revolted citizens of this state [and be it remembered that a large portion of the people of Charlotte County, was included in this] I am apprehensive it will by no means produce the salutary effects for which I suppose it was calculated." Still, although Clinton so wrote, it is evident that fears of a combination against his own state gave the writer consider-

able uneasiness. "I presume," the governor wrote again to the delegates in Congress, "it is unnecessary to inform you that the Vermont business is now arrived at a crisis, or to urge any arguments to induce your utmost exertions in obtaining the sense of Congress without delay. The Legislature will meet on Tuesday next and in the meantime I shall order the one thousand men, destined for the defence of Fort Anne, Skeensborough and the frontiers in general, and also, to complete the Continental battalions, to march to Brattleborough for the protection of that and the adjacent towns, *unless* the interposition of Congress shall render this measure unnecessary." And, on the 29th of October of the same year (1779) in a letter to James Duane from Poughkeepsie, he intimated that "in the event of a certain contingency, the New York delegates would be withdrawn from Congress, and the resources of the state, which have been so lavishly afforded to the continent, be withheld for the defence of New York." He also, in an earnest letter, called the attention of Washington to the subject, saying very plainly that in view of the danger which threatened New York, he "must request that your Excellency will be pleased to give the necessary directions for returning within the state the six brass 6 pounders, together with their apparatus, which the state lent for the use of the army in 1776, as soon as possible." He also, in the same letter severely commented upon the conduct of Ethan Allen in seizing and imprisoning the civil and military officers of New York State in the county of Cumberland and the Commander-in-chief issued orders to General Schuyler to arrest him in the event of certain contingencies. "The latter," says Mr. Lossing in his *Life of Schuyler*, "shared in Clinton's apprehensions, and, on the 31st of October he wrote to the governor as follows:

"The conduct of some people to the eastward is alarmingly mysterious. A flag, under the pretext of settling a cartel with Vermont, has been on the Grants. Allen has disbanded his militia and the enemy in number of sixteen hundred are rapidly advancing toward us. * * * Entreat General Washington for more Continental troops, and let me beg of your Excellency to hasten up here."

Meanwhile, the causes of irritation became more and more frequent and exasperating, until in the year 1781 the parties were again on the verge of open hostilities. The people of the Grants, as they had grown in strength had increased in arrogance, until they had extended

their claims to the Hudson river and it was no diminution of the perplexities of New York that strong indications appeared in several of the northern towns to which the people of the Grants had previously interposed not even a shadow of a claim, of a disposition to go over to Vermont. Among these wavering people were some of those of Charlotte county—but they, for the present, were rather neutral—until, as will hereafter be seen—they were forced to take a determined stand.

On the other hand, Governor Clinton, inflexibly determined to preserve the disputed jurisdiction, was exerting himself to the utmost for that object. In the spring of this year (1781) he transmitted a special message to the Legislature, then sitting at Poughkeepsie, containing important information respecting the designs of the Vermonters, by which it appeared that Dr. Smith (a brother of the historian, Joshua Hett Smith of Andre fame) was actively engaged in fomenting disaffection, and had held interviews with Ethan Allen, upon the subject in Albany. Allen, it is true, pretended, at the time, that his visit to Albany was solely for the purpose of waiting on the Governor to receive his answer to a petition which the Vermonters had laid before the Assembly; but Clinton wisely mistrusted his errand and refused either to see him or hold any intercourse with him whatever. In order, moreover, to bring the question of jurisdiction to the test, several persons, by the Governor's order, were arrested later in the summer, within the territory of the Grants and within, also, what is now Washington County under the pretext of some military delinquency. This proceeding was applying the brand to the powder. Governor Clinton lost no time in writing to Captain Van Rensselaer demanding the release of the prisoners taken from the Grants, asserting their "determination to maintain the government they had set up," and threatening that, in the event of an invasion of the territory of New York by the common enemy, unless these prisoners were given up, they would render no assistance to New York. Nor was this all. While the county was threatened by invasions from the north and west, the spirit of the Vermont insurgents began to spread among the militia in the northern towns east of the Hudson, belonging to General Gansevoort's own brigade. In fact the situation was, at this time, most serious; for, on the one hand General Starke was calling upon him for assistance against the enemy apparently approaching from Lake Champlain and Skeensborough, and on the

other, Governor Clinton was directing him to quell the spirit of insubordination along the line of the New Hampshire Grants,[1] and both of these duties were to be discharged with a knowledge that a portion of his own command was infected with the same insurgent spirit. Added to this, he was privately informed that the Green Mountain Boys were maturing a plot for his abduction. Meanwhile, the government of the Grants had effected an organization of their own militia, and disclosures had been made to the government of New York, imputing to the leading men of the Grants a design, in the event of a certain contingency, of throwing the weight of their own forces into the scale of the Crown. This was the position of affairs when Governor Clinton addressed to General Gansevoort the following letter:

"POUGHKEEPSIE, OCT. 18, 1781.

"Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 15th instant, was delivered to me on the evening of the 16th. I have delayed answering it, in hopes that the Legislature would ere this have formed a quorum, and that I might have availed myself of their advice on the subject to which it relates; but as this is not yet the case, and it is uncertain when I shall be enabled to lay the matter before them, I conceive it might be improper longer to defer expressing my own sentiments to you on this subject.

"The different unwarrantable attempts, during the summer, of the people on the Grants to establish their usurped jurisdiction, even beyond their former claim, and the repetition of it (alluded to in your letter) in direct opposition to a resolution of Congress injurious to the state and favorable to their project of independence, and at a time when the common enemy are advancing, can only be accounted for by what other parts of their conduct have given us too much reason to suspect disaffection to the common cause. On my part, I have hitherto shown a disposition to evade entering into any altercation with them, that might, in its most remote consequences, give encouragement to the enemy, and expose the frontier settlements to their ravages; and from these considerations alone I have submitted to insults which otherwise would not have been borne with, and I could have wished to have continued this line of conduct until the approaching season would have secured us against the incursions of the common enemy. But, as from the accounts contained in Colonel Van Rensselaer's letter, it would appear that the militia embodying under Mr. Chittenden's orders are for the service of the enemy, and that their first object was to make you a prisoner, it would be unjustifiable to suffer them to proceed. It is therefore my desire that you maintain your authority throughout your brigade, and for this purpose, that you carry the laws of the state

[1] As I have several times stated in the text, I wish it to be understood, that when I mention the "*New Hampshire Grants*," it takes in the present *Washington County*. Hence, this discussion, as I have said, is by no means irrelevant.

into execution against those who shall presume to disobey your lawful orders. I would only observe that these sentiments are founded on an idea that the accounts given by Colonel Van Rensselaer in his letter may be relied on; it being still my earnest desire, for the reasons above explained, not to do anything that will bring matters to extremities, at least before the close of the campaign, if it can consistently be avoided. * * *

"I am, with great respect and esteem,

"Dear sir, your most obedt. serv't.,

"GEORGE CLINTON.

"*Brig. Gen. Gansevoort.*"[1]

The apprehension of Clinton was by no means groundless. Indeed, there was, at this time, too much reason to fear that treason was deeply and extensively at work, and from the tempers of great numbers of the people, and the carriage of the disaffected there was just cause to dread that, should the enemy again invade the country, either from the north or the west his standard would be joined by much larger numbers of people than would have rallied beneath it at any former period. These fears, moreover, received additional confirmation by the statements, under oath, of two prisoners who had escaped from Canada in the autumn of the present year—John Edgar and David Abeel. The substance of the statements of these men was, that several of the leading men of the New Hampshire Grants (in which category many of the inhabitants of what is now Washington County should be included) were forming an alliance with the King's officers in Canada. Among these leaders were Ethan Allen and his brother Ira and the two Fays, and their consultations with the British agents were sometimes held at Castleton, on the Grants and sometimes in Canada. Mr. Abeel's information was that the Grants were to furnish the King with fifteen hundred men, to be under the command of Ethan Allen, who was then in Canada upon that business. A third account, submitted to the New York Legislature at this time by Clinton, was somewhat different and more in detail. In this paper, it was stated, "First, that the territory claimed by the Vermonters should be formed into a distinct colony or government; secondly, that the form of government should be similar to that of Connecticut, save that the nomination of the governor should be vested in the Crown; thirdly, that they should be allowed to remain neutral, unless the war should be carried within their own terri-

[1] MS. letter, in the author's possession.

tory; fourthly, they were to raise two battalions, to be in the pay of the Crown, but to be called into service only for the defense of the colony; and fifthly, they were to be allowed a free trade with Canada. General Haldimand had not deemed himself at liberty to decide definitely upon propositions of so much importance, and had, accordingly, transmitted them to England for the Royal consideration.[1] An answer was then expected. Such was the purport of the intelligence, and such, moreover, was the weight of the testimony, that Governor Clinton did not hesitate to assert that they "proved a treasonable and dangerous intercourse and connection between the leaders of the revolt in the northeastern part of the state and the common enemy."

Indeed, Governor Clinton was entirely correct in his surmises; and there can be no question that both Ethan Allen and his brother Ira, had in contemplation the turning over of the present State of Vermont and Washington County to the British, and no sophistry on the part of *Slade* and other historians of Vermont will shake this belief. Indeed, if space permitted, this statement could very easily be proved, but as I have it not at my disposal the reader must be satisfied with my statement. The fact is, that Ethan Allen, like Arnold, who did at the outset, so much for the Colonial cause, was, like him, ready to sell out to Great Britain—and was actually as much of a traitor as Arnold—though the latter, having so much of theatrical display, was painted on the canvass of history as *the* monster of all the Revolution.[2]

The Legislature of the Grants assembled at Charleston, N. H., in October, about which time General St. Leger, agreeably to an arrangment with Allen and Fay, ascended the lake with a strong force to Ticonderoga, where he rested. Meanwhile, a rumor of the capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown had such an effect upon the Vermonters as to cause Allen and Fay to write to the British Commissioners, with St. Leger, that it would be imprudent at that particular juncture to promulgate the Royal proclamation, and urging delay to a more auspicious moment. The messenger with these despatches had not been longer than an hour at the headquarters of St. Leger at

[1] *Canadian archives. First series.*

[2] Nor were Allen and Arnold the only ones who showed the white feather! Even Duchow, the *Chaplain* of the *Continental Congress*, wrote to Washington (then at Valley Forge) urging him to go over to the British cause!

Ticonderoga[1] before the rumor respecting Cornwallis was confirmed by an "Express."[2] All ideas of further operations in that quarter were, therefore, instantly abandoned, and before evening of the same day, St. Leger's troops were re-embarked, and, with a fair wind he sailed immediately back to St. Johns.

With the return of St. Leger to St. Johns, all active operations ceased with the enemy at the north, but the difficulties of the state government with the New Hampshire Grants were on the increase and the controversy ran so high that by the first of December (1781) an insurrection broke out in the regiments of Colonel John Van Rensselaer and Colonel Henry K. Van Rensselaer in the northeastern towns of the state. These disturbances arose in Schaghticoke, Hoosic, St. Coick's and the parts adjacent (viz. Washington County) belonging then to the County of Albany, but claimed by the government of the Grants. General Gansevoort was apprised of the insurrection the fifth. He at once directed Colonels Yates[3] and H. K. Van Rensselaer whose regiments at that time were the least disaffected, to collect such troops as they could, and repair to St. Coick's to the assistance of Col. John Van Rensselaer. An express being dispatched to Clinton, at Poughkeepsie, with the news and a request for directions what course to pursue in the emergency, the return of the messenger brought very explicit orders from the indomitable governor. "I perfectly approve of your conduct," wrote Clinton, "and have only to add that, should the force already detached prove insufficient to quell the insurrection, you will make such additions to it as to render it effectual. I have transmitted to General Robert Van Rensselaer the information and have directed him, in case it should be necessary on your application to give assistance from his brigade." Although the fact had not been stated in the dispatches forwarded to Governor Clinton, that the movement had originated in the Grants, yet the governor was at no loss at once to attribute it to the "usurped government of that pretended state," and it was his resolute determination, as he ex-

[1] Should the reader like to hear more of St. Leger, he is referred to my "Burgoyne's Campaign," and his subsequent career is really worth a perusal.

[2] This word "Express" which occurs so frequently in this, and contemporary histories, has not the significance of the present meaning. It was confined to a messenger—whether Indian or White—who undertook to break through the enemy's lines and carry the intelligence thus sent forth.

[3] The great-grandfather of Hon. Austin A. Yates of Schenectady, N. Y., a well known lawyer of that city.

pressed it, to oppose force to force, and in regard to the Grants, themselves to "repel force by force." On the 16th, the day after receiving Clinton's instructions, Gansevoort took the field himself,[1] repairing, in the first instance to the headquarters of Starke at Fort Edward, in order to obtain a detachment of troops and a field piece. But Starke was lukewarm; his troops, he said, were too naked to move from their quarters, and he pleaded the impropriety of his interfering without an order from General Heath.[2] Gansevoort then crossed over to the east side of the river in order to arouse the militia in Hoosic. His efforts, however, were fruitless. None of the militia responded, and only eighty men could be depended on out of the four regiments of Yates, Henry K. Van Rensselaer and Van Vechten. Instead of the latter regiment, only the Colonel, a few officers and one private could be prevailed on to march. Under these discouraging circumstances, Gansevoort was compelled to relinquish the expedition, and the insurgents—among them as I have said, and to their shame be it recorded, the people of Washington County—remained the victors, to the no small terror of those of the loyal inhabitants, who were well disposed, inasmuch as they were apprehensive of being taken prisoners and carried away, as had been the case with others, should they refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the government of Vermont. But, although Clinton had thus failed to subdue the sturdy mountaineers—a task that the Colonial governors of New York before him for thirty years had been unable to accomplish—his ill-success was owing to the force of circumstances, and not to lack of ability. His position, during all of this controversy, had been most trying, for this trouble with the Vermonters was, in effect, a serious insurrection within his own state, calling for his closest attention, occurring, too, at a time when he was endeavoring by every possible means to assist the general government in her war against the common enemy. This fact was recognized by Washington who, throughout the war, and to the close of his life, continued to place implicit confidence in Clinton's judgment. Nor, were these marks of confidence merely of respect to his professional opinions. The cordial regard in which he was held by the Commander-in-chief is shown,

[1] MS Letter from Gansevoort in the author's possession.

[2] While it goes without saying that no suspicion whatever of treachery can be alleged against Starke, yet it is evident that he had been tinged with sympathy for Allen and Fay.

not only by the solicitude with which the latter watched over the safety of his person, but in the circumstance, that almost his first act on retiring into private life, was to write to him as one upon whose affectionate sympathy he could rely. "The scene, my dear friend," said he in a letter to Clinton, written three days after his arrival at Mount Vernon, "is at length closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care and hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues."[1]

Meanwhile, during all of this acrimonious controversy which has been just narrated, the people of Charlotte County very naturally, in puzzled bewilderment, were anxious to know what would be their status—whether, their county would ultimately belong to Vermont or New York.[2]

But upon one thing they were resolved, viz.: to have the name of the county changed, and for the reason that the long and bloody struggle of the Revolutionary war, with its accompaniments of invasion, rapine, house-burning and Indian outrage, had very naturally caused most bitter feelings among the people against everything which savored in the least of English name or origin. "Even the name of Queen Charlotte," says a writer, "was not agreeable to the inhabitants of Charlotte County, whose farms had been devastated by Queen Charlotte's husband." Still more odious was the name of Tryon County—derived from the tyrannical and blood-thirsty governor of New York whose raids upon the defenceless towns of Connecticut on the Sound were yet held in shuddering horror—to the settlers of the Mohawk valley, who had been subjected to pillage and massacre during all of the war by Tories and Indians in British employ. Accordingly, on the second day of April, 1784, the New York Legislature, in compliance with a petition signed by the most representative men of these two counties, passed an act changing the two names just mentioned. This act was a model of brevity and precision (which, by the way, it might be well for the Assemblyman of the present day to copy) and, after the enacting clause, read as follows:

[1] *Autograph letter of General Washington* formerly in my possession.

[2] Indeed, had these good people of Charlotte county been accustomed to the slang of the present day, they undoubtedly would have expressed their feelings in that inelegant, though very expressive phrase, "Where are we at?"

"From and after the passage of this act, the County of Tyron shall be known by the name of Montgomery and the County of Charlotte by the name of Washington."

"Thus," says Johnson, "the most honored appellation known to Americans was conferred upon this county. The name was not as common then as now and we believe this is the oldest Washington County in the United States—a veritable patriarch with nearly forty namesakes among counties, besides an almost countless host of towns, villages and post offices." In the same year also (1784), the township of Hartford was formed from Westfield (now Fort Ann) and the settlement of Dresden was begun.

The doubts of the people of Washington County, however, regarding to which state they were finally to belong were soon set at rest. Vermont, in 1790, overawed by public opinion, "drew in her horns," and yielding to New Hampshire her right of exercising her jurisdiction over all the towns east of the Connecticut river, she, though not very gracefully, made it known that the management by New York state of Charlotte and Albany counties would not be interfered with. In the same year the long drawn out contest between New York and the New Hampshire Grants was finally settled. Governor Clinton, as stated, having completely failed in his efforts to extend the authority of his state over the Green Mountain Boys, made a virtue of necessity, and on the 6th of March a law was passed by the New York Legislature ceding to Vermont "all claim to political jurisdiction and also to ownership of the land within that state, and appointing commissioners to meet with others from Vermont and settle the boundaries between the two states."

This commission met in the following October, and agreed on a boundary, "beginning at the northeast corner of Massachusetts and running thence northerly along the western bounds of the towns of Pownal, Bennington, Shaftsbury, Arlington, Sandgate, Rupert, Wells and Poultney, as then held, to the Poultney river; thence down the middle of the deepest channel of Poultney river to East Bay, and thence down the middle of East Bay and Lake Champlain to the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude. It will thus be seen that this boundary forms the southwest corner of Salem northward to Clinton county, and also forms the eastern boundary of Washington County. It was further agreed by the commissioners that "Vermont should pay to

New York the sum of $30,000, to be divided among those who had lost by buying land from New York within the disputed territory." This was but a small fraction of the value of the lands patented by the New Yorkers, but, as has been remarked, "it probably served as a salve to the wounded dignity of the state." [1] "Chancing to have met with a list of the civil officers of Washington County for 1790," says Johnson in his admirable history of that county, "we reproduce here, as it is, perhaps, the only complete list which has come down from the last century—most of the early papers of the Board having been destroyed. It is as follows: Salem, Hamilton McCollister; Argyle, William Reed; Queensbury (now in Warren County) William Roberts; Kingsbury, Seth Allen; Westfield (Fort Anne) George Wray; Whitehall, Cornelius Jones; Hampton, John How; Granville, Timothy Leonard; Hebron, John Hamilton."

In 1791 Vermont was finally admitted into the Union as one of the original thirteen states, "thus putting the seal of Federal authority on the settlement arrived at this year," Washington County thus became a border county along all of its great length. By the same act, the town of Cambridge, comprising the present towns of Jackson and White Creek, was transferred to Washington County; while that part of the towns of Saratoga and Stillwater, lying *east* of the Hudson, was formed into a new town, by the name of Easton, and was also annexed to Washington. "We do not know," says Johnson, "but we imagine very strongly that these transfers were managed by General John Williams of Salem, then an influential member of the State Senate, so as to strengthen the south end of the county, and get the county seat permanently fixed at Salem." "At all events," continues Johnson, "that same year a petition was circulated asking the Legis-

[1] The last two clauses of the act, passed by the Vermont Legislature, October 28, 1790, read as follows: "It is hereby enacted by the general assembly of the state of Vermont, that the people of the state of Vermont on or before the 1st day of June, 1794, pay the state of New York $30,000.

"And it is hereby further enacted that all grants, charters or patents of land lying within the state of Vermont, made by or under the government of the late colony of New York—except such grants, charters or patents, made by, or under the government of the late province of New Hampshire—are hereby declared null and void, and incapable of being given in evidence, in any court of law within the state." *Slade's* "Vermont State Papers."

The money received from Vermont was divided in 1799 among the New York claimants, from which it would appear as if the "Ring"—for they had "Rings" in that day also—received the bulk of the award. Thus, Goldsborough Banyar of Albany (an old friend of Sir William Johnson), and a large landed proprietor in Cambridge received $7,218, while the settler, Charles Hutchins, whose lands had been seized, and his house destroyed by Ethan Allen and his band, received $9.98. The other residents of Washington County benefitted by the fund were Ebenezer Clarke, $37.42; Archibald Campbell, $49.91, and Samuel Stevens, $653.63.

lature to fix the county-seat at Salem, and to authorize the building of a court-house and jail at that point, there having been no county buildings previous to that time." Fort Edward and the neighboring towns, as a matter of course, resisted this movement. Edward Savage of Salem (father of the celebrated Chief Justice Savage) and also a State Senator at the same time was, as might be inferred, greatly opposed to such a change. But, while Salem and Fort Edward were thus struggling for the honors of the county-seat, some of the river people desired to have it located at Fort Miller. The Legislature, however, avoided a decision by a device so frequently resorted to since that time, and at length, permanently incorporated in the law—that is, they authorized the Board of Supervisors to fix the locality. The Board accordingly met and located the county-seat at Salem.

It was not, however, until 1812 that the exact line of Washington County was finally settled by commissioners from both states. The New York commissioners were Smith Thompson, Simeon de Witt and George Tibbitts,[1] and with this act the long dispute between New York and Vermont may be said to have ended. The following year, moreover, the boundaries and status of Washington County were permanently fixed, for on the 12th of March, 1813, the County of Warren was established. This reduced the area of Washington County to the limits which it has ever since retained. It also brought the county-seat at Sandy Hill, within a mile of the county line; but as the court-house was already built, that location has been able to hold its ground against all rivals ever since.

[1] See Notes to *New York Session Laws*, April 15, 1814.

CHAPTER XX.

1791—1810.

Settlers of Washington County Resume Their Regular Vocations—The Causes Which Led to the Changing of the County Seat From Fort Edward to Sandy Hill—Amusing Anecdotes Regarding this Change—Extracts from President Dwight's Journal of His Tours Through Washington County in 1806 and 1810—His Vivid Description of the Social Status of Argyle and Cambridge from Observations Derived from His Visit—The Statistics Given Being of a Most Valuable and Interesting Character.

After the Revolutionary War, no exciting incidents—that is of unusual moment—occurred in Washington County for many years. Of course there were many local events which were of interest to the people of the county and, also, many political squabbles and unseemly wrangles in the elections from time to time of judges, senators and assemblymen; but, as a general rule, the settlers, thoroughly exhausted by the border warfare so long prevailing, were content to till their farms and smoke their pipes under their own vines and fig trees after the day's work was done—leaving to a few politicians the political work of the county. A few men of more than usual enterprise, and actuated by a most commendable public spirit, endeavored, it is true, to increase the wealth of Washington County by originating various schemes, nearly all of which, from the causes I have stated—viz.: the stoical indifference of the farmers—were total failures. Of these different enterprises, however, perhaps the most noteworthy was one to improve the navigation of Wood Creek, by constructing a short canal so that the waters of the Hudson together with those of Lake Champlain might be connected; and towards this end, a very earnest effort was made by its promoters. Accordingly, "The Northern Inland Lock Navigation Company" was incorporated—General Schuyler being one of the chief stockholders. General Williams, who had bought, it will be remembered, the escheated estate of Major Skeene of Whitehall, was also an active member and director of this "Northern Company." The latter began operations and, in June, 1794, went so far as to advertise for proposals "for cleanlng Halfway Brook from the present landing place to its juncture with Wood Creek

from the junction aforesaid to the entrance of the canal at Whitehall." Owing, however, to a want of capital the company were obliged to stop work, and the desired communication was not made until more than thirty years later.

But the good people of Washington County had at this time plenty of gossip with which to while away their extra leisure. Thus, quite an amusing anecdote is told by Johnson as to the manner in which the permanent county-seat was changed from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill. He says: "In 1796, a term of court was held, as one had been each year for nine years, at the hotel of Adiel Sherwood, at Fort Edward. This gentleman, who, it will be remembered, was the same who commanded as Captain at Fort Anne, in 1780, now united the glittering dignity of a Lieutenant-colonel of militia with the humble duties of a village tavern-keeper. The court appears to have been held in his dining-room. One day, as the dinner hour approached, Colonel Sherwood, who had, perhaps, become disgruntled at something the honorable court had done, abruptly entered the room and peremptorily ordered the judges to vacate it, as he desired to have the table set for dinner.

"Judges were important personages then, and, as has been stated, the judges of Washington County were its most prominent citizens. That, after having been allowed to set up their court in a room they should be thus dictatorially ordered out of it, even by a Lieutenant-colonel of militia, was almost enough to paralyze them with horror and indignation. Sherwood, however, made so much ado that the court adjourned for the time being; but, at their next session, they proceeded to make a signal example of this irreverent offender. The record reads as follows: 'Adiel Sherwood, having been guilty of contempt, it is ordered that the said Adiel Sherwood be committed to the common jail of Washington County for the space of fifteen days.' "

"It is highly probable that this contempt of Colonel Sherwood had an important effect on the county-seat question, for three of the insulted judges were then Senators and, although the courts had been held at his house for nine years, at the very next session of the Legislature the place of holding them was changed to the hotel of Mary Dean, in Sandy Hill. The consequence has been that Sandy Hill has been a county seat ever since and Fort Edward has not."

It would seem, moreover, that the question of good roads attracted as much of the public attention then as at the present time, though

there was then no organization of "Bicyclists" to petition the Legislature, and by their votes threaten with dire displeasure and non-election to office all men who refused to vote as they dictated. By a law passed in March, 1799, the general management of the roads in the county was vested in three superintendents of highways, appointed by the council of appointment. To these superintendents appeals lay from the town commissioners. Still another important movement in regard to highways was the beginning of turnpikes. "The Northern Turnpike Company," the first operated within this county, was incorporated on the 1st day of April, 1799. It had for its object the building of a turnpike from Lansingburgh, through Cambridge, Salem and Hebron, to the house of Hezakiah Searling in the town of Granville, and among its directors were William Hay, Edward Wells, Jr., David Long, Martin Van Buskirk, John Williams and Edward Savage. The company immediately went to work and not only built the road to the designated point, but continued it northward, through Hampton, to the state line, connecting with a similar road to Burlington, Vermont. This company also built a branch from Salem northwestward to the state line, and another from Granville to Whitehall.

DR. DWIGHT'S TOURS IN WASHINGTON COUNTY IN 1806—1810.

Perhaps the most instructive means of obtaining an insight into the physical and social conditions of any county is by reading the travels of persons who have been through it, especially if they are men of shrewdness of observation and honesty of purpose. It is for this reason, that I now present to the reader two accounts of tours through Washington County made respectively in 1806 and 1810, by that distinguished traveller and educator, Timothy Dwight, perhaps the most illustrious of all Yale's presidents. I am sure, also, that the Washington County reader—if he has been in *rapport* with me through all of this history—will appreciate the following extracts from President Dwight's Travels—more especially, as the work has, for very many years, been out of print, and is now very difficult of access—it being found in only a very few private and public libraries. They will be found of intense interest and well worth careful perusal.

President Dwight, therefore, regarding his tour through Washington County, in 1806, writes as follows:[1]

"From Fair Haven we entered the township of Hampton, Washington County, in the state of New York. Our road lay along Pultney [*sic.*] river, through a succession of beautiful intervals, divided into a number of valuable farms and ornamented by several neat houses. The hill immediately west of this river is also near its northern termination, an elegant piece of ground, well cultivated and crowned in a picturesque manner by a church on its summit. The mouth of Pultney river forms East Bay, one of the southern terminations of Lake Champlain, and the principal part of the southern boundary of Fair Haven. The other parts of the township of Hampton are rough and disagreeable. In 1790 this township contained 463 inhabitants; in 1800, 700, and in 1810, 820.

"In the year 1806 we crossed Pultney river, about nine or ten miles from Granville. * * * This place, which is situated immediately south of Hampton, is a much pleasanter and better township than Pultney. A considerable part of it lies on the branches of the Pawlet river, which has its origin in Dorset, in the county of Rutland, Vt., and empties its waters into Lake Champlain at South Bay. The houses are built in a scattered manner, yet there is a small village, principally on the eastern side of one of these branches. Its general appearance is that of moderate thrift. It presents a fine view of the range of mountains between Lake Champlain and Lake George. A revival of religion took place here in 1806.

"Granville, like most other townships in the state of New York, is extensive, and contained in 1790, 2,240 inhabitants; in 1800, 3,175, and in 1810, 3,717.

"We dined at Granville, and after dinner rode through Westfield [now Fort Ann] and Kingsbury to Sandy Hill. Westfield is a very large and unpleasant tract of land. The soil is chiefly clay, and indifferently fertile, the surface composed of hills and valleys, devoid of beauty, the settlements recent and thinly scattered, the houses chiefly log huts, and the inhabitants poor and unthrifty.[2] To complete the dullness of this tract, the few streams which we saw were exactly

[1] These extracts, as will be seen, give some very valuable statistics.

[2] It is very pleasant to note in this connection, that the course of years has brought a decided change in this regard—the inhabitants of Westfield (Fort Ann) being now among the most thrifty people of Washington County.

like those mentioned in the description of Addison and Bridport [in Vermont.] Most of them were successions of puddles, lying in a loathsome bed of clay between steep, ragged banks, and of the color of dirty suds. So offensive were these waters that, although distressed with heat and thirst, our horses, whenever they approached them in order to drink, suddenly drew back with indications of disgust. A person accustomed only to the limpid streams of New England can form no conception of the disagreeableness of this fact. We ourselves suffered from it greatly, for although parched with thirst and faint with the unusual heat, we were unable, for a great distance, to find anything which we could drink.

"Westfield contained in 1790, 2,103 inhabitants; in 1800, 2,502, and in 1810, 3,110.

"In this tract we crossed Wood Creek and entered the Skeensborough road, about eight miles below that village. We had taken this circuitous route to avoid that settlement, which we were told was distressed with sickness. For some time our road lay along the northern bank of this stream and became much more agreeable, particularly as we were sheltered by a continued forest from the intense beams of the sun.

"About a mile before we arrived at Fort Anne, [that is, the *village*] over a hill, jutting into the creek [Wood Creek] named 'Battle-hill.' Here the Americans, retreating before the army of General Burgoyne, attacked a British regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, with great spirit and would probably have taken or destroyed the whole corps had they not been deceived into a belief that their enemies had received a reinforcement.[1]

"At the village of Fort Anne we stopped to examine the spot where the fortification, formerly known by this name, was erected. It was built in order to facilitate an intended expedition against Canada in 1709, and stood just at the bend where the eastern course of the creek commences. It was merely an enclosure of strong palisades, sufficient, however, to check the savages in their incursions from South Bay upon Hudson River. For canoes and batteaux the creek is navigable to this spot. The stumps of the palisades, if I may so call them, were still remaining, and recalled to my mind some of the painful

[1] For a detailed account of this action the reader is referred to the chapter treating upon this battle.

impressions which it had received concerning Indian ravages in the years of childhood.

"The village of Fort Anne is built chiefly on a single street, running from north to south. The houses are recently, and for so new a settlement, neatly built. The inhabitants hope that this will hereafter be a place of considerable business.

"From Fort Anne to Sandy Hill, ten miles, the soil is principally clay. About three miles of the road are causeyed [causewayed] with logs, [we call them now "corduroy-roads"]—a work of immense labor, performed, if we may trust public accounts, by the army of General Burgoyne; but, as I was told on the spot, by the American army. I have also been repeatedly told, and I presume with truth, that this causey [causeway] was built by the British and Provincial troops in the last Canadian war.[1] The ground is so miry that an army could not have passed over it without a causey. In the Revolutionary war, the Americans probably repaired it, and the soldiers of General Burgoyne may have added to the repairs. The state of the ground has been also exhibited as so savage and difficult, so broken with creeks and marshes, that the army of General Burgoyne could hardly advance more than a mile in a day. There is not a single stream here of any importance. It is further said, that this army was obliged to construct no less than forty bridges. The word 'bridges,' here must, however, denote little passages over rills of the smallest magnitude, for there is not a single bridge, of any size on the road. Even with this explanation, the number must be doubled, if not tripled. The principal difficulty found here by General Burgoyne was, I presume, this: the Americans in their retreat felled as many trees as they could across the road, and the army was obliged to take this road because there was no other. To the British soldiers, who were unskilled in cutting timber, the removal of these obstructions must have been a very laborious and difficult work. Had there not been a causey here before this period, the Americans, themselves, could not have passed through this country, for the marsh and the forest must have obstructed their passage as much as the British. But, as they are accus-

[1] Dr. Dwight, or rather his informant, is here in error. As I have shown in my chapters on Burgoyne's Campaign, all of these roads—extending down to Stillwater, were built through the woods by Burgoyne's skillful engineers—and as I then stated, all of these roads used at the present day, follow out precisely those made through the primeval forest by Burgoyne's army.

tomed to labors of this nature, they think little of them. Hence, before General Burgoyne marched through this tract, the world never heard anything concerning the tremendous obstacles, which here so formidably opposed the progress of an army.[1] As to the savage nature of the place, there is a marsh here, not a whit more embarrassing than marshes generally are; and the forest, elsewhere, is much less shaggy and difficult than a great part of American forests. The causey is in tolerable preservation and with an additional covering of earth would furnish a pleasant road.

"Kingsbury is a large township, containing, besides other settlements, two villages, Kingsbury and Sandy Hill. The village of Kingsbury is built on high ground, sloping handsomely towards the southeast. From twenty to thirty houses are assembled here, if I do not misremember, around a small, decent church. Their appearance indicates that the inhabitants are in comfortable circumstances. An extensive and in some respects interesting prospect is presented on this spot to the eye of the traveller.

"Sandy Hill lies about five miles from Kingsbury on the Hudson, where that river, terminating its eastern course, makes a remarkable bend to the south, a direction which it follows from this place to the ocean. The site of the village is a pine plain, elevated from one hundred to two hundred feet above the bed of the river. It contains, perhaps, twenty houses, several of them neat. The two great roads, from the eastern side of Lake Champlain and the western side of Lake George, in their progress towards New York, unite here and make it a place of frequent resort and some trade. It is often visited by gentlemen and ladies in their excursions to Lake George; a scene of pre-eminent beauty, which I shall have occasion to describe more particularly hereafter. We lodged in a miserable inn, the proprietor of a much better one being occupied in building a house, and therefore, unable to receive us.

"In 1790 Kingsbury contained 1,120 inhabitants; in 1800, 1,651, and in 1810, 2,272."

[1] This account by President Dwight would seem rather to belittle the herculean efforts of Schuyler to retard the British march, as related in a previous chapter. Still, it should be remembered, that even Dwight was, as a New England man, greatly prejudiced against any good coming out of New York!

"Thursday, October 4th, 1806, we left Sandy Hill[1] and rode two miles and a half up the Hudson to see the cataract called, from a respectable man living in the neighborhood, Glen's Falls. The road to this spot passes along the north bank of the river.

"The rock over which the Hudson descends at this place, is a vast mass of blue lime-stone, horizontally stratified, and, I believe, exactly resembles that which produces the Falls of Niagara.[2] How far this stratum extends northward and westward I am ignorant. Down the river it reaches certainly as far as Fort Edward.

"The river at this place runs due east and is forty rods in breadth. Almost immediately above the cataract is erected a dam, eight or ten feet in height, for the accommodation of a long train of mills on the north, and a small number on the south bank. Below the dam, the mass of limestone extends, perhaps thirty or forty rods down the middle of the stream, leaving a channel on each side. That on the north is about one-third of the breadth of the river; that on the south, where narrowest, is perhaps a tenth and, where widest, is divided into two by another part of the rock. The breadth of both, taken altogether, is not far from that of the north channel.

"The part of this rock which is nearest to the dam, is washed by the stream, and its surface is wrought everywhere into small figures resembling shells.[3] A short distance below the dam it is covered with earth for about twelve or fifteen rods each way and, to a considerable extent, with pines and underwood. Below the road which, between the bridges, crosses this ground, the rock is divided into two arms, with a deep channel between them hollowed out by the stream and by the weather. One bridge crosses the north channel and two the south, in a direction from northwest to southeast.

"The perpendicular descent of the water at this place is seventy feet. The forms in which it descends are various, beyond those of

[1] Although, it may not be entirely germane to speak of this, yet I cannot refrain, in this connection, to say a word regarding the late Mrs. Charles Stone of Sandy Hill—who was ever—and, perhaps, more than any other resident of that place, *specially* interested in everything relating to the historical reminiscences of that village. As I have said before, in my account of Jane McCrea, she gave me much information, and I only deeply regret that she is not living to read this history and my acknowledgment of her labors.

[2] In this the writer errs. The Glens Falls formation is the Trenton and the Niagara is a much later limestone.

[3] These do not *resemble* shells. They are *veritable* shells—showing that the ocean, at one time, covered all of this part of the continent. Mr. C. C. Lester and myself have a number of these fossils in our cabinets.

any other cataract within my knowledge. All the conceivable gradations of falling water, from the mighty torrent to the showery *jet d'eau*, are here united in a wonderful and fascinating combination. In the channel on the north side, twenty rods in breadth near the dam and about twelve at the bridge, the greatest mass of water descends in four principal streams, divided by three large prominences of the rock, and in several small ones. The prevailing appearance here is that of sublimity, as the river descends either in great sheets or violent torrents. There are, however, several fine cascades in this compartment, and the effect of the whole is not a little increased by innumerable streams, torrents and jets from the long succession of mills on the north shore.

"The southern division of this scene is, however, a still finer object than the northern. On the north side of this channel the river has worn a ragged, perpendicular chasm through the rock, about thirty feet in breadth, eight or ten rods in length and fifty or sixty feet in depth. Through this opening pours a single torrent in a mass of foam, and is joined by ten or twelve currents, rushing from the southern side with every variety of foam, and with a beauty and magnificence incapable of being described.

"On the eastern part of the island, below the road, the water has worn three passages beneath the surface quite through the rocky points which border the channel mentioned above; two through the northern arm of the island, and one through the southern. These passages are about three rods in length, and sufficiently wide and high for a man to pass conveniently through them. The surface of the rock above them is smooth and entire. I was at a loss to conceive what cause has produced these passages, as their direction was exactly at right angles with the current. In the year 1802, when I visited these falls the third time, I found a fourth passage, cut through one of the same arms, in all respects similar to those which I have mentioned. If it existed at all in the year 1798, it was so small that it was not only unobserved by us, but had never been discovered by any of the neighboring inhabitants. So remarkable a fact induced me to search for the cause, and I soon became satisfied. This stratum of limestone, by means of the obliquity of other streets, the eye receives no impression of regularity. The houses [i. e. Fort Edward] are chiefly ancient structures of brick, in the Dutch style, the roofs sharp;

the ends toward the street and the architecture uncouth.[1] A great number of them have but one story. There are three churches here, a Dutch, a Presbyterian and an Episcopal—all of them ordinary buildings. The town [Fort Edward] is compact, and one or two of the streets are paved. The number of inhabitants in this township was in 1790, 4,228 and in 1800, 5,289."

In 1810, four years afterward, President Dwight again passed through Washington County of which tour he writes as follows:

"The journey from Saratoga to Sandy Hill is very pleasant, except that the road is indifferent in many places; a part of it being heavily encumbered with mud, and another part with sand. The face of the country is very similar to that, which I have already described.

"Several of the intervals which we passed on this part of our journey, exhibit strong proofs of the manner in which they were formed. A bare inspection of them evinced beyond debate, that they were at first islands, which rose above the surface at some distance from the bank and were gradually extended toward it. The part which finally united each to the bank was last formed, and continued to be a channel to the stream longer than any other spot on the interval. Accordingly, this part of these grounds was almost without an exception lower than the rest.

"Before the year 1783 there were few settlements in this region. The expedition of General Burgoyne obliged the inhabitants to fly, destroyed their buildings and fences, and plundered them of their cattle and their property. Since that event, the number of planters has greatly increased, and they have greatly advanced in prosperity and wealth. Northumberland, however, is still in an infant state; many of the houses being built of logs, the fields imperfectly cleared, the girdled trees remaining, and the enclosures formed of logs and rubbish. These proofs of a recent settlement will soon vanish and be followed by a superior cultivation.

"Three miles above Carpenter's stood Fort Miller—a small picketed work, built in 1756 or 1757 to check the incursions of the Savages. Its remains have almost disappeared[2] and the spot where it stood is

[1] What will our friends of Fort Edward say to this!

[2] Not quite, as they are still (1900) plainly to be traced.

now a cornfield.[1] At this place there is a sprightly fall in the Hudson, down which General Putnam is said to have descended in a small boat. Opposite this spot General Burgoyne spent nearly two months in his long journey from Skeensborough to Saratoga.

"We crossed the Hudson at Dumont's Ferry, and through a road in the township of Argyle, extremely miry, made our way to Fort Edward where we stopped some time to examine the works.[2]

"Fort Edward is distant from Albany forty-seven miles and from New York two hundred and three. A small, scattered, lean looking village is built in the neighborhood.[3]

"From Fort Edward to Sandy Hill (three miles) the road, after ascending a long acclivity, passes over the plain on which that village is built. The evening I spent with Judge H——, a member of the senate of this state. This gentleman gave me much useful information concerning the surrounding country and its inhabitants.

"Saturday, October 12, [1810] Messrs. C—— and H—— left us and proceeded to Lake George. Mr. D—— and myself, intending to return to Carpenter's in the evening, stopped at Glens Falls, three miles on the road. It rained all night, and until ten in the morning. We were therefore late, and after spending an hour and a half at the falls, returned to Sandy Hill. The river was high, and all those fine varieties of water, which were so visible in the preceeding autumn, were lost in one general accumulation of force and grandeur. The

[1] Dr. Dwight is mistaken as to the date of the building of Fort Miller, if indeed so pretentious a designation as a "Fort" can be given it. It was erected as a block-house to protect storehouses in 1755, at the same time as Fort Edward. The block-house at the "Second Carrying Place" was built under the eye of Colonel Miller—hence the name, and it is one of the very few places in the county that has retained the name originally given it to the present day. "It is not probable," says Dr. Fitch, "that there ever was here any enclosure such as is commonly understood as a *Fort*. The block-house and store houses were built upon the flat at the west side of the Hudson at the head of the falls. This flat is protected upon three of its sides by the river, which curves around it in a form resembling that of a horse-shoe; while about one side of the remaining side is covered by a lagoon or narrow bay which makes off from the river. To complete these natural defences, a parapet of timber and a deep fosse in front of it was extended across the neck of land from the head of the lagoon south to the river bank opposite to it. The remains of this work [1848] are still very distinct through its entire length of many rods. A block-house was also erected upon the bluff which overlooks this flat from the west. Thus protected, this was far the strongest position of any of the carrying-places along the river."

[2] Here follows a description of Fort Edward which is omitted as it has been given in a more appropriate place, viz.: in the sketch of that fort, Chapter V.

[3] Could President Dwight's shade now revisit the place, how different would be his description!

river rolled or fell elsewhere in a violent and majestic torrent. A copious mist filled its bed, and descended on us in a shower.

"We took a late dinner and crossing at 'Roger's Ferry,' a little below Sandy Hill, pursued our journey on the western side of the Hudson. Here we found the road much better and the scenery much pleasanter.

"On Sunday morning, October 13th, having been informed that there would be no public worship in Saratoga, none, I mean, in which we wished to participate, and that there was a respectable Scotch clergyman at Cambridge, we left at this place, and, crossing 'Dumont's Ferry' again, rode through the township of Argyle and a small part of Greenwich to the place of our destination, where we arrived just after the congregation had begun their morning worship. On our way, a decent Scotchman came up to us on horseback and very civilly enquired why we travelled on the Sabbath; observing to us at the same time, that such travelling was forbidden by the law of the state, and that the people of that vicinity had determined to carry the law into execution.[1] We easily satisfied him, and were not a little pleased to find that there were people in this vicinity who regarded the law of the land and the law of God with so much respect. When we entered the church our companion obligingly conducted us to a good seat. We found in the desk a respectable clergyman from Scotland, who gave us two edifying sermons, delivered, however, in the peculiar manner of the Seceders.[2]

"The country from 'Dumont's Ferry' through the township of Argyle is, for six or eight miles, a plain of pitch-pines. The soil is alternately clay and sand, everywhere replenished with slate of a very fragile and dissolute[3] texture. The surface then rises gradually into easy swells and then into hills. The soil of these is loam mixed with gravel, generally of a moderately good quality. The forests contain oak, chestnut and hickory and abound in maple and birch. The rocks are principally granite.

[1] *O Tempora! O Mores!* What will the good people of Washington say to this!

[2] It would be of interest if Dr. Dwight had given us the name of this excellent divine; for, perhaps, some of his descendants are yet living in Washington County.

[3] It is interesting to observe how the meaning of words change even in the course of fifty years. The word "dissolute" is now applied to one of a dissipated character. To a reader of meditation, this note is in point.

"On this road there is a small village in the township of Argyle, and another in that of Greenwich. The latter is built around a collection of mills on the Battenkill. This large mill stream rises in the township of Dorset in Vermont, and running south-westward through Manchester, turns to the west in the north part of Sunderland. Thence, passing through Arlington, it crosses the County of Washington between Cambridge and Salem, Easton and Greenwich, and discharges its waters into the Hudson at the southwest corner of Greenwich. Its course is about forty miles. Here it is called the Battenkill. In this village there is a decent Baptist church and about thirty houses of an indifferent appearance.

"The township of Argyle contained in 1790, when it included Greenwich and Easton, 2,341 inhabitants; in 1800, after Easton was separated from it, 4,595. In 1810, after Greenwich was separated from it, 3,813. In 1800 Easton contained 3,069 and in 1810, 3,253. In 1810 Greenwich contained 2,752. The original township contained in 1800, 7,764 and in 1810, 9,818. In 1790, the county of Washington contained nine townships and 14,042 inhabitants; in 1800, sixteen townships and 35,574 inhabitants; in 1810 twenty-one townships and 44,289 inhabitants.

"These facts will give you a tolerably just view of the progress of settlement and population in these parts of this state, which, until very lately, were a mere wilderness.

"The township of Cambridge is both fertile and pleasant. On its western side runs the range of Taghkannuc, in a succession of hills, some of them approaching towards a mountainous height. All the varieties of 'hill, dale and sunny plain' and beautiful interval are here presented to the eye of a traveller. A considerable part of its extent is in various directions almost a continuous village. The inhabitants, some of whom planted themselves here before the Revolutionary War, are chiefly emigrants from New England and Scotland.[1] Those who came from Scotland particularly engaged my attention. They left their native country in the humblest circumstances and after encountering all the hardship and expense incident to a long and tedious voyage, had, at their arrival, no other objects of their reliance beside the goodness of the soil and climate, their own hands and the common blessings of Heaven. Notwithstanding the difficul-

[1] Some few, also, came from New Jersey. See one of the earlier chapters.

ties, which I have described as attending the formation of a settlement in an American forest, they have already advanced to the full possession of comforts, and in some instances of conveniences. Their houses are warm and tidy, and their farms in a promising condition. In the church they were decently dressed, and apparently devout; out of it they were cheerful, obliging and kind. To bring themselves into this condition, they have undoubtedly suffered many troubles; yet, they have certainly acted with wisdom in transporting themselves into a country where all the necessaries and comforts of life are so abundant, and so easily obtained. The prospects of the poor brighten at once, their views expand, their energy awakes and their efforts are invigorated, when they see competence rewarding of course every man possessing health, common sense and integrity, laboring with diligence and preserving with care the fruits of his industry. At the same time a mighty difference between the possession of a fee simple estate, and a dependant tenantry, even where the terms are mild, is perfectly understood and deeply felt by every man who has been a tenant. Of all the feelings derived from civilized society, that of personal independence is undoubtedly the most delightful.

"We saw three churches in Cambridge, two of them belonging to the Scotch settlers, and all of them decent buildings. In 1790 this township contained 4,996 inhabitants; in 1800, 6,187, and in 1810 [the year of Dr. Dwight's last visit] 6,730.

"From Cambridge to Hoosac Falls the county is rather pleasant, particularly the first six or eight miles. The rest of the way it was too dark to allow us an opportunity of examining it. I have since passed through it three times and found it not a little improved."

A year or two later President Dwight again took a tour through Washington County, in describing which he writes as follows:

"Monday, October 23d, accompanied by Mr. L—— we rode to Stillwater, and, after being obliged to wait three hours for our dinner, proceeded to Argyle, on the eastern side of Miller's Falls [i. e. Fort Miller]. Mr. L—— left us the next morning and we proceeded to Lake George, passing through the villages of Fort Edward, Sandy Hill and Glens Falls. Here we dined, and while our dinner was preparing, went down to examine this noble cataract. To my great mortification I found it encumbered and defaced by the erection of sev-

eral paltry buildings raised up since my last visit to this place. The rocks both above and below the bridge were extremely altered and greatly for the worse by the operations of the water and the weather. The courses of the currents had undergone, in many places, since my last visit, a similar variation. The view, at the same time, was broken by the buildings—two or three of which, designed to be mills, were given up as useless, and were in ruins. Another was a wretched looking cottage, standing upon the island between the bridges. Nothing could be more dissonant from the splendor of this scene, and hardly anything more disgusting. I found a considerable part of the rocks below the road so much wasted that I could scarcely acknowledge them to be the same. * * * On the road from Waterford to Fort Edward a great number of valuable houses are erected. The enclosures, since my last visit are greatly improved and multiplied, and the county is more generally and better cultivated. This is particularly true of Argyle and Northumberland, yet, throughout the whole distance the county is greatly advanced toward a state of thorough cultivation. At Fort Edward, Sandy Hill and Glens Falls there are three handsome villages, greatly improved in every respect since my last journey through this region. In each of the last two there is a neat Presbyterian church lately erected. A minister has been settled over both villages at a salary of $700 per annum; a fact which proves at once the prosperity and good disposition of the inhabitants.

"A strong bridge is built over the Mohawk, a mile and a half below Cohoes, and another across the Hudson from Northumberland to Argyle, at the foot of Miller's Falls. The road from Glens Falls to Fort Miller has become worse than it was formerly, having been worn down through the soil."

Nor were the Baron de Chastellux, the Swedish naturalist, Kalm and President Dwight the only distinguished travellers who, about this period, made tours through Washington County, desirous of seeing for themselves the classic ground (*par excellence*) of the Revolutionary War.

In the early spring of 1776, Charles Carroll of Carrolton, (one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence) together with Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase, were appointed by the Continental Congress Commissioners to visit Canada with a view of inducing the

French inhabitants of that Province to unite with the American Colonists in throwing off their allegiance to Great Britain and in making a joint effort for independence.

Accordingly, on the 2nd of April of that year, Franklin, Chase and Carroll embarked at New York in a sloop for Albany, on their way to Canada, having received on the 20th of March preceding ample instructions from Congress "to promote or to form a union between the Colonies and the people of Canada." The party landed at Albany on the 7th.[1] On the 9th, accompanied by General Schuyler and members of his family, the party proceeded northward by the old military route, which was cut through by General Sir William Johnson at the commencement of hostilities during the French war of 1755-63. On the way the gentlemen of the party visited on horseback the fall of "the Cohooes," of which the description is most vivid and graphic. Mr. Carroll also describes the large lumber industry, and other quite extensive manufacturing interests belonging to and conducted by General Schuyler at Schuylerville, near the mouth of Fish Creek. This place is called in the journal "Saratoga;" the springs of that name being but very little known at the time. The name Saratoga is claimed to be derived from an Indian word signifying "the valley of the great side hill."[2] General Schuyler's mansion was reached the same evening and the party remained the guests of the general and his hospitable family for a week or more.

On the 16th [April, 1776,] Mr. Carroll writes in his journal: "At a mile from Fort Miller we got into a boat and went up the Hudson river to Fort Edward. Although this fort is but seven miles distant from the place where we took boat, we were about four hours rowing up. The current is exceedingly rapid, and the rapidity was increased by a freshet. In many places the current was so strong that the batteau-men were obliged to sit up with poles and drag the boat by the painter. Although these fellows were active and expert at this business, it was with the greatest difficulty they could stem the current in particular places. The congress keeps in pay three companies of batteau-men on Hudson's river, consisting each of thirty-three men with a captain; the pay of the men is £4 10s. per month. The lands border-

[1] Imagine the difference at the present day. Then by sloop the time from New York to Albany was almost a week—now less than three hours!

[2] See one of the earlier chapters of this work for an exhaustive discussion of the meaning of the name Saratoga.

ing on Hudson's river, as you approach Fort Edward, become more sandy, and the principal wood that grows on them is pine. There are several saw mills both above and below Fort Miller. The planks sawed at the mills above Fort Miller are made up into small rafts, and left without guides to the current of the river; each one is marked so that the raft-men that remain just below Fort Miller falls watching for their coming down, may easily know their own rafts. When they come over the falls they go out in canoes and boats and tow their rafts ashore, and then take them to pieces and make them again into larger rafts. The smaller rafts are called *cribs*. The ruins only of Fort Edward remain; there is a good, large inn where we found quartered Colonel Sinclair's regiment. Mr. Allen, son of old Mr. Allen, is lieutenant-colonel; he received us very politely and accommodated us with beds The officers of this regiment are in general fine-sized men, and seemed to be on a friendly footing; the soldiers also are stout fellows.

[17th April, 1776.] "Having breakfasted with Colonel Allen, we set off from Fort Edward on our way to Fort George. We had not got a mile from the fort when a messenger from General Schuyler met us. He was sent with a letter by the general to inform us that Lake George was not open, and to desire us to remain at an inn kept by one Wing,[1] at seven miles distance from Fort Edward, and as many from Fort George. The country between Wing's tavern and Fort Edward is very sandy and somewhat hilly. The principal wood is pine.

"At Fort Edward the river Hudson makes a sudden turn to the westward; it soon again resumes its former north course, for, at a small distance, we found it on our left, and parallel with the road which we travelled, and which from Fort Edward to Lake George lies nearly north and south. At three miles or thereabouts from Fort Edward there is a remarkable fall in the river. We could see it from the road, but not so as to form any judgment of its height. We were, however, informed that it was upwards of thirty feet, and is called the Kingsbury Falls.[2] We could distinctly see the spray arising like a vapor or fog from the violence of the fall. The banks of the river, above and below these falls for a mile or two, are remarkably steep

[1] Now Glens Falls.

[2] At present known as "Baker's Falls"—so named, as Dr. Holden writes, from Caleb Baker, the original proprietor and builder of the first mills at that place.

and high, and appear to be formed or faced with a kind of stone very much resembling slate. The banks of the Mohawk river at the Cohooes are faced with the same kind of stone. It is said to be an indication of sea-coal."[1]

On the return of Franklin and Carroll from Canada, they were met at Fort Edward by Captain Alexander Grayden of the Continental Army, and a lawyer of some eminence after the war.[2] He was on his way, under a strong escort, in charge of a large sum of money in coin to General Schuyler at Lake George—this money being designed to promote the purposes sought to be accomplished by the Commissioners, Franklin and Carroll. Grayden's description of the country in this vicinity is as follows:

"Immediately beyond Fort Edward the country assumed a dreary, cheerless aspect. Between this and Lake George, a distance of about twelve miles, it was almost an entire wood, acquiring a deeper gloom, as well from the general prevalence of pines, as from its dark extended covert being presented to the imagination as an appropriate scene for the 'treasons, strategems and spoils' of savage hostility, to which purpose it had been devoted in former days of deadly dissension. It was in this tract of country that several actions had been fought; the Baron Dieskau had been defeated; and that American blood had flowed, as well as English and French, in commemoration of which the terror we attach to the adventitious circumstances which seem to accelerate man's doom, had given to a piece of standing water near the road the name *Bloody pond*. The descending sun had shed a

[1] Carroll, also, speaks in his journal of the fertility of the soil of what is now Washington and Warren counties. This, however, was not new. Indeed, as early as 1759, while General Amherst was reconstructing the fortresses at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, a proclamation was issued by Lieutenant-Governor James DeLancey, inviting the attention of settlers to lands "between Lake George and Fort Edward." He continues, they "will there find three Several Spots of cleared Ground, two of them capable of containing half a dozen families each, and the other not less than twelve; on which shall be left standing for their convenience the Wooden Hutts and Coverings of the Troops that have been posted there since the Beginning of the Campaign, which, from the footing we have now at Crown Point, will be no longer necessary, and will be evacuated and left for the use of those who shall become Settlers. The first of the said Spotts is situated four miles above Fort Edward, [now Green's mill.] The second at the Half-Way-Brook, near the old Champion house, and the other three miles from Lake George, [Brown's Halfway house.] The soil is good, and capable of improvement, and all three well watered. The Half-Way-Brook being the spott sufficient for a dozen Families." At the time of the original survey of the township of Queensbury, in 1762, writes Dr. Holden, some of these cabins were occupied by dwellers.

[2] His work, *Grayden's Memoirs*, dealing with contemporaneous events is exceedingly interesting.

browner horror on the wilderness; and, as we passed the dismal pool we experienced that transient emotion of commiseration which is natural to the mind when contemplating past events, involving the fall of friends, the fortune of war, and the sad lot of human kind. '*Denique ob casus bellorum sortem hominum.*' * * * The day we spent at this station was employed in taking a view of the remains of Fort William Henry, and in sauntering along the margin of the immense fountain of pure water which constitutes Lake George."

But we have not yet exhausted the list of our distinguished travellers in Washington County.

Early in the summer of 1796, Isaac Weld, Jr., whose ancestor had penetrated these wilds in the early part of the century, accompanying General Nicholson in his famous expedition of 1709, in the capacity of a naturalist, came to this country as the representative of what would now be called a "Syndicate," to ascertain "whether in case of future emergency any part of the United States might be looked forward to as an *eligible* place of abode." He was, like Kalm, a shrewd and accurate observer, and possessed, withal, of a fund of humor. A few extracts therefore from his travels through Washington County into Canada, may prove of interest to the reader. Leaving out the account of his journey from New York, Albany, Stillwater and Saratoga (which though of great interest, is not germane to this history) we begin these extracts from the time of his leaving Saratoga.

"Of the works thrown up at Saratoga by the British and American armies during the war, there are now scarcely any remains. The country round about is well cultivated, and the trenches have been mostly levelled by the plow. We here crossed the Hudson river and proceeded along its eastern shore as far as Fort Edward, where it is lost to the view, for the road still runs on towards the north while the river takes a sudden turn to the west.

Fort Edward was dismantled prior to the late American war, but the opposite armies, during that unhappy contest, were both in the neighborhood. Many of the people whom we found living here, had served as soldiers in the army, and told us a number of interesting particulars relative to several events which happened in this quarter. The landlord of the tavern where we stopped, for one, related all the circumstances attending Miss McCrea's death, and pointed out a hill, not far from the house where she was murdered by the Indians and also the place of her interment.

Fort Edward stands near the river. The town of the same name is at the distance of one or two hundred yards from it and contains about twenty houses. Thus far we had got on tolerably well, but from hence to Fort Anne, which was also dismantled prior to the late war, the road is most wretched, particularly over a long cause-way between the two forts, formed originally for the transporting of cannon, the soil here being extremely moist and heavy. The cause-way consists of large trees laid side by side transversly, some of which having decayed, great intervals were left, wherein the wheels of the carriage were sometimes locked so fast that the horses alone could not possibly extricate them.[1] To have remained in the carriage over this part of the road would really have been a severe punishment, for although boasted of as being the very best in Albany, it had no sort of springs, and was in fact little better than a common wagon. We, therefore, alighted, took our guns and amused ourselves with shooting [partridges?] as we walked along through the woods. The woods here had a much more majestic appearance than any that we had before met with on our way from Philadelphia; this, however, was owing more to the great height than to the thickness of the trees, for I could not see one that appeared more than thirty inches in diameter. Indeed, in general, the girt of the trees in the woods of America is but very small in proportion to their height, and trifling in comparison of that of the forest trees in Great Britain. The woods here were composed chiefly of oaks,[2] hickory, hemlock and beech trees, intermixed with which appeared great numbers of the smooth bark or Weymouth pines, as they are called, that seem almost peculiar to this part of the country. A profusion of wild raspberries were growing in the woods here, really of a very good flavor; they are commonly found in the woods to the northward of this. In Canada they abound everywhere.

Beyond Fort Anne, which is situated at a distance of eight miles from Fort Edward, the roads being better, we once more mounted into our vehicle, but the miserable horses, quite jaded, now made a dead stop; in vain the driver bawled and stamped and swore; his whip had been previously worn out some hours, owing to the frequent

[1] This road, as I have before remarked, was probably what in the Adirondacks, is still called a "Corduroy Road."

[2] "There are upwards of twenty different kinds of oaks in America." *Note by Weld.*

use he had made of it; and the animals, no longer feeling its heavy lash, seemed as determined as the mules of the Abbess of Andouilies to go no further. In this situation we could not help bantering the fellow upon the excellence of his cattle, which he had boasted so much of on setting out, and he was ready to cry with vexation at what we said, but having accidentally mentioned the sum we had paid for the carriage, his passion could no longer be restrained and it broke forth in all its fury.

It appears that he was the owner of two of the horses, and for the use of them, and for driving the carriage was to have had one-half of the hire, but the man whom he had agreed with, and paid at Albany, had given him only ten dollars as his moiety, assuring him, at the same time, that it was exactly the half of what we had given, although in reality it fell short of the sum by seven dollars and a half. Thus cheated by his companion and left in the lurch by his horses, he vowed vengeance against him on his return; but as protestations of this nature would not bring us any sooner to our journey's end, and as it was necessary that something should be immediately done if we did not wish to remain all night in the woods, we suggested an idea in the meantime, of his conducting the foremost horses as postilion, while one of our servants should drive the pair next to the wheel. This plan was not started with any degree of seriousness, for we could not have supposed that a tall, meager fellow, upwards of six feet high and clad in a pair of thin nankeen breeches, would very readily bestride the raw-bone back of a horse, covered with the profuse exudations which the intense heat of the weather and the labor the animal had gone through necessarily excited. As much tired, however, with our pleasantries, as we were of his vehicle, and thinking of nothing, I believe, but how he could best get rid of us, he eagerly embraced the proposal and accordingly, having furnished himself with a switch from an adjoining thicket, he mounted his harnessed Rosinante. In this style we proceeded, but more than once did our gigantic postilion turn round to bemoan the sorry choice he had made; as often did we urge the necessity of getting out of the woods; he could make no answer. So jogging slowly along we at last reached the little town of Skenesborough, much to the amusement of every one who beheld our equipage, and much to our own satisfaction for, owing to the various accidents we had met with, such as traces breaking, bridles slipping off the heads of the horses, and the noble horses themselves

sometimes slipping down, etc., etc., we had been no less than five hours in travelling the last five miles.

Skenesborough stands just above the junction of Wood Creek and South River, as it is called in the best maps, but which is considered as a part of Lake Champlain. At present [1796] there are only about twelve houses in the place; but if the navigation of Wood Creek is ever opened, so as to connect Lake Champlain with the North River, a scheme which has already been seriously thought of, it will, doubtless, soon become a trading-town of considerable importance, as all the various productions of the shores of the lake will then be collected there for the New York and Albany markets. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of a land carriage of forty miles to the North River a small portion of flour and pot-ash, the staple commodities of the state of New York,[1] is already sent to Skenesborough from different parts of the lake, to be forwarded to Albany. A considerable trade, also, is carried on through this place and over Lake Champlain, between New York and Canada. Furs and horses principally are sent from Canada, and in return, they get East Indian goods and various manufactures. Lake Champlaim opens a very ready communication between New York and the country bordering on the St. Lawrence; it is emphatically called by the Indians, Caniad—Evi Guarunte—that is, "the mouth or door of the country."

Skenesborough is most dreadfully infested with mosquitoes; so many of them attacked us the first night of our sleeping there that when we arose in the morning our faces and hands were covered all over with large pustules, precisely like those of a person in the small pox. This happened too, notwithstanding that the people of the house, before we went to bed, had taken the pains possible to clear the room of them by fumigating it with the smoke of green wood, and afterwards securing the windows with gauze blinds; and even on the second night, although we destroyed many dozens of them on the walls, after a similar fumigation had been made, yet we suffered nearly as much. These insects were of a much larger size than any I saw elsewhere, and their bite was uncommonly venomous. General

[1] And more particularly (especially pot-ash) Washington and Warren counties. Near Luzerne, in the latter county, there is a mountain called "Pot-Ash-Kettle" from the fact that its top greatly resembles an inverted kettle. This similarity, in the minds of the inhabitants of that vicinity, to the chief utensil in making their pot-ash doubtless led to the naming of that mountain.

Washington told me that he never was so much annoyed by mosquitoes in any part of America as in Skenesborough, *for they used to bite through the thickest boot!*[1]

"There are eight different kinds of mosquitoes in the Louisiana swamps and the most ferocious, though not the most poisonous of them is the huge insect commonly called the gallinipper. This drinker of blood is a half inch long and its bill is as long as its body. It has an intricate arrangement of files, saws and chisels in this bill, all driven, it would appear, by superhuman power. It will sink its proboscis through a glove of ordinary thickness, if left undisturbed, will bore easily through a shirt sleeve and woolen undershirt to the arm beneath and will bite the feet through thin boots and the socks under them."

The situation of the place is indeed peculiarly favorable for them, being just on the margin of a piece of water, almost stagnant and shaded with thick woods. The mosquito is of the same species with the common gnat of England, and resembles it very closely both in size and shape. Like the gnat it lays its eggs on the surface of the water, where they are hatched in the course of a few days, unless the water is agitated, in which last case they are all destroyed. * * * Mosquitoes appear to be particularly fond of the fresh blood of Europeans, who always suffer much more the first year of their arrival in America than they do afterwards. The people of the country seem quite to disregard their attacks. Wherever they fix their sting, a little tumor or pustule usually arises, supposed to be occasioned by the firmentation when mixed with the blood, of a small quantity of liquor, which the insect always injects into the wound it makes with its spicula, as may be seen through a microscope, and which it probably does to render the blood more fluid. The disagreeable itching this excites is most effectually allayed by the application of volatile alkali; or if the part newly stung be scratched, and immediately bathed in cold water, that also affords considerable relief; but after the venom has been lodged for any time, scratching only increases the itching, and it may be attended with great danger. Repeated instances have occurred of people having been laid up for months, and narrowly escaping the loss of a limb, from imprudently rubbing a part which had been bitten for a long time. Great ease is also derived from

[1] Nor was this semi-humorous expression on Washington's part, as exaggerated as it might at first seem. A reputable correspondent of the *New York Sun*, in writing recently about the mosquitoes in the Southern Bayous says:

opening the pustules on the second day with a lancet, and letting out the blood and watery matter."

Indeed, "South Bay," seems always to have been noted for this pest. Thus, General Rufus Putnam, (a cousin of General Israel Putnam, and in command of Fort Edward in 1759) writing in his *Journal* from "South Bay" (Whitehall) under date of July 9th, 1759, says: "This night we encamped, but the mosquitoes were a very great trouble to us, we having no blankets, and I had nothing but a shirt and Indian stockings. In fact, no man can tell what an *infliction* these little animals were!"[1]

And now, although our traveller has left Skenesborough, it may be interesting for the reader to have a glimpse of his impressions of a farmer's life at this period. It is true, that in what I quote he is writing of the farmers in Vermont, but the same conditions which he observed then, applied equally at that time, to those in Washington County—especially, as has been seen, a part of what is now Vermont was then a portion of that county.

He writes: "Shortly after our arrival at Skenesborough, we hired a small boat of about ten tons for the purpose of crossing Lake Champlain, but on account of high winds, we were for three days detained at Skenesborough, a delicious feast for the hungry mosquitoes. * * * * We at length set off about one o'clock, but from the channel being very narrow,[2] it was impossible to make much way tacking. We got no further than six miles before sun-set. We then stopped and having landed, walked up to some farm houses, which appeared on the Vermont shore, to procure provisions; for the boatman had told us it was quite unnecessary to take in any at Skenesborough, as there were excellent houses close to the shore the whole way, where we could get whatever we wished. At the first we went to, which was a comfortable log-house, neither bread, nor meat, nor milk, nor eggs were to be had; the house was crowded with children of all ages, and the people, I suppose, thought they had but little enough for themselves. At a second house, we found a venerable old man at the door, reading a newspaper, who civilly offered it to us for our perusal, and began to talk about the politics of the day. We thanked him for his offer, but gave him to understand, at the same

[1] *Rufus Putnam's Dairy*, Pg. 36. Joel Munsell Sons, Albany, N. Y., 1886.

[2] And it is so to this day.

time, that a loaf of bread would be much more acceptable. Bread there was none; we got a new Vermont cheese, however. A third house now remained in sight, and we made a third attempt at procuring something to eat. This one was nearly half a mile off, but, alas! it afforded still less than the last, the people having nothing to dispose of but a little milk. With the milk and the cheese, therefore, we returned to our boat, and adding thereto some biscuits and wine, which we had luckily on board, the whole afforded us a frugal repast.

The people at the American farm-houses will cheerfully lie three in a bed, rather than suffer a stranger to go away who comes to seek for a lodging. As all these houses, however, which we had visited, were crowded with inhabitants, we felt no great inclination to ask for accommodation at any of them, but determined to sleep aboard our little vessel. But even this was a luxury after our accommodations at Skenesborough (out of the way of mosquitoes) and our ears not being assailed by the noise even of a single one the whole night.

The next morning we stopped at one house to breakfast and at another to dine. At neither of these, although they bore the name of taverns, were we able to procure much more than at the houses where we had stopped the preceding evening. At the first we got a little milk and about two pounds of bread, absolutely the whole of what was in the house, and at the second, a few eggs and some cold salted fat pork, but not a morsel of bread was to be had. The wretched appearance, also, of this last habitation was very striking. It consisted of a wooden frame, merely with a few boards nailed against it—the crevices between which were the only apertures for the admission of light, except the door, and the roof was so leaky, that we were sprinkled with the rain even as we sat at the fireside. That people can live in such a manner, who have the necessaries and conveniences of life within their reach, as much as any others in the world, is really most astonishing. It is, however, to be accounted for by that desire of making money, which is the predominant feature in the character of the Americans in general, and leads the petty farmer in particular to suffer numberless inconveniences, when he gains by so doing. If he can sell the produce of his land to advantage, he keeps as small a part of it as possible for himself, and lives the whole year round upon salt provisions, bad bread and the fish he can catch in the rivers or lakes in the neighborhood. If he has built a comfortable house for himself, he readily quits it, as soon as finished, for money, and goes

to live in a mere hovel in the woods till he gets time to build another. Money is his idol, and to procure it, he gladly foregoes every self-gratification.

From this miserable habitation we departed as soon as the rain was over, and the wind coming round in our favor, we got as far as Ticonderoga that night." * * *

CHAPTER XXI.

1812—1878.

War of 1812–15—Washington County Affected by it in its General Industries—The News of Peace Heralded with Joy—President Wayland's and "Peter Parley's" Account of it—The Mexican War and the Part Taken in it by Washington County—The Civil War—Sketches of the Different Regiments and Companies Enlisted in the County and the Names of Their Officers and Those Who Died—The Champlain Canal Completed to Whitehall and Its Effect on the General Prosperity of the County—Also a Full Account of the Railroad from Saratoga Springs to Whitehall in 1846.

The War of 1812-15, declared between the United States and Great Britain found Washington County struggling under the same depression and embarrassments which, at this time, affected the general industries, not only of the county but of the country at large. The war, however, was a most excellent thing for the financial interests of the county, especially as the demands created by the necessities of the general government changed this stagnation to an unusual business activity. As an example of this, among many others, may be mentioned the culture of flax. That article, now, in the slang of the present day of speculators in Wall street, received a most decided "boom." Flax, like wool, had for several years been specially a yield of Washington County, though produced, hitherto, in very small quantities, such, indeed, as could be manufactured by the little flax "spinning wheel and loom,"[1] of each family—every farmer generally

[1] A representation of one of these wheels and loom, owned by my mother, is represented in one of the *bas relievos* of the Saratoga Monument, in the tablet in which is pictured the "Women of the Revolution" spinning flax for the clothes of the volunteers.

sowing a few square rods of that commodity. In May, 1812, however, when this rise of prices for wool began, a Mr. James Whiteside of Cambridge sowed three acres of flax. Upon this tremendous innovation regarding the usual crops, "all his neighbors," says Johnson, "were astounded and predicted that the labor of raising and dressing the crop, would be so great as to more than use up any price which might be obtained for it." These forebodings were false, for despite all such awful prognostications, the value of the flax constantly continued to rise until the dressed flax was sold at the hitherto unprecedented sum of eighteen and three-fourths cents per pound—thus giving to the raiser a handsome profit. As a consequence, the raising of flax very soon became an important industry in Washington County, especially in its southern part, and even when prices after the war, fell, its cultivation was still found profitable—attaining a magnitude of no small importance, by becoming a source of income by no means to the farmers, of insignificance.

The woolen manufacture also continued to flourish. Under a state law of the period, a premium of forty dollars was paid in 1813, to Scott Woodworth of Cambridge, for the best woolen cloth made in the county, and another of thirty-five dollars to Adam Cleveland of Salem for the second best. The next year the first premium was carried off by Alexander McNish, and the second by Reuben Wheeler, both of Salem. The law vested the power of awarding the prizes in the judges of the common pleas in each county, "rather a curious tribunal," as Johnson justly says, "as we should now think, to perform such a duty." It should be remembered, however, that at that time the judges were nearly all farmers and business men, and perhaps, as competent to decide on the value of woolen cloth, as any other five men in the county.

At the same time Washington County was by no means wanting in patriotism. Two military rendezvous were established, on the first substantiated rumor of the war, in Washington and Warren counties—one at Sandy Hill and the other at Glens Falls—for the enlistment of soldiers in the infantry and cavalry service of the United States—at which stations, says Dr. A. W. Holden in his admirable Historical Centennial address, many enlisted who never returned, they either making their homes in the new settlements of the west, or finding a last resting-place on the battle-fields of their country.

In August, 1814, wild and more definite rumors of the war were

born on the breeze[1] from the northern borders—thus reproducing—though, in a very slight degree—the times when a rumor of an attack by the savages was carried to the firesides and family altars of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

On the 1st of September, 1814, Sir General Prevost entered New York state by way of Plattsburgh, with an army of 14,000 picked and disciplined troops—the flower, in fact of the British army—accompanied by a fleet of seventeen vessels, and advanced slowly up Lake Champlain, and on the 11th landed near Cumberland Head.

Meanwhile, the tidings of the invasion swept, like a tornado, through northern New York. Speaking of the manner in which these tidings were received, Johnson writes that "the War of 1812 was a dreary, dragging, dwindling contest, marked alike by the extreme apathy of the people." On the contrary, Dr. A. W. Holden, in his Centennial address—from which I have before quoted—says that "the militia promptly responded—Washington and Warren counties being almost depopulated of their male citizens." Of these two somewhat contradictory opinions, I am, however, (with all due deference to Johnson, to whose valuable history of Washington County I have constantly given credit) inclined to the opinion of Dr. Holden. The success of the American troops was due, as Dr. Holden remarks, in a great degree, to the boldness, daring and bravery of the militia, who, in the language of their opponents "did not know enough to run," and who, from "the rent and bloody fragments of a signal defeat," gathered the laurels of a signal victory. [2]

[1] I say, advisedly, "on the breeze"—the latter expression being here used synonomously with "unknown sources"—for it is a very singular fact, never accounted for, that rumors of disaster frequently come seemingly by no known or authorized heralds. Thus, after the Battle of Waterloo, the disastrous defeat of Napoleon's army was known on the London Stock Exchange several hours before it could have been received by any known means of transmission—and this is only one instance, of many of a similar character, that could be cited.

[2] The late Chancellor Walworth of Saratoga Springs, who was in this action, has often corroborated to me this statement.

The following anecdotes given by Johnson, in this connection, do not seem to bear out the above statement of Dr. Holden, I, also, am inclined to think them of mythical value. Still, as coming from such a thorough investigator, as the author of "Washington County," I reproduce them here in full.

"There are some queer stories told regarding the movements of those who went from Washington County, which tend to show that the so often vaunted superiority of 'the good old times' did not extend to military valor. Tradition stoutly asserts that one battalion occupied twelve days in marching from its place of organization to Whitehall; but that on hearing then that the battle had been fought, it only took one day to march back again. Of an eminent general of the period, it is said that he mistook the stern for the prow of his vessel, and went the wrong way on

One of the regiments from the eastern part of the county was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel John McClary of Salem, but Major William Root of Hebron, was the officer in command when it was called out. It rendezvoused at West Hebron, marched thence to Sandy Hill, and thence to Whitehall. Indeed, the last mentioned place was the general rendezvous for all this section of the county, as it had also been for McDonough's fleet. The regiment, of whose movements, says Johnson, we happen to know from Hon. John McDonald, who was a member of it, sailed from Whitehall in two sloops just before the Battle of Plattsburgh. He says that he does not believe there were six effective muskets in the regiment! The arrangement was for them to go to the arsenal at Burlington, Vt., and receive arms, and thence to Plattsburgh to receive the enemy. "But just before reaching the former place, the thunder of cannon was heard. After a brief but furious combat, the warlike sounds ceased, and then the soldiers on board the sloops were in a tremor of anxiety to know which side was victorious. Soon, however, a light vessel came flying up the lake, bearing the news that the so called "Mistress of the Seas" had been lowered before the Yankee bunting." This set all fears at rest, and messengers were at once despatched through Washington Country, and thence to New York and Washington, conveying the glorious news of the defeat of the British. This settled the matter, and, with the retreat of Prevost, as before stated, all fears were at an end.

Washington County, in common with many of her sister counties, had by the war suffered terribly in the depreciation of its agricultural products—notwithstanding the rise in flax to which allusion has been made; and now, that peace had once more spread her wings over the country, no other county rejoiced more than she. In fact the awful gloom over her people had been something fearful. Illustrative of this the following graphic description from the pen of the late President Francis Wayland, then a student in New York City, of the manner in which the news of peace was received, is typical of the revulsion of feeling not only in New York City, but in the country at large. President Wayland writes:

Lake Champlain, when he heard the cannon at Plattsburgh. It must be said, however, that not only were the militia freshly drawn from their fields, entirely unversed in war, but that they were often unprovided with arms or ammunition, without which it would be difficult for anyone to fight."

"It so chanced that at the close of the last war with Great Britain I was temporarily a resident of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been, for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single handed. Our harbors were blockaded; our communications coastwise between our ports were cut off; our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security; our immense annual products were mouldering in our warehouses; the sources of profitable labor were dried up; our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper; the extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other,[1] and the differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household; the credit of the government was exhausted; no one could discern the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

The following lines, entitled "Hard Times," are quoted from my father's paper (The *New York Commercial Advertiser*) and were published at the close of the War of 1812:

"No business stirring; all things at a stand,
People complain they have no cash in hand;
'Dull Times' re-echoes now from every quarter,
Even from father to son and daughter.
Merchants cry out, 'no money to be had,'
Grocers say the 'times are very bad;'
Mechanics work, but they can get no pay,
Beaux dress genteel, and ladies, too, are gay.
Cash very scarce, dancing twice a week—
Business dull—amusements still we seek;
Some live awhile, and then, perhaps, they fail,
While many run in debt and go to jail.
The females must have ribbons, gauze and lace,
And paint besides, to smooth a wrinkled face;
The beaux will dress, go to the ball and play,
Sit up all night, and lay in bed all day.
Brush up an empty pate, look smart and prim,
Follow each trifling fashion or odd whim.
Five shillings will buy a good fat goose,[2]
While turkeys, too, are offered fit for use.
Are these bad times, when persons will profess
To follow fashions, and delight in dress?
No! times are good; but people are to blame
Who spend too much, and justly merit shame!"

[1] Referring to the dissentions between New England and the Middle and Southern States.

[2] Would that five shillings would now buy a "good fat goose!"

"It happened that on a Sunday afternoon in February, 1815, a ship was discerned in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense, as the hours of darkness drew on. At length, a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the city to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets 'Peace! PEACE! PEACE!' Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches, were flying to and fro, shouting like madmen PEACE! PEACE! When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity."

At the time that the news was received, S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") happened to be in New York. Speaking of the joyful effect produced, he says—thus corroborating Dr. Wayland—"I had gone in the evening to a concert at the City Hotel. While listening to the music, the door of the concert-room was thrown open, and in rushed a man breathless with excitement. He mounted a table, and swinging a white handkerchief aloft, cry out, 'Peace, Peace, Peace!'" The music ceased; the hall was speedily vacated. I rushed into the street, and oh! what a scene! In a few minutes thousands and tens of thousands of people were marching about with candles, lamps, torches—making the jubilant street appear like a gay and gorgeous procession. The whole night Broadway sang its song of peace. We were all Democrats, all Federalists! Old enemies rushed into each other's arms; every house was in a revel, every heart seemed melted by a joy which banished all evil thought and feeling. On Monday morning I set out for Connecticut. All along the road the people saluted us with swinging of hats and cries of rejoicing. At one place, in rather a lonesome part of the road, a schoolmaster came out, with the whole school at his heels, to ask us if the news were true? We told him it

was, whereupon he tied his bandanna handkerchief to a broom, swung it aloft and the whole school hosanned, 'Peace, Peace!'"

Nor were the effects of the Peace confined merely to natural bursts of delirious delight or to sentimental gushes of feeling. An increased material prosperity was at once apparent. Under the changed condition of affairs every industry, as if touched by the magic wand of an enchanter, awoke to new life and vigor. Instead of "ships rotting in every creek and cove," as so graphically described by Dr. Wayland, the different ship-yards of the city resounded from morning till night with the blow of the hammer, as keel after keel of new vessels was daily laid; in place of our "immense annual products mouldering in our warehouses," ships could not be built or chartered fast enough to convey these products to foreign customers, and in lieu of the "sources of profitable industry being dried up," the streets were filled with artizans plying their several vocations, and with laborers going to and from their daily toil. In the counting-houses, moreover, where a short time previous those few clerks, who had been so fortunate as not to be discharged, yawned languidly over their desks, all was bustle and animation, as, briskly engaged with foreign correspondence, their faces beamed with satisfaction at the immediate prospect of their services being well requited. New buildings, public and private, sprang up in different sections of the city with marvelous celerity and the wharves, no longer green with mould, and tenanted solely by the water-rat, were lined with ships waiting only for favoring gales to whiten the ocean with their sails, and bear the flag of the United States into ports where for so long it had been unseen, if, indeed, it had not been almost totally forgotten! In fact, the city, no longer a "deserted village," presented the appearance of an immense hive, teeming with human bees, in which no drones were either known or allowed. Squalor had given place to splendor, poverty to affluence; a full tide of prosperity had set in and shrewd speculators, who knew how to take advantage of its flood, were making rapid fortunes.

Nor was this wonderful re-action confined solely to the city of New York. The entire state of New York, and especially Washington County shared to the utmost in this revival of industries, both of farming and of manufacturers. Indeed, from the close of the War of 1812 may really be dated the first steps which eventually led to this county taking such a pre-eminent rank among her sister counties in all that appertains to material wealth and prosperity.

Soon after the close of the war, viz.: on the 17th of April, 1815, the town of White Creek was taken off from the town of Cambridge—it thus becoming the southeastern town of the county. Its name is derived, says Johnson, from the stream of that name, which forms its western boundary, but the appellation has been the origin of considerable trouble among students of the early history of the county, many of whom have confounded it with the old "White Creek," which has gone for a hundred years by the name of Salem. The surface of the south portion of the town is gently rolling, and the central and north portions are occupied by the Taghanick Mountains. The summits of these mountains are rocky and broken and covered with forests. The principal streams are Hoosick river, Owl Kill, Pumpkin Hook (said to be a corruption of the Indian Pom-pa-nuck, the name of a tribe of Indians of the Mohican nation, who removed hither from Connecticut) Center, White and Little White. The upper course of Owl Kill is through a deep and narrow valley abounding with many picturesque views. The Walloomsac Patent, which lies partly in this town in the south, was settled by the Dutch. Among the other grants, also, were the Bain, Embury, Grant and Campbell, and the Lake and Van Cuyler Patents. A colony of Irish Methodists settled near Ash Grove about 1770, and here was organized the Second Methodist Episcopal Church in America, by Thomas Ashton (from whom the locality was named) and Rev. Philip Embury. The first settlement at White Creek was made by James and Thomas Morrison.[1]

At the same date, 17th of April, 1815, Jackson was formed from Cambridge, the township lying in a narrow strip between Cambridge and White Creek on the south and Salem on the north. It was named after the hero of New Orleans, then all the rage, that general having just defeated the flower of the British troops, composed of Wellington's Peninsular troops, under General Edward Packenham, the "hero of Salamanca," and one of Wellington's veteran officers—in the same way that, should new towns spring up in the United States, (in 1900) many would be found bearing the name of "Dewey" —the hero of Manila. The north branch of the Taghkanick range occupies the eastern portion of the town, and several parallel ranges extend through the central and western portions, rendering the entire

[1] French.

surface very hilly. The summits of the hills are from 300 to 800 feet above the valleys and are generally crowned with dense forests. The principal streams are the Batten Kill and a branch of Owl Creek. In the valley between the hills that border immediately upon the Batten Kill and those further west, are several small lakes, known as Long, Big, Dead and Little ponds. These lakes are beautiful sheets of water, abounding in game fish, and surrounded by hills, forests and fine cultivated farms. Portions of this town and of White Creek were embraced in the Anaquassacoct Patent of 10,000 acres, granted May 11, 1762. The first settlers were James Irwin, Peter Magill and John Miller, all of whom located in the south part of the town. The first church (Reformed Protestant Dutch) in the town was organized December 31, 1833, Rev. James W. Stewart being its first pastor. The late George Law, one of the projectors and proprietors of the California line of steamships, was a native of this town.

As Salem, so often spoken of from its past traditions, is such a prominent town in Washington County, this may be an appropriate place in which to speak of its history more at length, although several allusions to that town have already been made in the course of this history.

Salem, though organized in 1788, was really first settled about the year 1756, by two companies of emigrants, one from Scotland and Ireland and the other from New England. They worshiped together under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Clark, an Irish preacher, till differences arose about "occasional communion," and about receiving the covenant of the three kingdoms. This—to us at the present day—ridiculous controversy occasioned a separation in 1769. A Presbyterian Church was soon after formed, and the Rev. John Warford, its first minister, was installed in 1789. He labored in this pastorate about fourteen years, when he was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Tomb, who continued in the ministry till his death in 1832. His successors have been Rev. John Whiton and Rev. A. B. Lambert. The first Presbyterian Church was built in 1774, and for three years it was used, during the Revolution, for barracks and a store-house.[1] It was burned by the Royalists in 1778. The next church was built immediately after the Revolution and was accidentally destroyed by fire in

[1] This was not the only church and public institution used in the Revolution for barracks. During that war both the present "Brattle St" church in Boston, and the still standing colleges of Brown University at Providence, R. I., were also used for this same purpose.

1836. The third, erected at a cost of $10,000, was also burned in April, 1840.

The following inscription is copied from a monument in the Salem village graveyard:

"Here lie the earthly remains of Rev. James Proudfit, pastor of the Ass. Ref. Congregation in Salem; who, after manifesting the most ardent zeal and disinterested faithfulness in the Gospel of his Master during a period of nearly fifty years, fell asleep in Jesus, Oct. 22d, 1802. 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' 'They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.'"[1]

Thirty years elapsed after the War of 1812—15, before the citizens of Washington County were again called upon to show their patriotism and once more both that county and Warren were represented by their gallant soldiers, on the plains of Matamoras, at the storming of Chapaultepec, the fierce fought battle of Monterey and the hotly contested struggle of Buena Vista. "The boys," says Dr. Holden, "came back radiant with success and covered with glory—to die like sheep struck with the rot—those heroes who whipped the Mexican 'Greasers!'—that same despised enemy, which, a few years later, sent the armies of France back on the sea and shot the brave Maximilian like a dog! Verily, 'Republics are ungrateful,' and it needs something more than the glamor of poesy and the allurements of romance to make the battle-scarred veterans believe that it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country."[2]

Regarding the occurrences of the late Civil War, this history will be confined entirely to those companies and regiments which were enlisted in Washington County—giving the names of their different officers. With the valor of these regiments at the South and upon various battlefields too numerous to mention, this history has nothing to do. Suffice it to say that the men who enlisted from Washington County were no whit inferior in endurance and bravery to those of their ancestors, who, in many a hard fought field against the flower of the French army, came out victorious. Besides which, to give in

[1] *Barber.* The late Rev. Alexander Proudfit, formerly of Salem, and afterward so long a revered citizen of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., was, I think, the grandson of this Rev. James Proudfit.

[2] Dr. Holden in this probably had in mind the Latin poet's aphorism, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

detail an account of the many brilliant actions in which they were participants would exceed greatly the limits which the publishers of this work have prescribed.

The reader must, therefore, be satisfied with the statement that with the first thrill that vibrated through the North, when the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon,[1] no county in all of the States of the United States, was more anxious, not only to enlist, but to be sent to the front as early as possible, than that of Washington County. Many of her heroes are now lying beneath the soil of the battle-fields of Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburgh, or else, in the further south, quietly resting beneath the wild magnolia's shade. It may, however, be said, in passing, that in the latter two engagements, the county of Washington, as well as Warren County, was most gallantly and proudly represented; and as a proof of this statement, the large mortuary list which subsequently was sent back to fill so many homes with sadness, tells the story, that their boys, wherever they went did their full duty, and of their memories neither of those counties (Washington and Warren) need be ashamed. On the contrary, they can always point to their achievements with well earned pride.

To come then to the several companies which Washington County sent to the front in the Civil War.

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

The first regiment from this portion of the state was the Twenty-second New York Infantry, four companies of which were raised in Washington County. Nearly all of the towns were represented, but the centers of organization of these companies were as follows, viz.: Company B, Fort Edward; Company D, Cambridge; Company G, Whitehall; Company H, Sandy Hill. The officers of these companies were as follows:

Company B—Robert E. McCoy, captain; Duncan Sendrum, first lieutenant; James W. McCoy, second lieutenant.

[1] I well remember when the news of this momentous event was received. I was then engaged in a baseball game in a field near Saratoga Springs, when the tidings came to us from the telegraph-office in that village. *Instantly*, although it was at a critical period in the game, every one of us threw down his ball and bat, and leaving them on the field, rushed into the town to gain confirmation of this event!

There were no Democrats nor Republicans in that crowd—all were patriots.

Company D—Henry S. Milliman, captain; Thomas B. Fisk, first lieutenant; Robert Rice, second lieutenant.

Company G—Edmund Boynton, captain, succeeded by Benjamin G. Mosher before muster; Duncan Cameron, first lieutenant.[1]

Company H—Thomas J. Strong, captain; William A. Piersons, first lieutenant; Matthew S. Teller, second lieutenant.

After doing valiant service, this regiment returned home and, on the 19th of June, 1863, was mustered out. Sad, however, to relate, hardly a quarter of those who had set out so proudly under its banners to the sound of martial music in the early summer of 1861, returned to their homes. Battle and the disasters incident to malarial campaigns had laid many in the grave, while others had, previously to the home coming, been discharged on account of physical disability, or else were still held captives in confederate prisons. A number of changes had also taken place among the officers. James W. McCoy was now captain of Company B. Captain and Brevet-Major M. S. Teller was now in command of Company H, with A. Halleck Holdbrook and Marshall A. Duers as lieutenants. Duncan Cameron was captain of Company G, and Lucius E. Wilson was in command of Company D.

Upon the war-worn and scarred battalion reaching Fort Edward, "it was received with a grand ovation by the excited people. A similar reception greeted it at Sandy Hill and Glens Falls, and then the first companies raised in Washington County for the defense of the national life were dismissed to their long unvisited homes."

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

This regiment, which was raised in the summer of 1861, and the members of which were generally from Albany, Montgomery, New York, Otsego and Washington Counties, was mustered into the service of the United States from August 20 to September 24, 1861. The only company raised in this county was Company F, which was raised at Sandy Hill and vicinity. Its first officers were James C. Rogers,

[1] And here regarding Duncan Cameron, I would fain lay a chaplet of immortelles upon his memory. Long before the war, I knew him well. He was then an inn-keeper in the town of Athol (since Thurman in Warren County) and a more brave, genial man—having all the sterling characteristics of his Scotch ancestry—I never met. He did valiant service in the war, and his name should be held in affectionate remembrance. Doubtless, of course, there were many others in these companies (herewith mentioned) who were as brave as he; only, not having a personal acquaintance with them, I cannot speak of them with any personal knowledge.

captain; George B. Culver, first lieutenant and John W. Wilkinson, second lieutenant.

This also was a fighting regiment. In the seven days fight on the Peninsula and in the Battle of Chancellorsville it suffered severely—Company F losing its first lieutenant, Hugh B. Knickerbocker, who had succeeded George B. Culver,[1] and several privates, besides having a heavy list of wounded. Indeed, Captain (afterwards Major) Rogers states that he does not believe that half a dozen of the original members of Company F came back to Washington County. A few, he further says, had previously been discharged; a few, after their terms of enlistment had expired, went directly from the army to settle down in other localities and the majority, stricken down by battle or disease left their bones under the soil of Virginia.

FORTY-FOURTH INFANTRY.

This regiment, otherwise known as the "Ellsworth Avengers," and intended to be composed of one or two picked men from every town in the state, had among its members some twenty or thirty men from Washington County. Among these was Edward Northup of Sandy Hill, who subsequently became an officer in the regular army. It was mustered out of service on the 11th of October, 1864, the veterans and recruits being transferred to other regiments.

EIGHTY-SEVENTH INFANTRY.

While this regiment was raised mainly in Brooklyn, yet Company A was composed almost wholly of men from the towns of Dresden and Putnam in this county. It covered itself with glory even under the severe trials of the Army of the Potomac, loosing, in fact, so many in the battles in which that army participated—especially at

[1] Lieutenant George B. Culver (at present, 1900, cashier of a bank at Granville, Washington County) was taken critically ill at Washington, D. C., and this, therefore, was the reason of his having to give up his command. A sketch of his war record is in point:

George Bradley Culver, First Lieutenant, U. S. V., Company F, Forty-third New York Infantry, Albany and Yates Rifles. Enlisted August, 1861, mustered in September 3, 1861, honorably discharged July 16, 1862. His record is as follows: Defenses of Washington, D. C., Hancock's Brigade, Smith's Division, Army of the Potomac; First Brigade, Smith's Division, Fourth Corps, Army of the Potomac; siege of Yorktown and Battle of Williamsburgh, Va.; First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps, Army of the Potomac; Peninsular Campaign, First Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac.

those of "Malvern Hill" and the "Wilderness," that it was finally consolidated with the Fortieth New York Volunteers. When, at length, it was mustered out on the 17th of June, 1865, there were very few members of the original Company A remaining it.

NINETY-THIRD INFANTRY.

Undismayed by the disasters which had fallen upon the Union arms, John S. Crocker, a lawyer of Cambridge, in the fall of 1861, began the raising of another regiment, his design being to have it recruited mainly from this county. Crocker's efforts were successful and the command was mustered then at Albany—the regimental rendezvous—in November of that year under the name of the "Ninety-third New York Infantry." John S. Crocker was Colonel, B. C. Butler of Luzerne, Warren County, Lieutenant-Colonel; Michael Cassidy of Albany, Major and Haviland Gifford of Easton, Adjutant. The following were the companies from Washington County, with their officers.

Company G—Cambridge and vicinity; Walter S. Gray, captain; W. V. S. Beekman, first lieutenant; Frances S. Bailey, second lieutenant.

Company F—Fort Edward and vicinity; George B. Moshier, captain; John Bailey, first lieutenant; Silas S. Hubbard, second lieutenant.

Company I—Granville, Argyle, etc.; Nathan J. Johnson, captain; William Randles, first lieutenant; James M. Crawford, second lieutenant.

This regiment remained at Albany until the 1st of April, 1862, when they went to Washington and thence (under General McClellan) to Fortress Monroe and Yorktown. While engaged in the siege of the latter place, Colonel Crocker and Major Cassidy were captured by the enemy. In February, 1865, Lieutenant-Colonel Butler was mustered out, when Adjutant Haviland of Easton, was commissioned and mustered as Lieutenant-Colonel, remaining in command of the regiment until the end of its service. J. H. Northup, captain of Company I was, about the same time, mustered as major and commissioned as lieutenant-colonel, so that, during the closing portion of this regiment's service, both of the field officers were from Washington County, although that county furnished but three out of the original ten companies. The regiment was mustered out on the 29th of June,

1865, but few of the Washington County boys who had enlisted in this regiment were among the number then dismissed to their homes —in fact, only one of the original nine line officers from that county was mustered out with the regiment.

NINETY-SIXTH INFANTRY.

This regiment, which was raised in the autumn of 1861, was drawn chiefly from Warren, Essex and Clinton counties. Company E alone was from Washington County, and was chiefly recruited from the vicinity of Sandy Hill and Fort Edward. Its first officers were Hiram Eldridge, captain; A. J. Russell, first lieutenant and James S. Cray, second lieutenant. This regiment was one of the few regiments which remained in service until 1866. It was mustered out in the spring of 1866.

D'EPINEUIL'S ZOUAVES (FIFTY-THIRD INFANTRY.)

Desirous of emulating his French ancestors in the Revolutionary War, Count Lionel J. D'Epineuil, in the summer of 1861, came from France to the United States with the intention of raising a brigade of Zouaves—if possible all Frenchmen—to serve in the Union army. He had a new and very peculiar drill which he wished to put in practice, and was very zealous in his efforts to obtain men. He obtained the services of a M. Antoine Renois of Whitehall, who had already recruited a large number of men, to raise a regiment of Zouaves (to carry out his pet idea) from northern New York and Lower Canada. Accordingly, M. Renois established recruiting stations at various points along Lake Champlain and obtained quite a number—some fifty being from Whitehall. These were not enough for a regiment, however, and by an order from the War Department, what few men had been obtained, was mustered out in the spring of 1862.

THE SECOND CAVALRY.

A cavalry company was organized at Salem, by Solomon W. Russell, Jr., of that village in September, 1861. The members were chiefly from the town of Salem, but Argyle, Cambridge, Easton, Greenwich, Hartford, Hebron, Jackson, Kingsbury, Fort Anne, Fort Edward and White Creek were also represented. The company was

mustered in at Salem by Colonel John S. Crocker of Cambridge, special inspector, September 7th, 1861. Its commissioned officers were Soloman W. Russell, Jr., of Salem, captain; David E. Cronin, first lieutenant, and William Robertson of Salem, second lieutenant. In the spring of 1862, the War Department, concluding that there was too much cavalry in the field, this regiment was mustered out of service on the 31st day of March of that year. Captain Russell, again volunteered, being detached on the staff of his distinguished relative, Major-General Russell, also of Washington County, and being commissioned by the President as Brevet-Major for gallant and meritorious services, served throughout the war.

THE HARRIS LIGHT CAVALRY.

On the 7th of August, 1861, Clarence Buell came up from Troy to Fort Edward, being greatly desirous of raising a company of horsemen for the "Harris Light Guards," then being formed and named after the newly elected United States senator, Hon. Ira Harris. He spoke so enthusiastically that many of the young men of Fort Edward at once enrolled themselves under his banner and soon the ranks of his company were full. Most of the men came from Fort Edward, but there were a few from Kingsbury, Fort Anne, Whitehall and Argyle. The company from Washington County was designated as Company E, with the following officers: Clarence Buell, captain; John Liddle, first lieutenant and Andrew Londen, second lieutenant. The regiment did good service under Sherman, when the latter was engaged with Early's army, but was shortly after mustered out at New York City. Before, however, the mustering out, George E. Milliman, of Fort Edward, was promoted to second lieutenant.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD INFANTRY.

President Lincoln's call in 1862 for "three hundred thousand men" immediately upon the complete collapse of McClellan's campaign before Richmond, aroused the entire north to put forth the most herculean efforts in behalf of the preservation of the Union. But, perhaps nowhere did his trumpet blast arouse more enthusiasm than among the people of Washington County. Accordingly, on the 22d of July, an immense war-meeting was held at Argyle, which was followed by others in different parts of the county. As a result of

these meetings, "war committees" were appointed—one for the county at large and one for each town. These committees began work at once, and it was decided that Washington County should raise an entire regiment of her own. Recruiting began at once and a camp was established at Salem, called "Camp Washington." Indeed, so indefatigable were these committees, that, before the middle of August, the companies began to assemble, and by the 22d of that month, the regiment had received its full complement. The companies (that there might be no delay) were mustered in as soon as full, and were made up from the different towns as follows:

Company A, Greenwich; Company B, Kingsbury; Company C, Whitehall; Company D, Fort Anne, Dresden and Putnam; Company E, Hartford and Hebron; Company F, Argyle; Company G, White Creek and Jackson; Company H, Salem; Company I, Cambridge and Easton; Company K, Granville and Hampton.

The following is the roster of the original officers of the regiment, which is here given in full—not because it is essential to this history, but because many of these officers may yet be living, and they, therefore, may be glad to see that their names are preserved.

Field and Staff—Colonel, A. L. McDougal; lieutenant-colonel, Franklin Norton; major, James C. Rogers; adjutant, George H. Wallace; surgeon, John Moneypenny; assistant surgeon, Lysander W. Kennedy and Rich. S. Connelly; quartermaster, John King; chaplain, Henry Gordon.

Non-Commissioned Staff—Sergeant major, Walter F. Martin; quartermaster-general, Charles D. Warner; commissary-sergeant, Clark Rice; hospital steward, Seward Coming.

Company A—Captain, Abram Reynolds; first lieutenant, A. T. Mason; second lieutenant, James C. Shaw.

Company B—Captain, George W. Warren; first lieutenant, J. C. Warren; second lieutenant, Samuel Burton.

Company C—Captain, Adolphus H. Farmer; first lieutenant, Walter G. Warner; second lieutenant, John C. Corbett.

Company D—Captain, John Barron; first lieutenant, Alexander Anderson; second lieutenant, E. P. Quinn.

Company E—Captain, Norman F. Weer; first lieutenant, George R. Hall; second lieutenant, Seth C. Carey.

Company F—Captain, Duncan Robertson; first lieutenant, Donald Reid; second lieutenant, George Robinson.

Company G—Captain, Henry Gray; first lieutenant, James Hill; second lieutenant, Charles Archer.

Company H—Captain, John S. Crary; first lieutenant, Benjamin Elliott; second lieutenant, Josiah W. Culver.

Company I—Captain, Orrin S. Hall; first lieutenant, Marcus Beagle; second lieutenant, Albert Shiland

Company K—Captain, Henry O. Wiley; first lieutenant, Hiram O. Warren; second lieutenant, George W. Baker.

On the 4th of September, 1862, the regiment was mustered into the United States service as the 123d New York Volunteer Infantry, and the day after saw it on its way to the front. Reaching Washington on the 9th the men receiving in that city their arms and equipments —the regiment was at once attached to Paul's Brigade of Casey's Division. It participated in several hotly fought engagements, and was with Sherman in his memorable "March to the Sea." On its return to Washington, Sherman's army was reviewed on the 24th of May, by President Johnson and General Grant—at which time General Sherman thus spoke of its appearance:

"It was, in my judgment, the most magnificent army in existence —sixty-five thousand men in splendid *physique*, who had just completed a march of nearly two thousand miles in a hostile country. * * The steadiness and firmness of the tread, the careful dress of the guides, the uniform intervals between the companies, the tattered and bullet-riven flags, all attracted universal notice. For six hours and a half that strong tread of the Army of the West resounded along Pennsylvania avenue, and when the rest of the column had passed by, thousands of the spectators still lingered to express their sense of confidence in the strength of a government which could claim such an army."

After this review the 123d was encamped near Bladensburg until the 8th of June, when it was mustered out of the service of the United States. The next day it started for Albany, at which city it was paid off.

"Thus closed the career of the Washington County Regiment, which could inscribe upon its flag the names of more than a score of battles and almost innumerable skirmishes, that marched more than three thousand miles, and which bore an honorable part in five of the great campaigns of the war, viz.: the campaign of Chancellorville,

the campaign of Gettysburg, the campaign of Atlanta, the 'March to the Sea,' and the campaign of the Carolinas."

The joyous anthems with which the return of the 123d was received on their return home, was, however, marred by a discordant note in the fact that, among many others, two were not there to receive these plaudits. These were Second Lieutenant John C. Corbett of Company C, who was killed at Fredericksburg and Captain Norman F. Weer of Company E, who was also killed at the engagement of McAllister's Mill.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Although this regiment was raised in the summer of 1863 in Rensselaer county, yet a part of one of its companies was from Easton. It took part in the battles of Mine Run, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, and it was also engaged in many of the minor skirmishes that finally culminated in the fall of Richmond. In the course of service Lewis H. Crandall of Easton, became successively, second lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain. It was mustered out June 5, 1865.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Warren B. Coleman, captain; John H. Hughes, first lieutenant and Robert O'Connor, second lieutenant, were the officers of the single company, raised in Sandy Hill and vicinity, which represented Washington County in the 169th New York Infantry. It took part in the battles of Drury Bluff, Cold Harbor, Dutch Gap and other conflicts around Petersburgh and Richmond. Lieutenant Hughes died September 6th, 1863, of wounds received in action while gallantly leading on his men to the attack of one of the enemy's breastworks. Captain Coleman resigned in February, 1863, and was succeeded by Captain and Brevet-Major Frank W. Tarbell, he, in turn being followed on his retirement, October, 1864, by Captain Emory W. Church. The regiment was mustered out on the 19th of July, 1865.

THE FIRST MOUNTED RIFLES.

In the month of July, a mounted battalion, known as "Wool's Body Guard," was raised in Rensselaer county, but there were thirty or

forty men from Salem, Cambridge and vicinity enlisted in it, Cornelius S. Masten of Cambridge being one of its captains. This regiment remained on duty in Virginia until November, 1865, when it was also mustered out of service.

THE SECOND VETERAN CAVALRY.

In the summer and autumn of 1863, two regiments were organized from many of those soldiers who had been lately discharged from the two years' regiments and yet were desirous of enlisting into a cavalry command. One, under the name of the "Second Veteran Cavalry," was at once formed and contained one full company (D) from Whitehall, commanded by Captain Thomas F. Allen. Parts of three other companies (A E and M) were also from Washington County. Duncan Cameron, ex-captain of Company G of the Twenty-second Infantry (of whom I have already spoken in affectionate remembrance) was Major of the regiment and Lucius E. Wilson, previously captain of Company D, of the Twenty-second Infantry (afterwards Brevet-Major) was captain of one of the companies of the Second Veteran Cavalry.

The regiment proceeded to Washington and thence to Louisiana, where it joined the Red River Expedition of General Banks, and in fact, it was on duty in Louisanna during a large part of 1864.[1] It was mustered out in November, 1865.

THE SIXTEENTH HEAVY ARTILLERY.

In December, 1863, Thomas J. Strong of Sandy Hill, who had already served in the Twenty-second Infantry, went to Albany with a view of obtaining authority to raise a new regiment. The time was inauspicious, as the war being then thought to be nearly at an end, no new regiments were being authorized. Colonel Strong, however, was favorably recommened to Colonel Morrison of New York City, who had for some time been endeavoring to raise a force to be known as the New York Heavy Artillery. An understanding was soon arrived at between these two officers and Colonel Strong returned to Sandy Hill with authority to raise a battalion of four companies for

[1] For a full account of the Red River Campaign, in which this regiment and the 156th New York Volunteers participated, the reader is referred to my "History of the 156th New York Volunteers."

the Sixteenth, of which he was to be major. Armed with this authority, he straightway proceeded to issue handbills inviting recruits, and on the 22d of December of that year (1863) he opened an office at Sandy Hill for the reception of names. Bounties were then high and many who had been discharged from other regiments—their terms of enlistment having expired—came flocking into the rendezvous by the hundred. Most of the men were taken to Elmira and there formed into companies without much reference to the localities from which they came. Company I, however, was organized at Sandy Hill, with the following officers: captain, Henry C. Sherrill; first lieutenants, Norman S. Kenyon and Rufus Gardner; second lieutenants, Charles C. Smith and Lew Washburn. There was also a detachment of some thirty men from Salem and Cambridge, which went into Company K. Thomas B. Fisk of Shushan and James S. Smart of Cambridge were first lieutenants. Recruiting also increased so greatly that by the latter part of January, 1864, the regiment had more companies than were required. Of this regiment Colonel Strong accepted the rank of major. In the battle of Dutch Gap Canal Major Strong lost a leg and on the 16th of September of that year he was promoted for bravery, to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment and afterwards to that of Brigadier-General. The regiment took part in the capture of Fort Fisher in January, 1865, and it was finally mustered out on the 21st day of August, 1865.[1]

There remains only to speak of the two great causes (or perhaps, sources) which have contributed more than any other to the development and present prosperity of Washington County. These were the opening of the Champlain Canal and the railroad from Saratoga Springs to Whitehall. We will first speak of the canal.

[1] For this account of the different companies from Washington County I am indebted solely to Johnson's *History of Washington County*, and for which I desire to make full acknowledgment.

Before leaving this subject, I wish to speak of one singular circumstance, to which so far as I am aware no attention has ever been called—perhaps, no one has ever noticed it save myself. It is this—and as an old follower of Sir Isaac Walton I am competent to speak—that during the Civil War, the trout in the various streams of Washington, Warren and Essex counties increased fully from one to two hundred per cent. The explanation of this seemingly marvelous *phenomenon* is not far to seek, viz.: that so many of the tramps and farmers' boys had gone to the war, that the trout had a rest. This is *a fact*, and many of us fishermen would not repine if there was another war to take these "pot" fishermen again away!

THE CHAMPLAIN CANAL.

Upon the termination of the War of 1812, a very vigorous effort, says Johnson, was made to improve the means of transportation in New York state by the opening of canals along the main lines of travel and freightage. In fact some movements had been made in that direction before the war, but were abandoned at the beginning of hostilities. On the return of peace, however, the desire for a system of canals awoke with renewed energy, and under the zealous leadership of DeWitt Clinton, it soon found voice in legislative enactments. Although, Clinton, who, with Washington in 1789,[1] had early explored the present route of the Erie Canal, is deserving of all praise, yet the experiments both in Holland and in England had first directed his attention to the great commercial value of canals. Accordingly, with his far-seeing mind, he had recommended both the routes of the Erie and Champlain canals to the attention of the New York Legislature. In consequence of a special message of his to this effect, the Legislature agreed with his views, and one of the first canals provided for by an act passed by the Legislature—standing in respect to time with those of the Erie, Oswego and Cayuga—was the Champlain canal, the law for the construction of which was passed in February, 1817. All of these canals having been made by the state at the public expense, they yet remain under the administration of the state government as public property. The Champlain canal follows in its peaceful course, the same route which had so often been followed by hostile armies (especially that of General Burgoyne) and which was selected, though not used, as before stated, by the "Northern Inland Lock and Navigation Company."

The Champlain canal, which is seventy-three miles from Whitehall to Albany and twenty-one from Sandy Hill, is forty feet wide at the surface, twenty-eight feet at the bottom and four feet in depth. It passes from Albany to Whitehall on Lake Champlain, connecting the Hudson river with the lake. This canal begins at Whitehall, at the head of sloop navigation on Lake Champlain, and, immediately rising, by three locks, twenty-six feet, proceeds on a level five and one-half miles up the valley of Wood Creek, enters that stream, and follows its channel for three miles, to a lock of four feet lift, which extends the navigation up the creek three and one-half miles further

[1] See my "Reminiscences of Saratoga" for an account of this tour.

to Fort Anne village, where, after rising by three locks twenty-four feet, it leaves the creek and proceeds twelve miles on a summit level, through the towns of Fort Anne and Kingsbury to Fort Edward. Here it receives the waters of the Hudson, above the great dam in that river, by a feeder of half a mile in length and soon after descends thirty feet by three locks, into the Hudson below the dam. The great dam is 900 feet long, twenty-seven feet high and throws back an ample supply of water for the summit level. From Fort Edward the navigation is continued, for the present, down the channel of the Hudson eight miles, to the head of Fort Miller Falls, around which it is carried by a canal on the east bank of the river, half a mile long, and having two locks of eighteen feet descent. From Fort Miller, the river is made navigable for nearly three miles further, by a dam at the head of Saratoga Falls,[1] just above which the canal leaves the river on the western side, and proceeds almost on a dead level for seventeen miles, through the towns of Greenwich, Saratoga and Stillwater, Schuyler's Flats and over Fish Creek by an aqueduct, to a point two miles below Stillwater village. From this place to Waterford, where the canal enters the Mohawk, and meets the Erie canal (a distance of nine miles) it descends eighty-six feet by nine locks, six of which are in the town of Waterford.[2] From Waterford, the Hudson is now navigable for sloops to Troy (three and a half miles below) by a dam across the latter place—1100 feet in length, nine feet high and having a sloop lock at its eastern extremity, 114 feet long, thirty feet wide, with a nine feet lift. The cost of this lock and dam was originally $92,270—not to speak of the many expenses which have since been added not only for great improvements on the original design but also for keeping it in repair. Still, the canal has been of such benefit to Washington County alone, that that county could well have assumed (had she been called upon to do so) the whole of the expense.

[1] It was at this point, it will be remembered that Burgoyne with his army, crossed over from Washington County to Saratoga County, preparatory to his march upon Albany.

[2] As illustrative of what I have stated in the text a page or two before, the canal passes within sight of the fortifications thrown up by General Schuyler, when he retreated before the advance of Burgoyne. These earthworks, as before mentioned, can be plainly seen by the passenger on the railroad from Troy to Saratoga.

THE RAILROAD FROM SARATOGA TO WHITEHALL.

The ground for the Saratoga & Whitehall Railroad was first broken in April, 1836.[1] The initiation of this road was due to the late Gideon M. Davison of Saratoga Springs, who being most indefatigable in the statistics of travel and business, could prepare and lay them before the public in a concise shape. The charter of the road, therefore, through his instrumentality, being secured, the capital was subscribed for and the construction of the road begun, but the financial crash of 1837 came on before it had made much progress, and its managers were, accordingly, forced to suspend operations. Mr. Davison, however, never lost faith in it, and kept steadily at work until he had secured its construction to the end of the route. The first year the road was carried through the "Upper Village" in Saratoga Springs, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, when it was stopped for want of funds. It remained in *statu quo* until ten years after, when it was completed to Whitehall. The late Mr. Robert Patterson of Saratoga Springs superintended its construction, and when in December, 1846, the first train went up the road to Whitehall with a load of iron, he took with him seventy laborers, each armed with an axe, with which

[1] In this connection, it may be of interest to my readers to say that the first railway in the United States was one of two miles long from Milton to Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1826. The cars were drawn by horses. The Baltimore & Ohio was the first passenger railway in America, fifteen miles being opened in 1830, the cars also being drawn by horses till the next year, when a locomotive was put on the track. It had an upright boiler and cylinder. The Mohawk & Hudson, sixteen miles, from Albany to Schenectady, was the next line, opened in 1831, and the cars were drawn by horses till the delivery of the locomotive "De Witt Clinton," which was built at the West Point founders, New York. This was the second locomotive built in the United States. The first was made at the same shop for the South Carolina Railway. The termini both at Schenectady and Albany were upon inclined planes with stationary engines. The first locomotive, however, was built in and sent from England in 1830 and named "The John Bull," and had its first trial at Bordentown, N. J. Joseph Wood who operated this locomotive died recently at Red Bank, N. J. On July 7, 1832, a railroad was first opened from Schenectady to Ballston. The time made on that day from Ballston to Schenectady was one hour and twenty-eight minutes, and the number of passengers on the Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad, during the month of April, 1833, was 1,240, "being more," as Mr Davison's Saratoga paper says, "than four times the travel between Saratoga and the south during any former month so early in the season." The difficulty experienced in "Regatta" week at Saratoga in 1874, in carrying the crowds to the Lake —distant only three and one-half miles—shows how impossible it would be with no railroad to bring that number from Albany to Saratoga.

This speed—fifteen miles an hour—was considered extraordinary at that time. Indeed, fears were expressed at the prospect even of a greater rate being attained. Thus, Colonel Stone, writing from Saratoga at that time to his paper, *The New York Commercial Advertiser*, says: "Were the velocity of these to be doubled there would be continued apprehensions of danger, in addition to disagreeable sensations of dizziness. But such is not the case now, and the passengers are whirled along in commodious and elegant cars, without jolting or any other annoyance, and without the remotest fears for the safety of life or of limb!"

to cut away any forest trees that might have fallen upon the track. Previous to the completion of the road (and, for that matter, for many years before) fine "Concord Coaches" ran to Whitehall, starting from "Montgomery Hall," in Saratoga Springs, under the proprietorship of the late General Joshua T. Blanchard.

At first the road was laid on blocks of stone, but these were soon found, by their not giving (i. e. their inelasticity) to rack the cars too much, and wooden "sleepers" were substituted. The rails first used were long strips of iron, nailed to horizontal timbers. Often, however, the wheels would rip them up where they were joined—driving them through the flooring of the cars, to the great danger of the passenger's lives. These dismembered rails were very appropriately called "snake-heads." The cars, moreover, which are described at that time in the Washington and Saratoga county newspapers as "spacious and elegant (what would then have been thought of the up to date Pullman and Wagner Palace cars?) had each like the present railway carriages in Europe, three compartments, curtained and cushioned to contain eight passengers. Outside was a platform running the length of the car for the convenience of the conductor, who, while the cars were in motion, would, with one arm thrown around a window-casing for support, with the other collect the fares—one of his hands (as there were no tickets in those days) being full of bank-bills. This, however, was not so hazardous a proceeding as might be supposed, since the cars, which, the first year, were drawn by horses, travelled only at the rate of nine miles an hour. One of the first conductors on the railroad between Saratoga and Whitehall was Mr. Elisha Matthews. He remained in this employ—a zealous, gentlemanly and faithful man until his death about 1870.

Since 1846, there have been great extensions of railroad facilities in this county. The first ground was broken for the Greenwich and Johnsonville railroad in 1857, a road which was completed to Greenwich in August, 1870. The Glens Falls Railroad Company, organized in July, 1867, was soon afterwards built from Fort Edward to Glens Falls, but was soon leased in perpetuity to the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad Company. The latter road, however, was subsequently leased to the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, in whose hands it still is. The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company also constructed a road (1874-5) called the New York & Canada Railroad, which extends northward from Whitehall, along the west shore of

Lake Champlain to the north bounds of the county and thence northward, connecting with other roads leading to Montreal. This is also managed by the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company as a part of its great system of coal roads, and "long trains, laden with iron ore going south, or with coal going north, may daily be seen thundering along the rocky shores, where once resounded only the shrill scream of the panther, the deadlier war-whoop of Indian braves, or the triumphant shout of Putnam's rangers!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Washington County's Participation Therein—Enlistment of Companies I, K and M—Assigned to the Second New York Provisional Regiment—Roster of These Companies—Movement of the Regiment to Camp Black; Thence to Chickamauga Park, Tampa, Fla., Fernandina, Fla., and Camp Hardin, N. Y.

Although it is not within the province of this work to give in detail all the causes which led up to the Spanish-American War, in which our National Guard played a prominent part, it is desirable to state briefly the events which led up to a result so momentous to this country, especially as Washington County showed her patriotism in a splendid manner in this crisis.

In 1895 the Cubans began their second great struggle for independence from the Spanish yoke and as the struggle continued the warmest sympathy of the liberty loving people of this country was elicited toward the suffering and oppressed Cubans.

The Cuban Junta established itself in New York City and sought to aid the island in its struggle by sending out filibustering expeditions bearing arms and ammunition to the Cubans. These operations were not obnoxious to the people of this country, but the government did everything in its power to prevent and suppress them. Armed vessels were dispatched to suspected rendezvous, expeditions were pre-

vented from sailing and some filibusters were arrested and imprisoned.

Notwithstanding the efforts of our government to preserve the laws of neutrality, the sentiments of the people were strongly reflected by leading newspapers and their utterances were taken by Spain as an indication of bad faith on the part of the United States, so that gradually the relations between the two countries became more and more strained. In the winter of 1898 the battleship Maine was sent to Havana on a peaceful mission, and while lying at anchor was blown up on the evening of February 15, 1898, and 266 of her seamen killed. Although the cause of the disaster has never been positively established, the people of the United States laid the deed at the door of Spain and popular sentiment clamored for war. In April, 1898, Congress decided upon war and President McKinley issued a dispatch recalling General Stewart L. Woodford, our ambassador at Madrid.

War was declared on April 21st, 1898, and upon April 23 President McKinley issued a call for 125,000 volunteers, and at the same time expressed a desire that the regiments of the National Guard be utilized for the service as far as their number would permit.

On April 26th, an order was issued to all infantry organizations in the state requiring the commanding officers to "assemble at once their respective commands in uniform, in their armories, and there, by an individual expression, freely and voluntarily given, learn how many enlisted men of their organizations desire to be mustered into the service of the United States for the term of two years, unless sooner discharged, to serve where ordered by the proper authorities."

The 9th Separate Company at Whitehall was composed entirely of Washington County men and the 32d Separate Company of Hoosick Falls and the 18th Separate Company of Glens Falls were largely augmented by men of this county.

Of the 9th Separate Company of Whitehall four officers and sixty-seven men volunteered for service; of the 32d Separate Company four officers and fifty-nine men volunteered and of the 18th Separate Company four officers and eighty-two men volunteered. All the companies subsequently recruited to their maximum strength and there was no difficulty in procuring men as an intense wave of patriotic zeal pervaded this county as well as the whole Union.

The 9th Separate Company became Company I, the 18th Separate

Company became Company K and the 32d Separate Company became Company M, all of the Second Regiment, New York Volunteers.

The rosters of these three companies follow; as Companies K and M were formed upon the borders of Washington County and contained many Washington County boys the full roll of each is given:

COMPANY I.

Captain—Ernest A. Greenough.

First Lieutenant—Emmett J. Gray.

Second Lieutenant—Alanson D. Bartholomew.

First Sergeant—John C. Hopson.

Quartermaster-Sergeant—William G. Blanchard.

Sergeants—Elisha M. Allen, Frank G. Howland, George L. McKay, Benjamin F. Waters.

Corporals—Arthur F. Fish, Preston L. King, William C. McLaughlin, Mark R. McDonnell, James H. Hoy, William F. Hammond, Austin Baker, Albert D. Broughton, William H. Culver, Thomas E. Heffernan, Horatio S. Douglass, Thomas Melvin.

Musicians—William J. Doren, Patrick Hart.

Artificer—Henry Davis.

Wagoner—Robert A. Sinclair.

Privates—John Adams, Alfred Blanchard, James H. Blanchard, William A. Blanchard, William S. Belden, Jesse M. Bellegarde, Smith C. Barrett, Henry W. Barrett, Robert M. Bartholomew, George S. Bartholomew, Albert T. Bromley, James W. Busteed, William J. Boyle, Albert Brunell, Frank Baty, John Bahen, John H. Cooper, Joseph Crosier, Daniel A. Crowley, Watson M. Carswell, Daniel Clarke, Oney Carrol, Napoleon J. Demers, James Doherty, John L. Eddy, James H. Fraser, Charles Fyfe, Daniel Flannery, Frank L. Gregory, John C. Gray, James Gould, Leonard J. Healey, Clarence B. Haskins, William A. Harvey, Bernard Hart, Benjamin D. Hart, Evan R. Jones, Clinton L. Jones, Henry Johnson, John J. Kelley, Thomas M. Kelley, Bert F. Kilburn, Ambrose Kinney, Nelson Lemay, Charles A. Lathen, Jesse M. Leigh, George H. Lafarr, Ira E. Manchester, Edward H. Martin, Walter P. Martindale, William A. Moore, George B. McCartee, Jr., John J. McGue, Joseph H. McKittrick, Harry A. McQueen, James McCormick, Edward B. McCaughin, Fred R. Nichols, Charles A. Nolan, James O'Hara, Carl D. Ottenburg, Frank Olcott, Jonas E. Paro, Emille O. Prefontaine, Albert G. Prefontaine, Albert Prindle, George E. Rich, James P. Rowan, Arthur A. Russell, Michael J. Ryan, Matthew Ross, Jr., Charles Roberts, Daniel Roberts, Hugh P. Roberts, James B. Stockwell, Merton I. Stafford, Joseph Stone, Jr., Maurice Shepardson, Herbert S. Tracy, George W. Taylor, Henry Taft, Thomas K. Thomas, Bertie E. Waters, Oscar Welch, Herbert E. Williams, Leverett O. Wilsey.

COMPANY K.

Captain—Loyal L. Davis.
First Lieutenant—Seldon W. Mott.*
Second Lieutenant—Daniel J. Hogan.
First Sergeant—William B. Stevens.
Quartermaster-Sergeant—Andrew J. Simons.
Sergeants—Harley Cushman,* Frank H. Scott, Nelson A. Moss, William H. White.
Corporals—Willard D. Norcross, Lewis A. Morris,* John H. Conway, Daniel Wood, Philiman H. Haselton, Frank L. Parks, Jr., Frank H. LaLone, Harvey C. Prouty, Charles A. Dodge, Burton Akins, George O. Boldway, Frank D. Sansouci.
Musicians—Loren A. Barney,* Adelbert Reynolds.
Artificer—Henry A. Gilmour.*
Wagoner—Carlos C. Patterson.
Privates—Elroy A. Allen, Joseph Bishop, Arthur Bannister,* William H. Boyce, Walter A. Burchell, Edward Beecher,* Edward J. Bushman,* Ernest M. Boss, William W. Baldwin Walter D. Brown, John Cronin, George M. Call, Willard Carpenter, Frank Carpenter, Frank M. Carter, Erastus J. Curtis, William Cooney, Paul F. Carpenter,* William Denton, Thomas Durkee, Joseph A. Dufour, John M. Davies, Michael J. Enright, Alfred B. Gonyeo, Arthur W. Glenn,* John O. Holleran, William A. Hall, Robert S. Hall, Jr., Fred D. Harvey,* George L. Harris, George H. Holmes,* Ernest O. Huston, James J. Hogan, Elijah R. Johnson, Charles W. Jacobie, James Killough, Edward A. Kunkel, Henry G. LaRose, William P. LaRose, Frank A. LaFountain, George H. LaClair,* George B. LaLone, Michael J. Lynch, Fred A. LaRose, Charles B. McGrath,* Louis N. Mason, Henry V. Middleworth,* Howard McOmber, Edward F. Morrison,* Joseph V. Mitchell, Charles Myerson, Michael Murphy, Burt McDougall, Fred J. Narrow, William J. Newman,* James H. O'Connor, Herbert J. Plue, Praxton B. Pulver, Seymour Pratt, William A. Podvin, Ernest Reynolds,* Joseph A. Richardson, Royal T. Roach, Henry R. Rice, Eugene Raybine William L. Stevens, Lawrence C. Seelye, William Simard, Delbert D. Stickney,* Thompson E. Smith,* Dennis Sird, Thomas F. Small, Henry M. Tucker, Perry Tabor, George S. Underhill,* Alvah S. Vaughn,* Milford E. White, George S. Wood,* William A. Wier,* Michael J. Walsh, Joseph E. Williams, Warren A. Wilson,* Moses L. Wait,* John F. Young.*

COMPANY M.

Captain—Frank L. Stevens.
First Lieutenant—Walter A. Wood, Jr.
Second Lieutenant—Louis E. Potter.
First Sergeant—Edward Gill.
Quartermaster-Sergeant—Frank A. Rich.

* These were Washington County men.

Sergeants—Benjamin W. Sugden, Clarence B. Soloman, Charles W. Bates, Andrew T. McLean.

Corporals—William H. Straub, William F. Brien, Frederick M. Bates, Oscar G. Avery, Joseph F. Ross, George W. Manchester, Edward M. Woodworth, Manfred D. Kincaid, Archibald R. Waddell, Elbert O. Wing, Harry V. Hale, Harry A. Warhurst.

Musician—Charles A. Prentiss.

Artificer—John M. Closson.

Wagoner—Lewis K. Howe.

Privates—Albert F. Abel, Charles W. Allen, William S. Archer, John A. Andrews,* Charles E. Belair, Louis W. Bowers, Frederick J. P. Bain, George E. Brew, William C. Brew, Elmer E. Barnes, Sidney G. Bristol, Victor W. Babcock, James Bryant, Frank W. Buck, Daniel F. Beebe, Jr., Hugh P. Blackinton, William F. Coleman,* Harold H. Cole, John Coila,* Herbert S. Chapel, Amdy Christensen, Leon C. Closson, Joseph J. Conkling,* Frank F. Chapin, William H. Clearman, Albert E. Clarke, William L. Carpenter, Clarence Dorr, Eugene DeLong, Robert E. Daggett, Joseph E. Delavergne,* Frank B. Davis, Norman B. Dale, Patrick J. Dempsey, Merritt B. Eldridge, Pierce R. Fadden,* Walter E. Fuller, Charles W. Fuller, Alfred Furkart, Frank H. Goodyear,* Clarence E. Gallup, Edmund Haynes, Frank H. Hopkins, George C. Hollister, George P. Hollis, George W. L. Hewitt, Larmon E. Joy, Raymond D. Johnson,* George F. Kincaid, Patrick O. Keefe, Leo J. Ladd, Samuel Logan, Albert F. Ladd, Charles H. Lapius, Roscoe C. Lansing, George W. McDowell, Michael McGrath,* Ray Myers, Almeron Mattison,* Frank B. Morse, William P. Madden, William B. T. Peacock, Aner E. Powers, Eugene P. Prindle, Frank A. Putnam, Thomas J. Quinn,* Andrew Rankin, Harry H. Rosenberger, Charles A. Stillman, Charles P. Salmon, Moses Schweizer, Charles F. Stemp, Arthur M. Stemp, Raymond M. Sanford, Edward Thomas, Thomas T. Teague,* Sherman L. Wolf, Charles A. Worden, Charles G. Wilcox, William R. Williams, Daniel M. Wells, Jr., Frank B. Whipple, William Welch, Fred G. White, Franklin A. Welden, Alson L. Jones.

An extract from the Whitehall Chronicle is given to show the spirit of enthusiastic patriotism that pervaded, not only the men going to the front, but also the entire populace. And this description of the going forth of the Whitehall boys would also apply to those of many other places:

"At 12 o'clock every man was obliged to be at the Armory. The moving call was given at 3 a. m. It was not long after this hour that the bells and whistles of all classes began to sound out the announcement that all who intended to see the soldiers off had better get up as there would be no further opportunity to indulge in the charms of Morpheus until after five o'clock, and there was none. Canal street was gaily decorated for the coming parade, almost every residence

* These were Washington County men.

having some display of national colors. The procession left the armory at about 4.30; first marched the band, then Post Tanner and veterans not members of the Post, following these marched the eighty-four officers and privates of the company in full army outfit. Next came fifty-two ex-members of the Ninth under command of Captain Patterson, a body of citizens under the leadership of W. A. Fraser brought up the rear. There were small boys everywhere, some big boys too carried baskets of cannon firecrackers which were exploded almost continuously along the route. Their reports with the music of the band, the clang of bells and the cheers of spectators made vigorous combined harmony that certainly did justice to the occasion. Just as the company was opposite the flag bedecked Y. M. C. A. building the order was given to halt. The soldiers turned and stood facing the building at parade rest, while the ladies pinned flag badges on their coats, the souvenirs being presented by the Association. While this work was in progress and during the hearty handshaking by some gentlemen of the Association that followed, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and St. Joseph's deep-toned bell rang with great vigor. After these courtesies the procession advanced toward the depot. When opposite McGovern's store the veterans formed in open double column and with uncovered heads cheered with hearty good will, as the bluecoats of today marched between the lines. This was a thrilling spectacle, and one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. On reaching the depot the company marched close up to the cars and a crowd of thousands instantly closed around them, forming a compact mass of humanity. Whoever was caught in that crowd could not move until the train left. The train of one baggage and two passenger coaches and engine No. 127 was gaily decorated, the cars bearing the cloth streamer with the words "The Whitehall Boys." Hands were shaken through the car windows, and then amid admiring cheers the train departed. The Glens Falls train with the Eighteenth Company, joined it at Fort Edward and the cars bearing the Twenty-second of Saratoga and the Thirty-second of Hoosick Falls later became part of the same train. Ovations were tendered the soldiers at every point along the route. As the great mass of people turned to leave the station there were many breakdowns.

As mothers, sisters and sweethearts realized the separation from their gallant boys and the possibility that it might be forever their

sorrow was scarcely to be measured by the tears that flowed. Indeed the affair really had more the semblance of a funeral than a celebration. The stalwart men arrayed in full army habit, certainly presented a grim appearance as they marched with measured tread, prepared if commanded to face the guns of a foreign foe."

Companies I, K and M first went to Troy, N. Y., where they joined the other companies of the Second Regiment and then proceeded to Camp Black, at Hemstead Plains, Long Island, where it became the command of Colonel E. E. Hardin, now governor of part of the Phillipine Islands.

The Second Regiment was mustered into the United States service at Camp Black and there remained until May 18, 1898, when it started for Chickamauga, Ga. The New York Herald speaking of the regiment at that time, said:

"In excellent trim, with equipments complete and all details of its transportation promptly executed, the Second Provisional Regiment, formed of crack separate companies, left for Chickamauga yesterday under the command of Colonel E. E. Hardin, formerly of the Seventh United States Infantry. The Second contains a small percentage of raw recruits as compared with other regiments. A committee of the Sons of the Revolution presented a flag to the regiment before its departure."

The regiment reached Chickamauga on the night of May 20 and remained in camp there until June 1. Here the command first suffered from the lack of good water, but it is a notable fact that from first to last the Washington County boys endured heat, privations and the performances of duty with little sickness, although the regiment as a body suffered rather severely.

On June 1st four regiments, including the Second New York, left Chickamauga for Tampa, Florida, and the beginning of the journey was notable through the fact that the men had to walk from the camp to the railway station at Rossville—a distance of nearly eleven miles. This trying march was easily performed and shows the fine condition of the men at that time. The regiment reached Tampa on June 3 and there remained until July 26. During the month of July a vast amount of sickness occurred among the troops stationed at Tampa and the Second Regiment was invaded by the malady officially designated as typhoid fever.

That this fine regiment did not get into Cuba was a source of regret

to both officers and men and they would probably have suffered less in battle than they did in the fever stricken camp at Tampa. How near they came to going with General Shafter is shown in Colonel James W. Lester's "History of the Second Regiment." He says:

"About 7 o'clock on the evening of July 12th orders were received for the regiment to be in readiness to go aboard transports for Santiago on the 13th. The process of packing up was again undertaken and early in the morning of the 13th the tents of the first and second battalions were struck and the tentage, rations and camp equipage put aboard the train for Port Tampa.

Matters came to a standstill at this point and the regiment waited. About 12 o'clock on the evening of the 13th a notice came to the commanding officer that the expedition would not be started, presumably owing to the fact that yellow fever had broken out among the troops at Santiago. This was a great disappointment to the men who had hoped not only to get away from the unsanitary camp at Tampa, but also to do its part in the work of the army at the front."

On July 26 the Second Regiment was moved to Fernandina, Fla., where it remained until August 24th when it was moved to Camp Hardin, near Troy, N. Y. On September 15th the men of the regiment were given a thirty days furlough at the expiration of which they were mustered out of the United States service.

In closing this brief history of the regiment of which they formed an important part, it is but just to say that the boys of Washington County discharged their duties as soldiers uncomplainingly and throughout displayed a patriotism worthy of natives of the soil which witnessed some of the hardest battles fought for the independence and establishment of this great Union.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Early Sketches and Biographies—Peter Carver's Journal—General Israel Putnam—General Philip Schuyler—Colonel John Williams.

EXTRACTS FROM PETER CARVER'S JOURNAL.

Peter Carver was one of the first English settlers of what is now Washington County, N. Y. In 1708, while still a youth, he was adopted by the Mohawk Iroquois as a member of the tribe, and lived almost continuously among them for nearly thirty years. The French chroniclers call him a Dutchman, or sometimes a Fleming, but there seems to be no doubt of his English parentage, on the father's side at least. He died in New York City shortly after the English conquest. His manuscript journal in two volumes is known to have been in Boston in 1775, but with the so-called log of the Mayflower and other old records, was taken to England in that year, where the second volume still remains. The original of the first volume appears to be lost, but there is a torn copy in Amsterdam, where there is also a Dutch translation of many portions, which supplies most of the deficiencies of the English copy. A French version of the account of the fight at Tadoussac on the St. Lawrence in 1708, is pasted into the town records of Honfleur. The greater part of the journal, including the following extract (which is translated from the Dutch), has never been printed.

"But the winter was not all peace and quiet and frozen toes. One night when the snow was at its deepest, and the cold and winds at their fiercest, it may have been towards the end of February, I came in, weary from a day spent in dragging firewood through the snow, to find the house more than usually full of noise and smoke. I sat for some time by the fire trying to warm myself, scolded by the women whose labor of cooking I impeded, teased by mischievous children who raced unrestrained up and down the cabin, and with my eyes tearful and smarting from the smoke; and then sought my bed, homesick and dispirited, very thoroughly tired of this life with the savages and very hopeless that I should ever be able by their means to help the cause to which my father had pledged me.

After some hours of troubled sleep I found myself lying awake and listening intently. Yet there were but the usual sounds to hear. Out-

side the wind roared and the trees creaked as they bowed to the gale which brought now and then the far yell of a famished wolf, while against the bark wall by my head the drifting snow rattled and rattled again. No one stirred in the long house and the deep breathing of the sleepers warranted that they would not stir for light cause. At length, finding myself unable to sleep again, I rose and walked down the cabin past fire after fire. Still no one moved. The fires had died to faint embers, for it must have been well past midnight; and around each fire, on shelves covered with skins of bears or winter-killed deer, lay a household of my red brethren. Here an old warrior scarred and weather-beaten; there a weary squaw who of us all had best reason to forget the hour of waking, for in the morning hers would be the task to bring in the wood, build the fire, and prepare the meal, after which her only recreation would be to join a circle of gossiping women at scraping and chewing filthy skins until it should be time for more cooking and wood-chopping. Next the squaw might be sleeping a baby boy, perhaps some day to be the terror of the moose by the mountain rivers, or of the lonely farmer beside the St. Lawrence—perhaps to be wrapped in furs and buried in a snowdrift before spring. Of all my house-people not one was awake, save that from beside the third fire there rose to lick my hand The Muskrat's big and bony dog, who had concealed himself somewhere, when his clan had been driven forth at dusk to roll themselves together in their lair in the glen. Now he begged mutely for mercy and I left him beside the fire while I went on to the west door of the long house, and, raising the moose-hide curtain, looked out into the night. Against the sky line the trees were swaying; in the clearing the snow flew here and there in a faint mist from the edge of a drift. All around stretched the wilderness; a very howling wilderness it was that night, of which I knew only that it stretched over thousands of miles of snow. In all those vast spaces there was no white man but myself and they on the rock of Quebec who sought my life. My only refuge was the foul-smelling cabin behind me and my only friends the ignorant savages whom it sheltered. The same stars which had looked down so kindly on my old home in Leyden looked coldly on me now. Cold and lonely was all the world, and I would have said that I was the only creature awake had not the dark form of a wolf suddenly framed itself against the snow as with a snarl he leaped aside from the refuse heaped near our door and vanished into the forest.

HURONS ON THE WAR PATH.

The sudden movement broke my reverie, and, wondering what had startled the beast, I dropped the curtain and turned again towards my bed. In the comparative warmth of the cabin I realized that the cold air of the doorway had chilled me, so I sought in a heap of furs in the end compartment a bear-skin to my liking. A sudden cold draught struck me on the legs, and over my shoulder. I saw a tall Indian lift the curtain and pass in, followed closely by a companion of slighter figure. The tall man stepped quietly to the second fire, which still glowed with a dull red, and, stooping, laid upon it some strips of birch bark, from which his breath quickly awakened a flame. The rising firelight flickered and danced on the smoky roof of the cabin, on the bunched ears of corn that hung from the rafters, on the household gear that cumbered the floor, and on the forms of the many sleepers, all so familiar to my eyes; yet all changed, and strange in the presence of these our enemies; for the burning bark showed me also the vigorous figure of the man who had kindled it, and by his dress and his painted face I knew him to be a Huron on the war path.

On the instant he rose to the full height of his tall stature, poised his tomahawk and looked about him. His eye gleamed with satisfaction as it fell on the Muskrat; and, without turning, he beckoned silently to his companion and strode forward to fulfil his errand of blood. The younger man drew the tomahawk from his girdle and turned to follow. Thus for an instant he stood with his back towards me, and not three feet away. Then I sprang upon this Huron and caught him in a tight grip, locking his arms fast to his sides. The sudden assault no doubt surprised him, but he uttered never a sound and we wrestled there. I quickly found that though he was the more supple, I was quite a match for him in strength; so it seemed a fair contest to see if he could wriggle out of my grasp before I could tire him. He was slippery as a snake, and as full of twistings and writhings, yet I held him. Had I but lifted up my voice, a dozen Mohawks would have fallen on my foe; but I was breathless and excited, and, to speak the truth, had no thought of aught but my twisting enemy. He was as silent as I, but for him it was the part of wisdom.

As we wrenched and rocked the big man turned swiftly towards us, and for the moment The Muskrat's scalp was safe, as with great strides the Huron made for me. From one I had quite forgotten

came my rescue. A growl and a flash, and the great dog was at the throat of the tall Huron, who went over like a falling tree. Then I found my voice, and shouted lustily just as my fellow got his leg inside mine, and tripped me, so that we both fell backwards, I underneath, he still caught in my grip, coming down with a mighty crash upon a row of well-filled earthen pots that stood by the fire. Though I held the Huron yet, he had now his right arm free from the elbow down. He dropped his tomahawk as we lay there, but clutched the knife that hung by a cord from his neck, and began to slash at me, all hampered as he was, while I kept shouting and yelling with all the breath I had.

THE MUSKRAT TO THE RESCUE.

From all the fires men and squaws came trooping, rubbing every one his eyes in hope to discover the cause of this mighty racket.

Now the big Huron was on his feet again and rushed for the door, knocking down a squaw who came tumbling into his path; but before he could reach the air the dog had him by the leg. The stone hatchet fell, crushing the beast's shoulder, but the dog held on. Again it fell and the dog sank limply to the earth with a moan. The Huron was free only to be banged in the face with a charred log in the hands of an old squaw, and grasped at the same instant by a dozen stout arms which dragged him back, and tied him. All this I did not see, for I was still on the ground wincing as blow after blow of the stone knife cut my leg, and I felt my strength beginning to fail with the loss of blood.

I heard a word of surprise in the Muskrat's harsh voice, and my enemy was pulled off me. I climbed to my feet, and watched the squaws build up the fires till the long house was as bright as day. Our prisoners were bound with deer-skin thongs to the posts of the cabin and stood panting, while the White Partridge mourned over her broken pots, and an old man bound up some bad cuts of the stone knife in my right leg, and wiped me clean of the paste mixed of ashes, blood and hominy with which I was dripping. The Indians made much of me, but the real hero of the night lay dying, his head and shoulder crushed with tomahawk blows.

In the morning our captives talked freely. A large war party had

gone against Canajoharie, but the omens being bad had returned again. These two, however, had some special longing for scalps, and had lagged behind to hunt for us. They had come very near to being successful. We found their trail, or what the drifting snow had left of it, and it was plain that only these two had come our way, and that the main party was beyond pursuit, even had we the men to fight them. It was decided that Ondessus, the old warrior, should be burnt at Canajoharie; but before we could take him there he escaped, with two arrows in him, and must have died in the woods, for he never got back to Canada. The young man remained a captive until spring, and then, going with a party to Oneida, was adopted by a squaw in place of her dead son, and finally became an Oneida chief of note.

This night's work made me a firm friend in my adversary, the Muskrat, and, in fact, went a great way towards gaining me the good-will of all the Mohawks, and now that I had fought for them, as a manner of speaking, I had no thought of leaving them. Yet to this day when a pot is broken in the House of the Bear, the squaws will say, 'Peter has been dancing again with the Hurons.'"

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

A sketch of General Israel Putnam is exceedingly appropriate since he filled such a prominent part in the early history of Washington County.

Israel Putnam is often confounded with General Rufus Putnam, who was prominent as an officer of artillery at the Battles of Saratoga and under whose supervision Fort Putnam, overlooking West Point, was constructed some years later. He was born in West Salem, Massachusetts, January 7th, 1718. In 1755, he raised and commanded a company for the "old French War," and has been noted in the course of our narrative, greatly distinguished himself by his courage. He was promoted to Major in 1757, to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1759 and Colonel in 1764. He commanded a Connecticut regiment in the Expedition against Havana and was with Colonel Bradstreet in his memorable campaign against the western Indians. After the expiration of his term of service, he was several times elected to various civil offices in Connecticut. In 1773, he went with his second cousin, Rufus Putnam, Thaddeus Lyman, Roger Eno and others to examine

lands in Florida, that were to be granted to the colonial officers and soldiers who had served in the French War.[1] Returning the following year to his home at Pomfret, Conn., he resumed his occupation as a farmer. On hearing of the Battle of Lexington in 1775—the news being brought by a swift messenger who continued on his way to New York, Philadelphia and the southern colonies—he unhitched his horse from the plow and at once rode to the scene of action. Washington, then in supreme command, was only too glad to avail himself of his services. He, thereupon, returned to his home, recruited a regiment among his farmer neighbors, and marched to Cambridge, arriving there in time to take part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was commissioned—for his services on that occasion—a Brigadier General by the Assembly of Connecticut, April 26th, 1775, and Major-General by the Continental Congress June 19, 1775. He was in command at Peekskill, when the attack was made by Sir Henry Clinton on Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and has been greatly blamed for not bringing his forces to General George Clinton's relief, which some critics say might have prevented the capitulation of those forts.

General Putnam has been, not only in this instance, but in others severely criticized for his apparent lukewarmness at this time; some even going so far as to intimate that he was in the pay of the British Government to act the part of a traitor. This, however, after a careful investigation of the evidence, I do not believe. He was ignorant and, while well versed in Indian warfare, was utterly incompetent to meet and cope with trained soldiers in the field. Still, this is very different from calling him a traitor to his country.

During the years 1778-9, he was engaged in the western part of Connecticut with head-quarters usually at Danbury, co-operating with the force in the Highlands. It was at this time that he made his almost miraculous escape from General Tryon's troops by riding down the stone steps at Horseneck in the town of Greenwich, Ct. When the army went into winter quarters at Morristown in 1779, Putnam made a short visit to his family at Pomfret. On his return, however, to camp, and just before reaching Hartford, he had a stroke of paralysis, which of course, incapacitated him from active service. His remaining years were accordingly spent at home, and he died in Brooklyn, Connecticut, on the 19th of May, 1790.

[1] This must, of course, have been done by some arrangement with Spain—since Florida, at that time, was a Spanish colony.

GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.

This history has had much to say about General Philip Schuyler, who, indeed, during the Burgoyne Campaign, especially, was on the American side, its central figure. His ancestor, moreover—Philip Pieterson Van Schuyler—the first of the line in America, also occupied a prominent place in the "Old French War," having, as it will be recalled, built in 1689 "Old Fort Saratoga," the site of which is on a part of the soil of Washington County, nearly opposite the present village of Schuylerville, N. Y.

For these reasons I have thought that the reader would gladly welcome the following sketch of the two members of the Schuyler family who were so distinguished in the early annals of Washington County:

Two hundred and fifty years ago a young Dutchman, Philip Pietersen Van Schuyler, came from Holland and settled in the town of Rensselaerwyck, known today as Albany. He represented the best type of Dutch manhood, being brave, intelligent, energetic and religious. He was a pioneer in the best sense of the word and in addition was a commander of men and an organizer of industry. He was, like Sir William Johnson, eminent as a leader, preserving friendly relations with the Indians, directing the conquest of the wilderness, and aiding newly arrived immigrants to obtain a foothold in the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk. He married soon after his arrival, and had a numerous family.

Of his children Pieter, the eldest son, was the most conspicuous. With Dutch thrift, he circulated a petition, presented it in person, and obtained a royal charter in 1688 for the city under the new name of Albany. Incidentally with the incorporation came his appointment as Mayor. The Mayoralty was more important in colonial days than at the present time. It had military and legal as well as executive obligations, and in general jurisdiction was almost the equal of the governorship. On account of the exigencies of the time, the Mayor was the Indian Commissioner or Agent.

In 1689 the war broke out between England and France, affording the Mayor the opportunity of proving himself as brilliant a soldier as he was a statesman. From this period up to his death in 1724 his life was one of the chief glories of New York. He was indefatigable; he kept his own property well in hand, organized the people of northern

New York into military companies, established forts at strategic points, led several expeditions into Canada, then an appendage of the French crown, made treaties with the Puritan colonies in New England and alliances with the Indian tribes in the Empire State. When affairs were looking dark for the colony, he took a delegation of Indian chiefs across the sea and presented them to Queen Anne. It is hard to say which produced the greatest sensation at the English capital—the Dutch Mayor or the stalwart Iroquois. They were entertained in the lavish style of the old-fashioned hospitality, which, according to old historians, nearly ruined the Honorable Pieter's digestion and half demoralized his redskin colleagues. But it had the effect desired. When the chiefs returned laden with clothing, jewels, arms, toys, watches and baubles they created such a furor among the Iroquois that from that time on, the Mayor had no difficulty in gathering an Indian army whenever needful. The historians of the time are singularly unanimous; the English, Canadians and Americans pronouncing Pieter the best soldier and statesman of his period, while the French chroniclers refer to him as the most ferocious and bloodthirsty enemy of the King of France. The fame of Pieter has obscured his brothers Abraham, Arent and John, who were gallant officers and public-spirited citizens, the latter also having been Mayor of Albany. Pieter might have had a title had he so desired, but when knighthood was offered him by Queen Anne he refused the honor. He explained his declination on two grounds: first that it might humble his brothers, who were just as good men as he, and second, that it might make the women of his family vain. Pieter's bravery came as much from his mother as his father. The former, Margarita Van Schlichtenhorst, was living in the fort at Albany when a party of soldiers came to seize the place. The Colonel, her son, was away at the time, and the men attached to the house were at their wit's ends, but the woman was equal to the emergency. She summoned the men, called them to arms and drove out the assailants.

GENERAL SCHUYLER OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the next generation the most important figure was that of Colonel Philip, Jr., Pieter's eldest son. According to his tombstone he "was a gentleman approved in several public employments." He was a faithful soldier, a shrewd statesman, and a good business man.

The fourth generation brings upon the boards the greatest of the family. This was Major-General Philip Schuyler, who was born in 1733, and died in 1804. He was a man who could have succeeded in any calling, so well rounded was his mental and moral equipment. Webster pronounced him second only to Washington among the great Revolutionary heroes. At the breaking out of the Revolution, he was practically the head of the Schuyler family. He had wealth, power and culture; he held a commission under the British crown, and could, had he so desired, received knighthood. His interests were bound up in the English cause, and to espouse the cause of the colonies seemed to mean ruin. He was an aristocrat by birth, breeding and association. Nevertheless when the conflict came he threw up his commission and gave himself to the revolutionary cause. His superb career during the seven years' war is known to every one, and it is generally conceded that it was his genius which won the battle of Saratoga. After the revolution he took an active part in public affairs, serving as Congressional delegate, and as a United States Senator.

General Schuyler was not covetous of public office. From boyhood he was marked by an equanimity seldom found among the children of the wealthy. He was gentle, and generous to a fault. Under the law of primogeniture, which then prevailed, he was entitled to the major part of the paternal estate. He refused to accept it, however, and shared the patrimony with his brothers and sisters. The first half of the eighteenth century was not an age when education flourished. Conviviality and social pleasure engrossed the attention of the higher classes, but young Schuyler made himself conspicuous even then by his studious habits. In this determination he was greatly aided by his mother, Cornelia Van Cortlandt Schuyler. He was a fluent French scholar, had a good knowledge of Dutch, German and Latin, excelled in mathematics, and was more than proficient in civil and military engineering.

The first recognition of his ability came when he was a young man. The Commissary Department of the British army was in a muddled condition, and Lord Viscount Howe, the commander, selected young Schuyler to take charge of a more important branch of the work. There was a protest from many officers who resented the placing over them of what they called a boy. Lord Howe is said to have replied that he did not like to appoint a boy, but when a boy was the only

one who could do the work properly, he had to appoint him. It was just before this time, September 17, 1755, that Philip Schuyler married Catherine Van Rensselaer, a noted beauty of the period, daughter of Colonel John Van Rensselaer. The choice was a happy one, as the wife possessed the determination and heroism of the husband. Her daughter wrote concerning her:

"Perhaps I may relate of my mother, as a judicious act of her kindness, that she not infrequently sent a milch cow to persons in poverty. * * * When the Continental army was retreating before Burgoyne she went up in her chariot with four horses to Saratoga to remove her household articles. While there, she received directions from General Schuyler to set fire to his extensive fields of wheat—which she did with her own hands—and to induce his tenants and others to do the same rather than suffer them to be reaped by the enemy. She also sent her horses on for the use of the army, and returned to Albany on a sled drawn by oxen."

Of his chivalry the best witness was his adversary, General Burgoyne. This British commander in the House of Commons delivered a speech in which he held General Schuyler up to the admiration of Parliament. He said: "By orders a very good dwelling-house, exceedingly large storehouses, great sawmills, and other outbuildings, to the value altogether perhaps of ten thousand pounds, belonging to General Schuyler at Saratoga, were destroyed by fire a few days before the surrender. One of the first persons I saw after the convention was signed was General Schuyler, and when I expressed to him my regret at the event which had happened to his property, he desired me to think no more of it, and said that the occasion justified it according to the rules and principles of war. He did more, he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. That gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and to my great surprise presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family. In that house I remained during my whole stay in Albany, with a table with more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality." This home in Albany saw all the great men and women of the land. The library was the best collection of books in the colony. The room or den was a favorite resort of Aaron Burr, who came here when a member of the Legislature at Albany to prepare his cases and write his orations. Here he met the

daughter of General Schuyler, whom he was to make a widow by shooting her husband, Alexander Hamilton. During General Schuyler's term in the Senate he displayed great political wisdom and statesmanship. He foresaw the future financial greatness of the country and was among the first advocates of a national bank.

General Schuyler was born at the family mansion in Albany the 22d of November, 1733, and like Dr. Franklin, was baptized on the day of his birth. He died on Sunday, the 18th of November, 1804, nearly seventy-one years of age. The tidings of his death were received with sincere and profound sorrow throughout the United States as well as in Europe, his funeral on the 21st of November being attended by an immense concourse of the citizens of that town and the surrounding county, and his remains were entombed, with military honor, in the family burial-vault of General Abraham Ten Broeck. They were afterwards removed to the burial-vault of the Rensselaer and Schuyler families, and afterwards, when the tomb gave way to the construction of railways the remains were removed to the Albany Rural Cemetery. A handsome monument—to use the words of Horace—"plain in its neatness," was erected to the memory of this distinguished soldier of the Revolution, in October, 1871. On the pedestal of the shaft (which is of Quincy granite) are these words:

MAJOR-GENERAL
PHILIP SCHUYLER,
BORN AT ALBANY
NOV. 22, 1733,
DIED NOV. 18th, 1804.

The following sketch of Colonel John Williams, a New York patriot and one of Washington County's most revered sons will, I am sure, be gladly perused by those residents of Washington County who are interested in its early beginnings. I take it from the *English Post* of December 8, 1900. Indeed, a history of Washington County would not be complete without it.

The Fourth of July, 1609, was germinal the Fourth of July, 1776. On that day the first white man entered the territory of New York, and then began that series of events which resulted in the nation's independence. He was a Frenchman, Samuel Champlain. He had founded the colony of Canada, the city of Quebec, and discovered and

descended the lake to which he gave his name. He was accompanied by two other Frenchmen and sixty Huron Indians. They met and attacked a force of Iroquois, the inveterate enemies of the Hurons, south of historic Ticonderoga. Champlain and his two companions were dressed in gaudy uniforms and armed with arquebuses. The Iroquois, terrorized by the strange-looking beings and the deadly effect of their firearms, retreated after losing several chiefs. This was a fatal victory for the French nation. Champlain made for it enduring enemies of the most numerous and powerful tribe of Indians. For a century and a half they were the allies of the English in the three French and English wars in America.

In 1773, John Williams, a young English physician and surgeon, was directed to the town of Salem, then called New Perth. He was born in Barnstaple, Devonshire, in 1752. He was a university graduate, with diploma to practice medicine and surgery. He had walked the Hospital of St. John, London, and had served as surgeon's mate on a British man-of-war. He brought a complete case of surgical instruments, which became of invaluable service to him and his country in the then unforeseen but impending war. On his arrival he found the small-pox prevailing as an epidemic. By his self-sacrificing and successful service he endeared himself to his people. His fame spread throughout the country, and his practice became extensive and lucrative. He applied his earnings to the purchase of land, building saw and grist mills, making farms, and in other ways developing the resources and fostering the industries of the county. He then erected a mansion in Salem, which is now known as the "Williams Home."

WILLIAMS DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

The young physician identified himself with the patriot party in the issues that were then agitating the colonies. Though he was a commissioned officer of the Government under half-pay, when the conflict opened at Lexington and Concord, he led the people of his county in preparations for war. When the first Provincial Congress was called to meet in New York city, May 20, 1775, he was unanimously elected delegate from the county. He was then only twenty-three years of age. This testimony to the confidence of the people in his ability and wisdom is emphasized by the proximity of the county to Canada and

the certainty that it would speedily become involved in the war as the highway for the British army. He served in this and all the succeeding sessions until their expiration. He was placed upon the most important committees, and assigned special service that required exceptional knowledge and prudence. He was on the committee to draft the letter to the northern counties concerning invasion from Canada, on that to confer concerning the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, and on that to organize troops and prepare rules and regulations and to devise plans for adjustment of the differences with Great Britain.

He was appointed by the Congress, Colonel of the First Charlotte County Regiment, and surgeon subject to requisition by the Continental service. When the Provincial Congress was succeeded by the New York Legislature, 1781, he was elected to the Assembly. He had so demonstrated his ability as a legislator that he was elected to the Senate for three terms of four years each, from 1783 to 1795. There is no other similar instance in the records of New York of so young a man serving thus continuously and with such signal ability. He was associated with and frequently opposed by the ablest lawyers, jurists and statesmen of the State. His knowledge of the subjects of legislation and his power as a speaker were an occasion of wonder to his seniors. These were displayed in the New York Constitutional Convention at Poughkeepsie, June, 1788, which ratified the Constitution of the United States and constituted New York a member of the Federal Union. In that convention were such men as John Jay, Richard Morris, Alexander Hamilton, Robert Livingston, George Clinton and Philip Schuyler. Dr. Williams' speech followed Hamilton's, which he opposed.

While a member of the New York Senate, 1793, he was chosen to the United States House of Representatives, and re-elected to the next term. Congress was then held in Philadelphia. The great men of the nation were in it; great subjects were before it; internal and international questions and relations were to be settled. Williams was the peer of those who were trained in law and the science of government. Melancthon L. Woolsey, an eminent lawyer, a former opponent, wrote to him: "I thank you for the part you have taken in the Federal Legislature on all subjects of national importance." He was the first to secure legislative action providing for canal construction. His resolution in the New York Senate, February 15, 1791, providing for a joint committee of the Senate and Assembly, of which

he was appointed chairman, contemplated canal communication between the Hudson River and the north and west by the lakes. On February 7, 1792, his bill for the construction of the proposed canals passed, and became a law March 30, 1792. He became a stockholder and director in the Northern Inland Lock Navigation Company for connecting the Hudson with Lake Champlain, and devoted much time and money to its construction. We do not know who first suggested canals in America; but we know from the Record that General Williams was the first to frame and introduce and secure the passage of an act of Legislature for their construction.

WILLIAMS' WORK IN THE ARMY.

Colonel Williams's services as an army officer were valuable to the country. In 1775-'76 his time was divided between his legislative and military duties. His regiment, which he had raised and mainly supported financially, he kept employed in defending the frontier and in other ways as its assistance was required by the government. The orders of Generals Gates, Schuyler, St. Clair and Heath, preserved among the "Williams Papers," are evidence of this. Thus General St. Clair ordered him to his relief at Fort Ticonderoga, adding that "with him and others he could laugh at all the enemy could do." General St. Clair had retired from the fort when Colonel Williams reached Skenesborough to Fort Ann, where the first battle in Washington County was fought. Colonel Williams was present with his force. This battle at Fort Ann, resulting in the defeat of the British, was of vital importance. It was initial to Bennington Heights and Stillwater or Saratoga Springs. If the British had won they would have avoided Bennington Heights and carried out the plan of uniting with General Howe north of Albany. After Burgoyne's surrender, Williams arranged his corps into six divisions, each to be on duty one week at a time. This was to enable the men to attend to home affairs and their farms. He interested himself in behalf of those whose loyalty was doubtful. He sought to secure their return to their homes, under the assurance of protection. The original letter of General Gates is among the "Williams Papers," on the subject in reply to one of his. It is dated "Camp Burrass, Sept. 29th, 1777." It is as follows:

It does not remain with me properly to extend the time prescribed

by my proclamation for the return of the Tories to the indulgent protection of the government. But your letter shall immediately be sent to Esopus, to be laid before the Legislature of this state now sitting, and if they are pleased to grant a longer day, I shall, upon receiving their answer, immediately acquaint you herewith. I am, sir, your most obedient servant, HORATIO GATES.

AFTER THE WAR.

General Williams continued his active, useful career to the close of his life. He was appointed Regent of the State University on its first board. He was an organizer of Washington Academy, the first north of Albany, to which he presented the ground and building. He was Judge of Washington County Court. He did more for the improvement and development of the northeastern section of the state than any others in its history. He died on July 22, 1806, aged fifty-three years and ten months. His descendants are about three hundred, composing some of the most prominent families in the state.

The 'Williams Papers,' which are bound in folio volumes, especially his letters, testify to his noble and exalted character as well as to his usefulness in the service of his state and country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COUNTY CIVIL AND POLITICAL LISTS.

LEGISLATORS.

STATE SENATORS—1777—William Duer.
1777-79—John Williams; also served 1783-1795.
1777-85—Alex. Webster.
1778-82—Ebenezer Russell; also 1784-88, 1795-1803.
1779—Elishama Tozer.
1786-90—David Hopkins; also 1809-13.
1788-92—Edward Savage; also 1801-07.
1793-1803—Zina Hitchcock.
1796-1802—Ebenezer Clark.
1796-98—James Savage.
1804-08—Stephen Thorn; also 1823-26.

1807-11—John McLean; also 1836-37.
1812-15—Gerritt Wendell.
———Allen Hascall.
1817-21—Roger Skinner.
1821—David Shipherd.
1823-25—Melanchthon Wheeler.
1825-29—John Crary.
1829-33—John McLean, Jr.
1834-36—Isaac W. Bishop.
1838-42—Martin Lee.
1844-48—Orville Clark.
1852-54—Daniel S. Wright.
1856—Justin A. Smith.
1862—Ralph Richards.
1866—James Gibson.
1871—Isaac V. Baker, Jr.
1878—Charles Hughes.
1884—A. C. Comstock.
1888—M. F. Collins.
1892—J. H. Derby.

Washington County was represented in the senate by Hon. Fred D. Kilburn of Malone, N. Y., in 1894. In 1894 Washington County became part of the 28th Senatorial District under the Constitutional Amendment and has been represented by Hon. Edgar T. Brackett of Saratoga Springs since 1895.

Members of Assembly—1777-78—John Barnes, Ebenezer Clark, John Rowan, Ebenezer Russell.

1778-79—Elishama Tozer, Albert Baker (served to 1781) and David Hopkins, who served until 1786.

1779-80—John Grover, Noah Payne.

1780—Hamilton McCollister, served until 1785, and Matthew McWhorter, who served until 1782.

1781-82—John Williams.

1782-83—Benjamin Baker, Joseph McCracken, who served in 1786.

1784-85—Edward Savage, Adiel Sherwood.

1785-86—Albert Baker.

1786—Joseph McCracken, who also served in 1788-89.

1786-87—Ichabod Parker, Peter B. Tearse, who served until 1790.

1787—Adam Martin, Edward Savage, who served from 1795 to 1802.

1788-89—Alex. Webster.

1789-91—John Rowan, Zina Hitchcock, who served until 1794.

1791—Thomas Converse, Daniel Curtice, who served until 1794.

1792—John Conger.

1792-93—David Hopkins, served 1795-96.

1794—William Whiteside, Benj. Colvin, Philip Smith, David Thomas.

1796—Thomas Smith, served 1798.

1796-97—Timothy Leonard, A. L. Blanchard, G. G. Lansing, Andrew White, Daniel Mason, served 1798.

1798—Reuben Pride, Melanchton Wheeler.

1798-99—Charles Kane, Seth Crocker, Philip Smith, David Thomas.

1800—Micajah Pettit, Isaac Sargent, Benjamin Colvin.

1800-1—Gerrit G. Lansing, Timothy Leonard, William McAuley.

1802—Micajah Pettit.

1802-3—Alex. Cowen, Jason Kellogg, John McLean, Isaac Sargent.

1803-4—David Austin, John McLean.

1804—Stephen Thorn, Dr. John McKinney.

1804-5—Isaac Harlow, Jason Kellogg, Solomon Smith, James Sarbuck.

1804-6—William Livingston, John McLean.

1806—Isaac Sargent, Nathaniel Pitcher, Daniel Shipherd.

1807—Jason Kellogg, Peleg Bragg, John Gray.

1807-9—James Hill.

1808—Thomas Cornell, Lyman Hall, Henry Matteson, Gideon Taft.

1808-9—Alex. Livingston, Reuben Whallon.

1808-10—Roger Skinner.

1810—John Gale, Wm. Livingston.

1811—John Baker, John Richards, Isaac Sargent, Reuben Whallon, David Woods.

1812—Lyman Hall, James Hill, John Kirkland, Alex. Livingston.

1812-13—John Beebe, Jason Kellogg, Francis McLean, M. Wheeler.

1814—Paul Dennis, Samuel Gordon, John Savage, Charles Starbuck, John White.

1814-15—John Richards, Henry Matteson, John Gale, Nath. Pitcher, Isaac Sargent.

1816—Michael Harris, John Reid, David Russell, James Stevenson, Roswell Weston.

1816-17—John Gale, Nath. Pitcher, David Woods.

1816-18—Isaac Sargent.

1818—Jason Kellogg, Alex. Livingston, John McLean, Jr.

1819—William McFarland, John Gale, John Doty, Wm. K. Adams.

1820—David Austin, Peleg Bragg, James Hill, John Kirtland.

1820-21—Wadsworth Bell, James Mallory, John Moss, William Richards, John Baker.

1822—Silas D. Kellogg, James Tefft.

1823—Timothy Eddy, John King, Martin Lee, James McNaughton.

1824—John Crary, Silas D. Kellogg.

1824-25—David Campbell, Ezra Smith.

1825—Lemuel Hastings, Samuel Stevens.

1826—Hiram Cole, James Stevenson, Israel Williams, David Woods.

1827—John McDonald, P. J. H. Myers, Samuel Stevens.

1828—Jonathan Mosher, Henry Thorn, Henry Whiteside.

1829—John McDonald, Robert McNiel, Richard Sill.

1830—David Russell, Robert Wilcox, David Sill.

1831—George W. Jermain, Henry Thorn, William Townsend.

1832—Isaac W. Bishop, John McDonald, James Stevenson.
1833—Walter Cornell, Charles Rogers, David Russell.
1834—Charles F. Ingalls, Melanchthon Wheeler, James Wright.
1835—Jonathan K. Horton, George McKie, Allen R. Moore.
1836—Aaron Barker, Alex. Robertson, Stephen L. Viele.
1837—Joseph W. Richards, Charles Roberts.
1838—Erastus D. Culver, Leonard Gibbs.
1839—Salmon Axtell, Jesse S. Leigh.
1840—John H. Boyd, Anderson Simpson.
1841—Erastus D. Culver Reuben Skinner.
1842—James McKie, Jr., Daniel S. Wright.
1843—Anson Bigelow, James W. Porter.
1844—John Barker, John W. Proudfit.
1845—James Rice, John Stevenson.
1846—James S. Foster, L S. Viele.
1847—A. F. Hitchcock, Samuel McDonald.
1848—Benjamin Crocker, Elisha A. Martin.
1849—Leroy Mowry, Alex Robertson.
1850—David Sill, Calvin Pease.
1851—Thomas C Whiteside, James Farr.
1852—Elisha Billings, David Nelson.
1853—Charles R Engalls, Samuel S. Beaman.
1854—Ebenezer McMurray, George W. Thorn.
1855—James J. Lowrie, Justin A Smith
1856—John S. Crocker, Henry S. Northup.
1857—Anson Ingraham, Henry W Beckwith.
1858—Thad. H. Walker, Ralph Richards.
1859—James M. Northup, James Savage.
1860—James Savage, Peletiah Jackway.
1861—Peter Hill, Nicholas M. Catlin.
1862—George H. Taylor, Philip H. Neher.
1863—Asa C. Tefft, Ervin Hopkins, Jr.
1864—R. King Crocker, And. G. Meiklejohn.
1865—Sylvester E. Spoor.
1865-6—Alex. Barkley.
1866—James C Rogers.
1867—Thomas Shiland, Adolp. F. Hitchcock.
1868—David Underwood, Nath. Dailey.
1869—William J. Perry.
1869-71—Isaac V. Baker, Jr.
1870-71—Thomas J. Stevenson.
1872—George W. L. Smith.
1872-73—Edward W. Hollister.
1873—Eleazer Jones died and William H. Tefft elected to fill the vacancy.
1874-75—Alex. B. Law, Emerson E. Davis.
1876—Henry G. Burleigh.
1877—Isaac V. Baker, Jr.

1876-77—Townsend J. Potter.
1878—Abraham Reynolds, George L. Terry.
1879—A. Reynolds, G. L. Terry.
1880—G. L. Terry, Hiram Sisson.
1881—Hiram Sisson, J. E. Goodman.
1882—Robert Armstrong, Jr., George Northup.
1883—Robert Armstrong, Jr., George Northup.
1884—D. M. Westfall, Charles K. Baker.
1885—George Scott, Charles K. Baker.
1886—D. M. Westfall, J. H. Manville.
1887—J. Warren Fort, J. H. Manville.
1888—J. Warren Fort, O. W. Sheldon.
1889—C. W. Larmon, W. H. Tefft.
1890—C. W. Larman, J. A. Johnson.
1891—W. D. Stevenson, J. A. Johnson.
1892—W. D. Stevenson, William Reed.
1893—W. R. Hobbie.
1895—W. D. Stevenson.
1896-7—W. R. Hobbie.
1898-9—Charles R. Paris.
1900—S. B. Irwin.

THE COURTS.

First Judges, Common Pleas—1773, Philip Schuyler; 1777, William Duer; 1778, Ebenezer Russell; 1800, Ebenezer Clark; 1810, Anthony I. Blanchard; 1823, John P. Wendell; 1825, Roswell Weston; 1833, John Willard; 1836, John McLean, Jr.

County Judges—1847, Martin Lees; 1852, James Gibson; 1856, A. Dallas Wait; 1860, Oscar F. Thompson; 1864, Joseph Potter; 1872, A. Dallas Wait; 1884, R. C. Betts; 1887, J. M. Whitman; 1888, T. A. Lillie; 1900, Charles R. Paris.

Special County Judges—1859, Oscar F. Thompson; 1860, Henry Gibson; 1864, Royal C. Betts; 1871, Samuel Thomas; 1875, C. L. Allen, Jr.; 1887, A. D. Arnold; 1898, Frederick Bratt, and is still in office.

Surrogates—1775, Patrick Smith; 1778, Ebenezer Clark; 1783, Edward Savage; 1786, Melanchthon Woolsey; 1787, Edward Savage; 1808, Isaac Sargent; 1810, Edward Savage; 1811, Isaac Sargent; 1812, Nathaniel Pitcher; 1813, Edward Savage; 1816, Henry C. Martindale; 1819, Calvin Smith; 1821, Leonard Gibbs; 1824, Samuel Standish, Jr.; 1832, John Willard; 1837, Alexander Robertson; 1841, John C. Parker; 1845, Luther Wait; 1847, Joseph Bois; 1852, David A. Bois; 1856, Marinus Fairchild; 1860, Urias G. Paris; 1868, James J. Lowrie; 1872-78, Lonson Frazer; 1880, I. V. Baker; 1884, H. D. W. C. Hill; Grenville M. Ingalsbe, 1896, still in office.

Special Surrogates—1857, John H. Boyd; 1860, Leonard Wells; 1866, Daniel M. Westfall; 1873-78, Leonard Fletcher; 1879, L. Fletcher; 1880, J. K. Larmon; 1882, C. L. McArthur; 1888, A. D. Arnold; 1889, C. G. Davis, still in office.

District Attorneys—1801, Anthony B. Blanchard, who served as assistant attorney-general for 1796; 1803, John Russell; 1806, John Savage; 1811, Roger Skinner; 1812, John Savage; 1813, David Russell; 1815, Jesse L. Billings; 1818, John Savage; 1820, Jesse L. Billings; 1821, Henry C. Martindale; 1828, Leonard Gibbs; 1836, Cornelius L. Allen; 1843, Charles F. Ingalls; 1847, Henry B. Northup; 1851, Joseph Potter; 1857, Archibald L. McDougall; 1862, Joseph Potter; 1863, A. Dallas Wait; 1869, Royal C. Betts; 1875, Samuel Thomas; 1878, Marinus Fairchild; 1881, Edgar Hull; 1896, James White; 1899, Charles O. Bratt.

Sheriffs—1772, Philip P. Lansingh; 1774, Jonathan Parker; 1777, Edward Savage; 1781, Joshua Conkey; 1785, Hamilton McCollister; 1789, Peter B. Tearse; 1793, Andrew White; 1796, Philip Smith; 1798, Abner Stone; 1802, Nathan Wilson; 1806, David Woods; 1810, Simon Stevens, Jr.; 1811, John Doty; 1813, Wadsworth Bull; 1819, John Doty; 1821, John Gale; 1826, William McFarland; 1829, Warren F. Hitchcock; 1832, Darius Sherrill; 1835, Benjamin Ferris; 1838, Philander C. Hitchcock; 1841, Leonard Wells; 1844, Horace Stowell; 1847, Daniel T. Payne; 1850, William A. Russell; 1853, James R. Gandall; 1856, Hugh R. Cowan; 1859, Oliff Abell; 1862, Benjamin F. McNitt; 1865, Dennis P. Nye; 1868, James C. Shaw; 1871, Orrin S. Hall; 1874, John Larman; 1877, George W. Baker; 1880, James Hill; 1883, David Johnson; 1886, George Marshall; 1889, F. D. Hill; 1891, G. N. Finch; 1895, James W. Robertson; 1898-9, J. M. Hulett; part of 1899, Henry Welch; 1900, Bert Austin;

County Clerks—1773, Patrick Smith; 1777, Ebenezer Clarke; 1785, John McCrea. 1797, Saint John Honeywood; 1798, Gerrett L. Wendell; 1806, Daniel Shipherd; 1821, Matthew D. Danvers; 1826, Jesse S. Leigh; 1835, Edward Dodd; 1844, Henry Shipherd; 1853, Nathaniel B. Milliman; 1859, Philander C. Hitchcock; 1871, William H. Kincaid; 1877, Charles W. Taylor; 1888, Rodney Van Wormer; 1900, E. H. Snyder.

County Treasurers—1807 1847, Ebenezer Russell, held by appointment of the supervisors; 1847, Calvin L. Parker; 1850, Edward Bulkley; 1856, John M. Barrett; 1859, John King; 1862, Nelson G. Moor; 1868, Samuel W. Crosby; 1871, Asahel R. Wing; 1874, James M. Northup; 1879, H. Davis Northup; 1885, John King; 1888, James O. LaVake; 1893, W. H. Hughs; 1896, G. S. Clemons; 1899, Edwin B. Temple.

CHAPTER XXV.

GAZETTEER OF TOWNS.

TOWN OF KINGSBURY.

The town of Kingsbury is notable for two things—its historical interest and its steady and stable commercial growth. In primeval days

the great Indian trails traversed this town. These trails led from the lakes to the Hudson river, and over them the warriors of the northern and southern tribes passed in their migrations back and forth on peaceful or warlike missions. Also the great military road from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry, passed through the ground which now constitutes the beautiful park in the thriving village of Sandy Hill, and this spot is notable because of the massacre of sixteen men by Indians in the early days, one only, a man named John Quackenbush, being saved out of a band of seventeen teamsters and soldiers through the whim of a squaw. Weird and mystical legends and adventures are associated with the early history of this part of Washington County which tempt the pen of the historian, but our theme in this chapter is more appropriately the civil and industrial record, especially as the romance and wars of the early days have been fully recounted in the earlier pages of this work.

The town of Kingsbury lies on the west side of the county and about the middle from north to south, and touches great commercial arteries to an extent peculiar for the limits of a single town. On the west are the Hudson River and the Lake George branch of the Delaware & Hudson Railway while it is traversed on the eastern side by the main line of this railway and the Champlain Canal. The surface of the town is level and rolling, mainly, but there are some hills in the eastern part, and it is drained by Wood Creek, Halfway Creek and Bond Creek.

The territory of this town is embraced in the Kingsbury patent, granted to James Bradshaw, of New Milford, Conn., and 22 associates, May 11, 1762. The first settler was this Bradshaw who came to the town in 1763; the second was Oliver Colvin, Sr., and the third Albert Baker, who is, and will always be commemorated in Baker Falls. But, although these were the first three settlers in the town there is no question but that the first white man to step upon its soil was Father Isaac Joques, a French Jesuit, who while on his way to Upper Canada, from Quebec, was captured by the Mohawks in 1642.

Albert Baker settled at Sandy Hill and was soon afterwards joined by Michael Huffnogle. Other early settlers in the town were Samuel Brownson, Thomas Grant, Benjamin Underhill, Solomon King, Joseph, Moses and William Smith, Henry Franklin, S. Dillingham, Ennis Graham, George Wray, John Moss, Timothy, Moses, Samuel and Gilbert Harris, John Phillips, Adam Wint, Samuel, Andrew and

Adiel Sherwood, Nehemiah Seelye, John Griffith, John Munroe, Leonard Decklyn, Amos McKeney, Asa Richardson, the Widow Jones with six sons from New Jersey. These sons were John, Jonathan, Dunham, David, Daniel and Solomon. One of these, David Jones, was the affianced of the hapless Jane McCrea. He with Adam Wint, Gilbert Harris and others fought for the British in the Revolutionary War. Several of these were with Burgoyne when he crossed the town in 1777.

The town had been steadily growing during the first fifteen years of its life as a settlement, but the raid of Burgoyne and that of Carleton, in 1780, left it with only two houses standing and entirely depopulated. In 1781 nearly all the fugitives of the preceding year had returned and the town again began to grow and new settlers came in.

The house reputed to be Burgoyne's headquarters is still standing in the village of Sandy Hill, on the northeast corner of Burgoyne avenue and Pine street.

The town received state recognition on March 23, 1786. It grew steadily in population and agricultural improvement and has today the following unincorporated villages: Patten's Mills, Kingsbury Street, Smith's Basin, Adamsville, Dunham's Basin, Moss Street Vaughn's Corners and Langden's Corners.

The supervisors of the town of Kingsbury from 1782 until 1900 were:

1782, Seth Sherwood; 1783-84, Albert Baker; 1785, Joseph Caldwell; 1786, Seth Sherwood; 1787, Joseph Caldwell; 1788, Seth Sherwood; 1789-1793, Seth Alden; 1794-95, Oliver Colvin; 1796-97, Seth Alden; 1798-1800, Asahel Hitchcock; 1801, Micajah Pettit; 1802, Oliver Colvin; 1803, Thomas Bradshaw; 1804-1810, Nathaniel Pitcher; 1812-1814, Felix Alden; 1815-1817, John Moss; 1818-1820, Hiram Cole; 1821-1823, Felix Alden; 1824-25, Hiram Cole; 1826-27, Felix Alden; 1828, Simeon Berry; 1829, Throop Barney; 1830, John Moss; 1831-1840, Josiah Hand; 1841-42, Luther Andrews; 1843, Joseph Tefft; 1844-47, Josiah Hand; 1848-49, John Newman; 1850, Peter H. Cooper; 1851-52, Peter Holbrook; 1853, Peter H. Cooper; 1854, Orrin E. Harris; 1855-1857, James McFarland; 1858-59, Charles Cole; 1860, Hiram Kenyon; 1861, Charles Cole; 1862, Orson Richards; 1863, Guy W. Clark; 1864, Orson Richards; 1865, Peter Holbrook; 1866, Eber Richards; 1869-70, S. H. Kenyon; 1871, Silas Ambler; 1872, W. H. Miller, (died during term); 1872-1874, L. H. Northup; 1875-1877, George L. Terry; 1878-1880, Charles R. Paris; 1881, E. F. Hitchcock; 1882, L. H. Northup; 1883-84, George L. Terry; 1885-87, Grenville M. Ingalsbe; 1888-1890, John H. Derby; 1891-1893, James H. Durkee; 1894-1897, J. E. Howland; 1898-1900, D. J. Sullivan.

The town clerks for the same period were:

1782 and 1784 to 1795 inclusive, Samuel Harris; 1783, Fenner Palmer; 1796-7, Asahel Hitchcock; 1798-1801, Joseph Caldwell; 1802-1810, Collins Hitchcock; 1811, James Nichols; 1812, Collins Hitchcock; 1813-14, Nathaniel Pitcher; 1815-1830, N. Barnum Hitchcock; 1834, Adolphus F. Hitchcock; 1839-1842, Asahel Hitchcock; 1843, Allen Dewey; 1844, Danvers Doubleday; 1845-1847, Thomas Toole; 1848-1850, William Cronkhite; 1851, Charles D. Culver; 1852-54, William R. Locke; 1855-56, Orville C. Howard; 1857, John A. De Forest; 1858-9, Frederick C. Burdick; 1860-1, also 1863, Alfred A. Miller; 1862, Darius Mathewson; 1864, Daniel Monty; 1865, William Hooker; 1866-1872, Charles H. Cronkhite; 1873, Charles H. Reed; 1874, John A. Cunningham; 1875-82, Marvin S. Cronkhite; 1883-4, A. D. Arnold; 1885, Harry E. Tidmarsh; 1886, Edgar R. Locke; 1887-93, Harper N. Rogers; 1894-96, W. E. Mosher; 1897-1900, Sheldon W. Mott. Arthur Carleton was clerk while Captain Mott was out with the Second New York Regiment during the Spanish war.

SANDY HILL.

This enterprising and prosperous village is not only the most important part of the town of Kingsbury, but is one of the principal commercial centers of the county and one of the most notable places in northern New York. It is principally noted for its great industries, the history of which carries us back to the early settlement of this tract, when Albert Baker, the third settler in Kingsbury, located on the spot where Hiram Allen's residence now stands.

He came to Sandy Hill in 1768 with his wife and two young sons, Albert and Charles. He built a short wing dam by the fall which bears his name, and put up a saw mill. In the disastrous year of 1780 his mill and house were burned and he, with others, fled from the town. He was, however, among the first to return in 1881 and at once erected another mill and dwelling. In 1784 John Moss built a dam and saw mill above the village. In the same year Dr. Zina Hitchcock, Jonathan Harris, and others, came to the same locality and soon a little hamlet, the nucleus of Sandy Hill, appeared upon the present site.

In 1793 Washington passed through Sandy Hill on his tour of inspection of the northern lake military posts.

The industrial life of Sandy Hill really began in 1844, although its earliest notable record is the Baker Mill. In 1844 Stephen Howland purchased the Baker Mills, which were then in ruins, and erected the first manilla paper mills in the United States. Allen Brothers mills now occupy this site. In 1845 the Wilbur and Witpin and the Tarter & Luther carriage factories were built. In 1846 Benjamin Ferris

put up a manilla paper mill which afterwards became the Waite wall paper mill. In 1860 a shoddy mill was started, but was changed to a straw printing paper mill. This mill was built and burned three times and went out of existence with its last fire. In 1868 The Washington Mowing Machine works were built. In 1866 Howland Clark & Company's paper mill was built, now the Union Bag and Paper Company. In 1860 the Baker Falls Iron and Machine Works were built. These are now the Sandy Hill Iron and Brass Works. In 1872 Orsen Richards built two saw mills, known as the upper and lower saw mills.

The principal industries of Sandy Hill at present are: The Union Bag & Paper Company, Allen Brothers Company, the Standard Wall Paper Company, The Sandy Hill Iron & Brass Works, The Friction Pulley & Machine Works, Hibbard Bros. Machine Works, the Star Suction Washer Company, the Griffin Lumber Company and the Kenyon Lumber Company.

The facilities for manufacturing at Sandy Hill are phenominal as the fall of the Hudson at this point is seventy feet, affording an almost inexhaustible power.

In 1869 the Glens Falls Railroad was opened through Sandy Hill toward the construction of which Sandy Hill contributed $25,000. In 1873 the present fine court house was erected and the village became the western county seat. The old court house now stands upon the north side of Willow street and is used as a flour and feed store.

The Sandy Hill post office was opened in 1798. Roswell Weston was the first postmaster. Major John Dwyer is the present incumbent and the postoffice is now rated second class and does a very large business.

Sandy Hill was made a village on March 9, 1810, by the provisions of chapter 40 of the state laws of that year, and comprised, at that time, all of what was known as lot No. 93. The boundaries of the village were extended by an act of March 21, 1856, and the incorporation of the community was fully completed in 1875, under the provisions of chapter 291 of the laws of 1870.

There are no village records earlier than 1856. Following is a list of the village presidents commencing with that date:

1856 and 1857, Orson Richards; 1858, J. W. Finch; 1859, Nelson W. Wait; 1860, Joseph McFarland; 1861, M. F. Cronkhite; 1862 and 1863, Darius Mathewson; 1864, Hiram Kenyon; 1865, Joseph McFarland; 1866, E. H. Crocker; 1867-8-9 and 1870, Joseph McFarland; 1871, Amariah Holbrook; 1872, Hiram Kenyon; 1873, E. W.

Crocker; 1874, Guy W. Clark; 1875, Loren Allen; 1876, Elisha Baker; 1877-8-9-1880, Lyman H. Northup; 1880-1, James P. Buck; 1881-2 and 1882-3, John H. Derby; 1883-4, Eber Richards; 1884-5-6, Silas Doolittle; 1886-7, John J. Cunningham; 1887-8, L. H. Northup; 1888-9-90, Daniel M. Monty; 1890-1, Mitchell Potvin; 1891-2, J. E. Howland; 1892-3-4, David Filkins; 1894-5-6, Charles R. Paris; 1896 7-8-9, David Filkins; 1899-1900, Winfield A. Huppuch; 1900-1901, William J. Blake.

The village clerks for same period have been:

1856, J. C. Green, (the first village clerk;) 1857, M. F. Cronkhite; 1858, George B. Culver; 1859-60, A. A. Miller; 1860-61-62-63, R. B. Perry; 1864, J. De Forest; 1865-66, D. E. Parks; 1867, Charles E. Noble; 1868-69-70-71-72, J. D. Teller; 1872 73, Robert S. Coleman; 1874 to 1894, Grenville M. Ingalsbee. D. J. Sullivan elected 1894 and still in office.

Sandy Hill is widely known for its schools and churches as well as for its splendid industrial enterprises and progressive business men.

The Presbyterian church in this village was organized in 1803 by Rev. Lebbens Armstrong, at the house of Captain William Smith, which stood about four miles north of the village. The congregation worshipped in the court house until they erected their first church building in 1826. This building was replaced by a handsome new edifice in 1895. Rev. Charles D. Kellogg, D. D., is the present pastor.

The Methodist Episcopal church of Sandy Hill was organized in 1825, but they did not erect a church edifice until 1840. Rev. L. D. Cook is the present pastor.

About the year 1830 and during the pastorate of Rev. John Kelly, Saint Mary's Catholic church was organized. It was at first known as Christ's church, but the name was subsequently changed to St. Mary's. This church increased wonderfully in strength and in 1872 St. Paul's church was organized by the French members, under the charge of Rev. G. Huberdault. The present pastor of St. Paul's is Rev. Eugene Rey. St. Mary's congregation has now under contemplation the erection of a splendid church edifice to cost $50,000, and the project will undoubtedly be consummated at an early date.

The Sandy Hill Baptist church was organized in April, 1840, and Rev. J. B. Murphy was the first pastor. Their present fine church building was erected in 1872 at a cost of $57,000. Rev. E. R. Sawyer D. D., is the present pastor.

The Advent Christian church was organized in 1859 by Rev. Joseph Parry. Their church building was erected in 1860. The present pastor is Rev. O. W. Higley.

Sandy Hill has excellent school buildings and the status of the schools is high. The Union Free School was opened in 1869 with Professor William McLaren as principal. Miss Frances A. Tefft is the present principal.

Sandy Hill is adequately supplied with banking facilities through its two banks, The National Bank of Sandy Hill, capital $50,000, and The Peoples National Bank, capital $50,000.

The First National Bank was organized in January, 1864. In January, 1883, the charter having expired by limitation the bank was reorganized as the National Bank of Sandy Hill.

The People's National Bank was organized in September, 1884.

The societies of Sandy Hill are quite numerous and influential. The principal ones are:

Sandy Hill Lodge, No. 372, F. & A. M.
Kingsbury Lodge, No. 203, A. O. U. W.
Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.
Royal Arcanum, Sandy Hill Council, No. 587.
Royal Templars of Temperance.
Improved Order of Red Men, Ongwehoneve Tribe, No. 298.
Sandy Hill Chapter No. 189, R. A. M.
The Iroquois Club.
Knights of Columbus, Sandy Hill Council No. 296.
Order of Eastern Star.
Crown Star Chapter No. 143, Knights of Maccabees.
William M. Collin Post No. 587.
Sons of Veterans, Gen. James C. Rogers' Camp, No. 72.

The fire department comprises the C. R. Paris Hose Company No. 1, the J. W. Wait Hose Company No. 2, and Union Hose Company No. 3.

TOWN OF SALEM.

A year after the English and Colonials had passed through Fort Edward on their way to strike a last blow at the French supremacy in Canada, and more than sixteen years before the eastern banks of the Hudson resounded with the echoes of Burgoyne's advancing cannon, two pioneers from New England threaded their way through the westward forest and coming upon the ground where Salem now lies, decided to build there their future homes.

It is not surprising that they should have been attracted by this region. The sunny hills and rich flats, watered by clear brooks flow-

ing toward the south and west to swell the current of the Battenkill; the kindly and inviting aspect of the fertile country-side, even when rank with the tangle of the primeval forest, must have brought these men to realize gratefully that they had found a place where nature yielded her richest fruits and fairest charms. These two men, James Turner and Joshua Conkey, probably remained during the summer of 1761 to clear the land about their newly chosen homes, and returned for the winter months to their families in Pelham, Mass. The next spring they were accompanied on their journey to the westward by Hamilton McCollister, but did not bring their families and household equipment with them until the third year, 1764. Wagons of course were out of the question in those days to the migrating frontiersman and these hardy settlers had to be content to carry with them only such things as could be packed upon the backs of their horses. The first dwelling—that ultimately occupied by the Turner family—was a rough log-cabin without any floor but the cold earth and in which the most prominent article of furniture was a table formed from the stump of a tree, the roots of which still remained in the ground and the top of which had been made as level as possible with the implements at hand. This cabin was built upon the ground where the Ondawa House now stands and Turner chose for his land that lying to the west of this site, McCollister going to the east and Conkey still further in the same direction up the creek.

If Turner and Conkey built their cabin and remained to fit the land for farming on their first visit in 1761, then they were the first permanent settlers in Washington County. In this same year Philip Skene brought thirty families, under his employ, to the head of Lake Champlain, and set them to clearing the ground where Whitehall now stands. The 21st of July of this year is the date of a patent comprising the central parts of the present townships of Cambridge and White Creek, but it is not certain that any families moved into this district until the next year. More than a score of years before this, however, forts and fortified settlements had unquestionably been established on the left shore of the Hudson. The destruction and abandonment of these have been fully described in the early chapters of the general county history, from which it will be seen that they were not so much settlements as they were military outposts; at all events they were not permanent. If then we allow to Salem the primacy of settlement it must be with some reservations; still neither Skene's

settlers nor those who went to live upon the lands included in the Cambridge patent were upon the ground of their future homes as early in the year as were Turner and Conkey, and even if these two men did not build their cabin in the year of their first expedition they evidently intended from the first to make their homes where Salem now stands, and so we may say that at least they were the first in the county to lay their hands to the task of establishing a colony that should turn out to be permanent.

They obtained in 1764 from the governor and council, a patent of 25,000 acres, which covers a large part of the present town, and as the crown forbade the granting of more than a thousand acres to any one person they enlisted their fellow townsmen of Pelham in the enterprise and the names of twenty-five of the inhabitants of Pelham and vicinity appeared upon the grant.[1] It was not at that time a difficult matter for those giving convincing evidence of intention to settle in an unoccupied district to obtain a patent, but the Colonial authorities were unprincipled in their dealings with the settlers and were sure to exercise their cunning to the end of leaving some defect in the title or of retaining for themselves some rights which to the prospective patentees seemed trifling enough, until, in future years, they were brought to realize their true magnitude. In this case the patentees were actually forced to buy up the authorities with a bribe of one-half the grant agreed upon, before they came into possession of the patent. The men who profited by this venality were Oliver De Lancy and one or two of his henchmen within the inner circle of governmental scheming at New York. When these families from Pelham were established in the new settlement, they named it "White Creek," from the whiteness of the bed of the stream which ran through it, as well as from the admirable clearness of the water, a marked contrast to the stream coming from the north, which they called "Black Creek."

One of the first *events* to arouse the interest of the inhabitants of White Creek was the holding of divine service in the dwelling of Mr. Turner one Sunday in the summer of 1765. The service was conducted by Dr. Thomas Clark, a Scotch clergyman who for more than a decade had been established in the north of Ireland and who had,

[1] Frequently fictitious names were used in cases of this kind and it is not definitely known whether all the twenty-five names on the Turner patent were genuine or not.

the summer before, come to the new world, accompanied by some three hundred of his parishioners. This was the first divine service ever held in the new settlement and probably the first in New York state north of Albany. The settlers of White Creek as well as some from more remote districts came eagerly to hear the word of God from the lips of the reverend stranger; and they received not only spiritual edification from his holy utterances but a considerable temporal quickening when they learned that he was searching, in behalf of his numerous flock, for a desirable place for them to settle. He expressed himself as much pleased with the outlook for prospective settlers in the vicinity and when told of the half-interest in the patent, held by DeLancy and his friends, he thought favorably of attempting a negotiation by which his company would come into possession of the De Lancy interest in the grants.

The altogether unusual features connected with the emigration to America of this Scotch-Irish colony which, heralded by Dr. Clark, advanced to White Creek, and there settled, make it well worth our while to go back a few years to trace its history.

The eighteenth century saw many splits and schisms among the Presbyterians of Scotland as well as among their brothers who emigrated to the north of Ireland.[1] It is as difficult to gain a fair conception of the various matters over which they quarreled and separated, as it is to understand the unflinching resolution with which they held to and suffered for their several creeds. Amongst numerous sources of trouble was a pronounced variance of opinion respecting the province of the civil magistrate in matters of religion. This so-called "New Light" controversy was widely prevalent in Scotland for many years and of course extended to the Presbyterians in Ireland as well. In Monaghan county about two hundred families became so dissatisfied with the preachings of their ministers that they petitioned[2] The Associate Burgher Presbytery of Glasgow to send to them a spiritual

[1] The Presbyterians in the north of Ireland were descendants of the Scotch covenanters who went thither to escape persecution for having disowned the unprincipled Charles II, as their lawful sovereign; also for denying the right of James, Duke of York, to the succession.

[2] In 1733 there was a formidable secession from the Church of Scotland occasioned by an Act of Assembly which removed all hope from the congregations of electing their own ministers. These secessionists in 1747, split into "Burgers" and "Anti-Burgers," owing to differences among them concerning the oath taken by burgesses. In 1820 these factions joined interests and formed "The United Secession Church" which in 1847 united with a large part of "The Relief Church" and has since been known as "The United Presbyterian Church."

adviser in whose teachings they might find the light and the truth. In compliance with this request the Presbytery in 1748 sent out Dr. Clark, then a young licentiate, to minister to the needs of the petitioners in Monaghan County. His first preaching was at Ballybay, but his labors extended over a considerable field and he held frequent services in the neigboring villages. In 1751 his followers at Ballybay organized as a church and although Dr. Clark had other urgent offers for his services, he accepted in that year the call from the people of Ballybay and was installed as their pastor on July 23d.

Dr. Clark, at this time barely thirty years old, had completed his collegiate studies at the University of Glasgow and after graduation, had pursued the study of medicine and received the degree of M. D. at the same institution. For two years before his connection with the Associate Burgher Presbytery, he was fighting in the king's army against the pretender, Charles Edward, whose cause perished on the field of Culloden Moor; so that it is possible to trace the elements of character which won him such high esteem, to his soldierly ideals, scientific training and religious zeal. His great popularity at Ballybay and the rapid growth of the newly established church, under his pastorship, excited the bitterest jealousy among the people of the other Preybyterian church of the town, and prompted them to go to any length to rid the community of the man who was causing their downfall and humiliation. It was known that the young divine would not acknowledge the king as head of the church and also that he refused to follow the custom of taking oath in court by kissing the Gospels. They believed that these were sufficient grounds upon which to secure his conviction for disloyalty and eagerly awaited an opportunity to seize him when he should be away from Ballybay and at a time when they would not be overpowered by his friends. The arrest finally took place January 23d, 1754, at New Bliss, a neighboring village, where Dr. Clark was acting as moderator to a call for a pastor. Several of the elders and members of the rival church went to New Bliss and arrested their enemy just as he had closed his sermon. Dr. Clark did not resist, and admonished those present not to cause disturbance and riot by attempting his rescue. That night he was kept under a strong guard in a tavern and on the following day he was taken by his captors fourteen miles to Monaghan jail.

When the judges, more than ten weeks later, examined the warrant upon which he was committed, they found it defective and ordered

his release, but he was again thrown into prison on a new writ, and probably was not released the second time until well into the summer. During his imprisonment he frequently addressed affectionate letters to his congregation and during the warm months many of his loving flock would travel the long road to Monaghan and crowd about him in the gloomy jail to hear his words of holy instruction. Mothers brought their children thence to be baptized, and one young couple who afterward journeyed with him to America came there to be married.

His final acquittal may have been due to the evident triviality of the charges, in view of the loyal services he had rendered in fighting his king's battles; or perhaps to the fact that it was manifest from the first that his persecutors were seeking his conviction from motives of factional jealousy, and not on account of the charges set forth in the writ.

However zealous and inspired his work among the people of Ballybay may have been, it is easy to see that his life there must have been far from a happy one, and when in 1762 there came upon him the great grief of his wife's death, it is small wonder that he longed to get away from the surroundings which so constantly recalled and intensified his sorrow. There was at this time a considerable emigration to America, both from Scotland and Ireland, and the letters sent back from those who had gone over seas to seek freedom and fortune, described the New World in such glowing terms as to incline those in the Mother Country strongly toward abandoning the oppression and persecution of their native land for the limitless resources and religious freedom lying open to them beyond the Atlantic. The fame of Dr. Clark's heroic work had been carried into the western continent and about this time he received two urgent calls to go to America—one from Albany and one from a congregation in Rhode Island. The Presbytery, when apprised of these calls, appointed him to labor for one year in America, but it does not appear that he agreed to return, and it is highly probable that he intended from the first to settle there. No greater tribute could possibly be made to the love and devotion in which he was held by his congregation than the fact that about three hundred of them decided to accompany him when it was made known that he proposed to leave Ireland for the New World. The company sailed from Newry, May 16th, 1764, and landed safely in New York on the 28th of the following July.

Before setting out, Dr. Clark had been in correspondence with the Hon. Robert Carter of Columbia College, New York City, with respect to obtaining a grant of land for the emigrants who were desirous of accompanying him. When he reached New York he found that there was, on the shores of Lake George, an unoccupied tract, which, although it had not yet been surveyed, might to all intents and purposes, be considered as good as theirs. They could not, however, move on to the land and build their cabins until it had been apportioned into lots; this would necessitate a considerable wait, and while in New York a number of families, discouraged at the prospect of long delay, fell into the hands of a land agent who offered them favorable conditions to go south, and separating from the main body of the company, established themselves in Cedar Springs and Long Cane, S. C. Dr. Clark thought it desirable to spend the time which should elapse until they should be free to occupy their grant, at a place as near as possible to their intended homes; he accordingly moved up the Hudson with the main body of his Colonists as far as Stillwater. For the most part they had little money and it became necessary for them to seek employment among the people of Stillwater for the winter. The few who went up to investigate the Lake George tract came back with rather unfavorable accounts of the severity of the winter, the forbidding aspect of the mountains, and the rocky character of the land. Dr. Clark and his company decided that it would be advisable to look about for a more congenial region, and so he started out on a tour of investigation through the surrounding country. It was while on this journey that he came into the settlement of White Creek and held service in the cabin of James Turner.

Dr. Clark spent the summer of 1765 traveling on horseback from one settlement to another, investigating the conditions important to a company of farming people and learning what he could of the accessibility of the patents. The De Lancy half of the Turner patent seemed to him to be better than any other he had come upon and so, late in August he went to New York City and began negotiations to secure it for his colony. The conditions under which Dr. Clark's followers obtained the land were that after the first five years they should pay a yearly rent of one shilling per acre; they therefore could have a fair period to clear their land and get it into good condition for farming before any rent would be exacted of them.

Early in the spring of 1766 the men of his company journeyed thirty

miles through the forest to their new homes where they cleared and burned[1] over as much land as possible and planted corn. In midsummer they went back to Stillwater where they helped with the haying and harvesting and returned in the autumn to gather in their own crop and build their cabins. It is noteworthy that from the first these people had been conscious of the fact that they were *a church organization* in search of a new home and not a mere band of adventurous colonizers. Immediately on reaching White Creek they had put up a good-sized cabin as a home for their pastor in the future (for the time being it was their general headquarters) and during that busy summer, when it would seem that each man had more work than could be well accomplished, on his own lot, there were specified days upon which all came together and joined in the work of building a meeting house so that in the following spring when their families should arrive there might be a suitable place to hold public worship.

This was the first structnre of the kind in the county and in fact in all the region north of Albany to the Canada line. As the men had no teams the logs had to be dragged into place by hand, but in spite of these difficulties they made their future house of worship forty feet in length and of generous proportions. This crude edifice had no floor, the crevices between the logs were filled with clay, the roof was of black-ash bark and the seats were rough benches made from logs split in half and placed on blocks of wood. The site of this first church was a few rods south of the "Old Meeting House" which now stands at the top of the hill south of the new mill. The road then ran at the foot of the hill on the opposite side of the meeting house from where it now passes and across this road they also built in the summer of 1766 a school-house.

Some of the families who had crossed the water with Dr. Clark did not move up the next spring to White Creek but remained in Stillwater, where they thrived and where at the present time their descendants are among the most prominent people. The main body, however, passed out into the wilder region and occupied the cabins that had been prepared for them the summer before. Before the end of May enough were there so that divine worship in the new meeting house was commenced. There were none of the formalities of organ-

[1] The Indians in this vicinity had been in the habit of burning over the land yearly so that it was comparatively free from underbrush.

izing a church, no admission of members or election of trustees. The company was already a perfectly organized religious society, with its pastor, its elders, its members, all regularly constituted. Dr. Clark had never resigned nor had the Presbytery released him from his pastoral charge over these people. Their church membership had never been interrupted. They took no letters of dismission to join another church. He was their pastor; they were his flock. The same relations existed between them in America as in Ireland. We doubt if any other religious society has been transferred from the Old to the New World in a manner so regular and orderly and with so little to vitiate its title to continuous identity.

Dr. Clark's colony came across the ocean and arrived in Salem. The preaching of the Word on the Sabbath and the administration of the Sacraments were regularly continued during the three years of their pilgrimage with only such occasional interruptions as were at times unavoidable. Thus they came into this town a fully and perfectly organized church.

Previous to the arrival of the people from Ballybay there were only three families (those of James Turner, Joshua Conkey and David Webb) regularly settled at White Creek. Hamilton McCollister, then unmarried, was also there but had not yet built a cabin. During the succeeding years some twenty or more families, from the Massachusetts towns of Pelham, Colerain, Sturbridge and vicinity, followed Turner and his friends to the new settlement and established their homes on the many vacant lots of the Turner grant. The population was also swelled by the arrival of a number of other families from the Monaghan district; for Dr. Clark, realizing that the five years during which the land could be held free of charge would terminate in 1770, and that every unoccupied acre would, after that time, become a public burden, had made great efforts to induce his friends in Scotland and Ireland to join him. One of the congregation made the long journey to the Mother Country to describe the many attractions of the new-found home and by virtue of this messenger and much correspondence, carried on by Dr. Clark, the members of the colony were considerably increased.

It might be supposed that the half of the Turner patent retained by De Lancy and conveyed by him to Dr. Clark would be marked off by a well defined boundary from the half held by the original patentees. If this had been the case the Scotch-Irish contingent would

have been on one side of the town and the New England contingent on the other. No such arrangement as this, however, took place; the three hundred and four plots of eighty-eight[1] acres each into which the land had been surveyed, were divided by lot between the two parties, so that the people from Ballybay and those from Pelham were intermingled all over the town.

When the patent was surveyed a large lot, covered with excellent pine timber, had been reserved for the common benefit, and when the division was made between the two colonies, each further reserved three lots for religious purposes, from which last fact it is evident that, although both factions were Presbyterian, each from the outset designed to have its own church and minister. The settlers from New England at first very generally worshipped with Dr. Clark's congregation, but as early as 1769, they organized a separate church with fifty-two members, and five years later began to erect a house of worship for themselves.

It does not appear that there was any open antagonism between the two companies, but rather that the joining of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon elements in the settlement of Salem tended to produce a healthy rivalry and to stimulate the early development of the place. An illustration of the persistency with which each refused to cede ascendency to the other, is to be found in the fact that for a long time the name of the place was a matter of contention. Dr. Clark had had blank deeds printed, after completing his negotiations with De Lancy in New York, in order that the settlers in his party might have the land conveyed to them in fitting legal form. Upon these deeds the name of the settlement appeared as New Perth. Dr. Clark had probably fancied that the three families then settled in the place would offer no opposition to a name agreeable to his much more numerous body of emigrants, and had named the embryo town after the ancient capitol of Scotland. But the Massachusetts settlers, who were of English parentage, were quite content to have the place known as White Creek and had no mind to allow their new home to go by a name so redolent of thistles and heather; as a consequence each party tenaciously clung to its chosen name and refused to acknowledge the other.

[1] On account of the irregularity of the boundary lines of that patent there were some fractional lots and some of more than 88 acres.

On March 20, 1774, this settlement having become the most populous in the county, was erected into a township and called New Perth, which name continued as its legal designation until the close of the Revolutionary War. In 1779 an act was passed directing the holding of courts in Charlotte County, but there is no record of any such court until 1786. On February 5th, 1787, an act was passed re-affirming the previous act and directing that the county courts should be held at "Salem." This was the first recorded use of the name now adopted, and it was probably taken from the name of a fort (Fort Salem) which, as we shall presently see, was erected at the time of Burgoyne's invasion, on the site of the present "Brick Church." The name of the fort was probably chosen by the New England element in the settlement in honor of the Massachusetts town of that name, so that although the Scotch-Irish element enjoyed a temporary triumph, the New Englanders in the end were successful in giving a name to the place. In the following year a state law was passed defining all the county boundaries and dividing the counties into towns. "Salem" was the first on the list of the towns so recognized in Charlotte County, so that from that year forth no question was raised concerning the name of the town which is the subject of this sketch.

The people of Dr. Clark's congregation found their log church, despite the elaborate and painstaking work which they had lavished upon its construction, a very uncomfortable place to listen to a two hour sermon twice every Sunday. Whenever the weather permitted the services were held near a spring on the opposite side of the road where there was an attractive open space left by the felling of the trees which had been used in the construction of the building. Here the preacher stood beneath a small tent open upon one side and shading him from the sun, with the Bible and Psalm Book placed upon a stand covered with white cloth, and with the audience clustered upon the rising ground in front of him, sitting upon the shelving ledges of rock and the stumps of trees. But in winter and on rainy Sundays in summer they were forced by necessity to worship in the old log church, so within a few years they decided upon a new building which was completed in 1770. This was looked upon through all the surrounding country as a triumph of architecture and workmanship. It was the first framed building in the vicinity, and with the exception of two large houses at Fort Edward, used as barracks and storehouse,

it was the first framed structure in the county. This building is still standing; it is at the top of the hill on the west side of South Main street and is pointed out to strangers as "The Old Meeting House."

In the latter part of October, 1771, the people of New Perth were called upon to offer hospitable protection to some nine families whose homes had been raided by a gang of Green Mountain Boys and who had fled thither to seek shelter. The story of Charles Hutchinson, formerly a corporal in Colonel Montgomery's Highland regiment, will illustrate what happened to all the families thus rendered homeless. Hutchinson said that while he was quietly at work in the field a gang of nine men, among whom were to be recognized Ethan Allen, Remember Baker and Robert Cochran, came up and began demolishing his house. When he asked them to desist they declared that they had decided to burn his house as an offering to the gods and proceeded to suit the action to the word by kindling fires under the logs they had torn down. Allen and Baker held clubs over poor Hutchinson's head and admonished him forcefully to get out of the vicinity at once; if he ever dared come back again he might look for even worse treatment than it was then their pleasure to administer to him and his household. It was of no use to remonstrate so he fled to Salem.

This affair was an episode in the great controversy, described at some length in the earlier pages of this work, over the New Hampshire grants. The trouble arose from the unfixed condition of the boundary between New York and New Hampshire (as yet Vermont did not exist) and the matter at once becomes clear when it is explained that the disputed territory had been given out in grants by the governors of both states. This famous dispute began in 1749 when Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire wrote Governor Clinton of New York asking "where his government began," and raged for over forty years. Salem and all the eastern part of Washington County was involved in the embroglio but she was always true to New York. In the end those possessing the patents of New Hampshire held their ground, but becoming involved with New Hampshire itself, formed a separate state. When in 1791 Vermont was admitted into the Union as a state, the hatchet was at last buried.

The life at New Perth in the few years which elapsed between its settlement and the outbreak of the Revolution was, aside from the few incidents which have been mentioned, very free from important happenings. Dr. Clark every year collected his one thousand five

hundred dollars rent and rode on horseback with it two hundred miles to New York. He was untiring in his efforts to promote in every way the welfare of the community. "He was minister, doctor and real estate manager all in one."[1] But at length the secular business and especially the collecting of rents seems to have involved him in some trouble and in the summer of 1782 he relinquished his charge. The last ten years of his life (1786-92) were spent as pastor over the part of the original company from Ballybay which had settled at Cedar Spring and Long Cane in South Carolina.

The news of Lexington and the daring stand taken by the revolted colonies, although it must have produced a profound impression on the people of New Perth, did not affect the routine of their daily lives more than to prompt military preparations and to bring those capable of bearing arms to a regular attendance at drill. But when Ethan Allen, the Green Mountain Boy, whose very name struck terror to the hearts of the devout colonists of New Perth, had with Benedict Arnold, in May, 1775, taken possession of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"—neither of which authorities had, up to that time, seemed to inspire him with any especial awe—the people of Charlotte County, not to be outdone in promoting the cause of liberty, by their old enemies of the New Hampshire grants, speedily enlisted in the patriot cause and setting their old rivalries aside, organized a county committee and formed a regiment of militia.

Prominent in this movement was Dr. John Williams, a young physician who had emigrated from England and settled at New Perth in 1773. He was admitted to a seat in the Provincial Congress, on presenting a certificate of fourteen men from White Creek, Camden and the towns to the east, and organized a regiment of militiamen who mingled occasional drilling with the labors of their farms. On the 2nd of July, 1777, General St. Clair, then at Fort Ticonderoga awaiting an attack from the English who were advancing southward under Burgoyne, wrote to Colonel Williams directing him to march to his assistance and adding: "If I had only your people here I would laugh at all the enemy could do." Colonel Williams immediately started north with his regiment—regiment by name but consisting, so far as records show, of only three companies, of which the largest

[1] From a paper by Rev. James G. Robertson.

(that from New Perth, commanded by Captain Charles Hutchinson, who had been mobbed by Ethan Allen)—numbered but fifty-two men.

But Ticonderoga fell before Colonel Williams reached there, and then spread through the whole countryside the terrible news that General Burgoyne was advancing toward the Hudson valley, spreading desolation in his path and openly countenancing the atrocious depredations of the hordes of Indians whom the English ministry had seen fit to allow him to marshal with his British and Hessian forces. The people of New Perth at once set to work to strengthen themselves against the impending peril by fitting up a fort, which they named Fort Salem.

The New England element at New Perth had, in 1774, begun to erect for themseles a house of worship which they began on plans similar to those adopted by Dr. Clark's parishioners in their famous framed meeting house. This structure was on the site of the present "Brick Church" and though, at the time of which we are writing, it was not yet fully completed. It had, nevertheless, been used repeatedly as a house of worship by the Presbyterians of the New England colony. It was this incompleted church that served the people of New Perth as their fortress. The people of the Scotch-Irish colony did their part by tearing up their original log church and setting up the logs thereof in a stockade around the frame structure of the New Englanders. This primitive fort was provisioned, equipped with ovens, garrisoned and in every way fitted up to serve as a retreat and place of safety to the people, in case their town should be attacked by the enemy.

As has been said the people of the district were almost unanimous in espousing the cause of liberty but nevertheless here and there a father or a son would take up the king's cause and join the forces of the invading army.

The presence of Burgoyne's army within so short a distance, his open threats to wreck vengeance on all who did not seek protection within his lines, together with the news of the atrocious cruelty practiced by the Indians in massacring Jane McCrea and several other helpless victims, aroused the inhabitants of New Perth to find a protection more efficient than that of their flimsy block-house and to seek safety in flight. In the latter part of the summer of 1777 the place seems to have been for the most part abandoned and Fort Salem was burned, probably by Tories in the vicinity, in the early autumn. But

with Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga and the subsequent abandonment of Ticonderoga by the British, a feeling of security spread through the country and the householders of New Perth returned unmolested to their firesides and spent the winter in comparative quiet and peace, with no apprehension for safety other than the dread of Indians and wild beasts, which we can imagine to be a very commonplace sensation to them after the goose-fleshing and marrow-freezing experiences of the past year. Another block-house was built at New Perth early in 1778, or possibly in 1779, made of logs, twenty feet square, and like its predecessors provided with a stockade. It was named Fort Williams, after Colonel John Williams, and was for a time garrisoned by a regiment of Connecticut militia. From time to time there came rumors of invasion, but none of the invasions ever materialized and the men of New Perth plowed and sowed and reaped in comparative tranquility during the succeeding years of the war.

We have at hand schedules giving the names of the possessors of land on the Turner patent and showing the numbers of the lots in their possession. These bear the dates of 1789 and 1790; they were signed by David Hopkins, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Washington, and audited by Peter S. Curtenius, the state auditor. Their object was to show that the persons therein listed had actually resided on "the respective farms named to their names" before the outbreak of hostilities between the colonies and the Mother Country, that they had been obliged to leave their farms by the invasion of the enemy, and that they were consequently entitled to possess their land from that time forth free of quit-rents past or future.

These lists comprise two hundred and eighty-two proprietors and one hundred and twenty family names. Several householders possessed two or three lots and several family names appear two, three and four times on the schedules. The number of families therefore who actually resided on the lands of the Turner patent previous to the Revolutionary War would be somewhat less than two hundred and eighty-two but considerably greater than one hundred and twenty. These statements however, must not at best be taken too seriously as denoting those who "actually resided" on the lots of the patent previous to the war. The authorities were of course anxious to smooth over old Whig and Tory differences when once peace had been proclaimed and in cases

where substantial citizens were intent on establishing themselves in a certain state it does not appear that the officials enquired any too closely into their claims of "actual residence" before the war. Still these cases, if any, must have been comparatively rare at a time when the difficulties of travelling necessitated an extreme immobility in the population, and the figures above given may be accepted without any considerable marginal allowances.

The people of Salem have not been "amused by strange lights" and led away from their family homesteads to as great an extent as the present resident might fancy. We find the following names on recent assessment rolls, in many cases in the same neighborhoods and very near the same lots attached to the names in the schedule of 1789: Edgar, Duncan, Fitch, Craig, Conner, Cleveland, Hanna, McMurray, Scott, White, Rogers, Wilson, Steele, Moore, McNitt, Brown, McMillan, Clark, McFarland, Martin, Lytle, McAllister, McNish, Armstrong, Law, Moncrief, Lyon, Nelson, McArthur, Gray, Campbell, Bartlett, Conkey, Gibson, Sillis, McCarter, Murdock, Robinson, Rice, Stewart, Simpson, Stevenson, Smith, Turner, Thomas, Webb, Wright, Clapp, Jackson, Kennedy, McDonald and Mills.

The following family names appear upon recent township maps attached to the *same* lots that their ancestors are certified to have occupied a century and a quarter ago: Boyd, Beattie, Carswell, Cruikshank, McClaughrey, Thompson, Hopkins, Law, McCleary and Williams.

In addition to the Turner patent, the present township of Salem comprises several other patents and portions of patents which were occupied to some extent before the Revolutionary War. On the west there are two lots of the Argyle patent lying between the Battenkill and McDougall's lake; in the northeast corner of the town is a small triangle consisting of a portion of the Farrant patent, and the whole Camden valley in the southeast part of the township is composed of the patents of Douane and Cockburn.

On May 19th, 1770, a patent for two thousand three hundred acres of land was issued by George III to a number of officers and privates who had served in the late French and Indian War; this was the land of the original Camden tract and became the property of James Douane two or three years after it was granted. From the possession of Douane these lands passed into the hands of Philip Embury, under a perpetual annual rent of six pence per acre. Philip Embury headed

a band of Irish Methodists and settled in this district in 1769 or 1770. Embury, though an adherent of the Anglican church, had been favorably impressed by the teachings of Wesley and is generally considered to have been the founder of Methodism in America. His early death in 1773, left his people without any one competent wisely to advise and lead them, and nearly the whole of his flock became dispersed and sought other localities, most of them finally settling in Canada.

The first town meeting of which the minutes are now to be found, was held in 1787. At this meeting it was voted that a pound be built on a corner of the ministerial lot belonging to the New England congregation; that the excise and fines be inspected and that the justices, supervisors and poormasters be called to an account respecting the same; that hogs be shut up or confined so as not to do damage; that a petition be written to the Legislature respecting immorality; that none of the inhabitants of Salem be found in the tavern, except upon necessary business, after nine o'clock at night; that any man who takes a family upon his farm shall return the number and names of such family within forty days after their arrival, to the poormasters of the district, etc. In 1791 it was voted "that every inhabitant of this town shall stop travelers that travel unnecessarily upon the Sabbath." In 1797 again, it was voted that the supervisors and justices give no license to Sabbath-breakers.

In 1810 it was voted that five dollars be raised by a tax of the town and be appropriated (together with another sum) for the purpose of building a stocks for the town and that the supervisors and town clerk superintend the building of the same. In 1811 the sum of four hundred dollars was voted towards finishing the academy. In 1815 it was resolved that one hundred dollars be raised by tax for the purpose of searching for stolen property and the thief or thieves, and that the money be paid over to the inspectors of election and they be appointed a standing committee to carry the above resolution into effect. In 1818 the following certificate of manumission appeared in the records:

"Know all men by these presents that I, Edward Savage, master and owner of a female slave named Lott, have manumitted and discharged her, the said Lott, from her servitude, and do hereby manumit, discharge and set free the said Lott." This was in pursuance of the act of the Legislature upon the subject of slavery in the state. The birth of slave children is occasionally recorded in the town book as in 1809: "Peter, born of my negro woman named Beck;" in 1814,

"Kate, born of my negro slave woman Amy," and in 1817 "Cato born of Amy, a negro woman." In the village records we find mostly the voting of money for fire implements, street lighting, hay scales, a public market, etc., and in 1820 we find an ordinance forbidding any person to fire for amusement or sport any sort of gun or fire-arms or throw any squib or exhibit any fireworks in the village within the distance of one hundred yards from any church, meeting house, dwelling house, store house or barn.

The settlers of Salem made it one of their first concerns to provide for the education of their children, and the men of Dr. Clark's colony who left their families in Stillwater in the summer of 1766, occupied themselves during that summer not only in clearing their farms and building their cabins, but also in constructing a church and a school house. This original school house stood near the site of the old frame meeting-house already described; it was built at the time of the first log church, and like it, was a rough uncomfortable log structure. In addition to this there was a school established in the southern part of the township before the Revolutionary War and subsequently district schools were organized in every part of the town of Salem. The names of these school districts are of interest as denoting early landmarks and traditions. Salem, Shushan, Eagleville, Upper Black Creek, Lower Black Creek, Upper White Creek, Lower White Creek, Upper Camden and Lower Camden are names derived from the villages and the natural features of the country. Perkins' Hollow, Fitch's Point, Stewart's District and Law's District are all named from early families. The districts of Upper Turnpike and Lower Turnpike were on the old turnpike respectively north and south of Salem, while Red Bridge was named after a red bridge by which in early times the turnpike crossed the Battenkill. The Bushes district was in a wooded section, the Juniper Swamp school house was near the swamp of that name and Blind Buck Hollow perpetuates by its name an old tradition that a blind deer had its pasture grounds in that vicinity.

In the year 1780 four young men, who afterwards became distinguished in public life, were fitted for college at the school in Salem and in 1791 this school had gained such high standing that it was incorporated by the Regents of the University of the State of New York as an academy. It was named, like the county, after "the father of his country," and was the fourth incorporated academy in the state.

In 1852 the courses of instruction at Washington Academy were made free to residents of the village of Salem, making this the first free academy in the state outside the city of New York. The academy building is both handsome and capacious.

The United Presbyterian Church of Salem, may be said to date from July 23d, 1751, on which day Dr. Clark was installed as pastor of the newly formed Presbyterian Church at Ballybay. The present edifice (the Old White Church) was built in 1797 at a cost of four thousand dollars, which sum was more than met by the sale of the pews at auction immediately upon the church being fitted for occupancy. There was originally a high tumbler-shaped pulpit with a sounding-board over it, but these have been removed. For more than fifty years after Dr. Clark's resignation, the pulpit was occupied by James Proudfit and Alexander, his son. In 1802, the date of James Proudfit's death, the membership roll contained three hundred names.

The First Presbyterian church in Salem, the Brick Church, was founded by the members of the New England colony in 1769, with fifty-two members. These people, however, worshipped generally with Dr. Clark's congregation and did not until 1774 begin the erection of a meeting-house for themselves. This was a frame structure, and although it was never completed, it was used by the congregation several times for divine services and was utilized at the time of Burgoyne's invasion as a fort and was burned in the latter part of the summer of 1777 by hostile Tories in the neighborhood. The people were slow in recovering from their loss and from the disorganized condition of affairs during the Revolution, and did not erect a second meeting-house until 1783 or 1784. In 1832 the church was remodeled and enlarged at a cost of three thousand dollars, but four years later the building was completely destroyed by fire. The congregation was not, however, daunted and immediately erected a brick edifice, on the lines of the present one, in which they worshipped for about three years. In 1840 this was almost totally burned; the people of the church, however, had no thought of abandoning their good work and in the same year rebuilt their house of worship as it now stands. The chapel was added subsequently.

On February 18th, 1860, a number of Salem people who had been brought up as Episcopalians, being desirous of establishing a church of their denomination, met, elected wardens and vestrymen and in-

corporated themselves into a society under the style of "the rector, church wardens and vestrymen of St. Paul's church." This was the result of a year or more of tentative organizing and on the two Sundays previous, services had been held in the upper room of the old court house, the first conducted by the Rev. H. C. Potter and the second by the Rev. J. Scarborough, both of Troy. On the 9th of the following May the sacrament of baptism and rite of confirmation were administered by the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, bishop of New York, at which time ten persons were confirmed. On July 22d of the same year the Rev. Charles Purviance accepted a call to the rectorship of the newly organized church and during his incumbency the corner stone of the present edifice was laid. He remained in Salem, however, but a short time, and it was not until after the election of his successor, the Rev. Francis Mansfield, that the church (consisting of only the nave of the present structure) was consecrated by Bishop Potter. Mr. Mansfield after a few months was succeeded by the Rev. Francis C. Wainwright, who continued as rector until August 1st, 1862. On February 28th, 1864, the Rev. Henry M. Davis accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Paul's and remained in charge of the parish until his death. The Rev. John Henry Houghton, who succeeded him, remained for fifteen years and during his term the transcepts and tower were added to the former church structure, and the rectory and parish-house were built. A parish-school was also established which under the principalship of Mr. Houghton developed into a boarding-school for boys and was continued until 1891. The term of the present rector, the Rev. Harris C. Rush, began in 1890.

Up to the year 1855 when the Catholic church at Cambridge was completed, the residents in the vicinity of Salem had no church where they could attend mass nearer than Schaghticoke, Rutland or Troy. Services were held from time to time in private houses but no regular services were held in Salem until 1859, when the Rev. John McDermott, then settled in Cambridge, supervised the erection of a Roman Catholic church in this place and attended it for four years, during which time it was dedicated by the Bishop of Albany. In 1863 the church passed into the hands of the Augustinian Fathers and remained under their control for about ten years, as an out-mission attended by the priests who lived in Cambridge. In 1873 the church was transferred from the control of the priests of the Order of St. Augustine to that of the Bishop of Albany who appointed the Rev. James O'Sulli-

van as the first resident pastor at Salem. He was followed successively by the Rev. David Sheehan, the Rev. P. H. Delehanty and the Rev. John F. Donahoe. During the pastorate of Father Donahoe the present church edifice and priest's house were built. Father Barrett is now in charge.

Methodist meetings were held at irregular intervals in the central part of the town as early as 1821. A society was formed in 1825 and down to 1839 preaching was maintained regularly by circuit appointment. For the two years preceding 1841 no activity seems to have been shown by the Methodists in the neighborhood, but in that year three former Salemites, who were then living in Troy, returned to their earlier residence for a time, and being greatly interested in Methodism held some meetings in the school house. These gatherings resulted ultimately in a very wide and successful revival and in 1844 the Rev. John Fassett was appointed by the bishop presiding over the Troy Conference to labor in Salem. From this time on services were regularly held and in 1846 a small house of worship was erected on the site of the present church. After thirty years of use this building was taken down and in 1876 work was begun on the edifice which now serves as a house of worship to the Methodists of Salem.

"The Bank of Salem" was organized largely through the efforts of the late B. F. Bancroft, as a state bank, in 1854, with Bernard Blair as president. In 1865 when the national system came in this bank was closed and "The National Bank of Salem" was formed with the Hon. C. L. Allen as president and B. F. Bancroft as cashier. In 1885 at the expiration of its charter this bank closed and the "First National Bank of Salem" was formed with B. F. Bancroft as president and M. L. Sheldon as cashier. On Mr. Bancroft's death in 1886 Mr. Sheldon succeeded to the presidency, which office he now holds. The bank has a capital of $50,000, and a surplus of $27,000.

"The Peoples' National Bank of Salem" was organized in 1884 under the presidency of the Hon. Lonson Fraser, with Robert M. Stevenson as cashier. Judge Fraser was followed in office successively by Charles Lyon, William C. Larmon and Warren Kenyon, who is now the president. Benjamin C. Haggert is at present the cashier and Otis Wilson the teller. The bank has a capital of $50,000 and a surplus of $7,900. The undivided profits are more than $3,000.

Following is a list of the supervisors of the town of Salem from 1787 to 1900:

1787-88, John Rowan; 1789, James Tomb; 1790, Hamilton McAllister; 1791-1795, John Williams; 1796, Alex. T. Turner: 1797-1800, David Thomas; 1801-1803, Edward Savage; 1804, Abner Stone; 1805-06, John Savage; 1807, Andrew Lytle; 1808-09, John Gray; 1810-11, David Woods; 1812, Alex. McNish; 1813, John Savage; 1814-15, John Williams; 1816-17, Philo Curtis; 1818-20, John Crary; 1821-22, James Harvey; 1823-33, John McMurray: 1834-35, Bernard Blair; 1836, James B. Stevenson; 1837-38, Aaron Martin, Jr.; 1839, James B. Stevenson; 1840, Stephen Ransom; 1841, John McMurray; 1842, Alex. Robertson; 1843, Marvin Freeman; 1844, William McKie; 1845-46-47, John McNaughton; 1848-49-50, Jarvis Martin; 1851-52-53-54, Josephus Fitch; 1855-56, John R. Lytle; 1857-58, James M. Thompson; 1859-60, Josephus Fitch; 1861-66, Alex. B. Law; 1867, James M. Thompson; 1868, James Gibson; 1869-70, Robert M. Stevenson; 1871, Edward G. Johnson; 1872-73, William McFarland; 1874, James M. Thompson; 1875, Robert McFarland; 1876, Smith H. Brownell; 1877, Daniel B. Cole; 1878-79, John Edwards; 1880, Robert M. Stevenson; 1881-2, James M. Thompson; 1883, Robert M. Stevenson; 1884, Thomas W. Stevenson; 1885-86-87-88, Charles W. Larmon; 1889-90-91, Frederick Fraser; 1892-93, Brommie Copeland; 1894-95-96-97, N. Austin Baker; 1898-99-1900, James H. Chamberlin.

The town clerks of Salem for the same period were:

1787-1805, James Tomb; 1806, James Hawley; 1807, James Tomb; 1808, Alex. Simpson, Jr.; 1809-10-11 D. Matthews, Jr.; 1812-13, Henry Matthews; 1814-15, James McNish; 1816, Henry Matthews; 1817, James McNish; 1818-19, Joseph Hawley; 1820-25, James McNish; 1826-32, Henry Matthews; 1833, John W. Proudfit; 1834-39, Alonzo Gray; 1840-41, James A. McFarland; 1842, John M. Martin; 1843-44-45, William B. Harkness; 1846, William R. Austin; 1847, James A. McFarland; 1848-49, William R. Austin; 1850-53, Orrin Austin; 1854, Dirck C. Russell; 1855-56, W. McFarland, 2nd; 1857-58, James M. Crawford; 1859, Orrin Austin; 1860, James Blashfield; 1861, John Liddle; 1862-67, William McFarland; 1868, Stockwell Liddle; 1869, Edwin McNaughton; 1870, William B. Bool; 1871-72, Edwin McNaughton; 1873-79, John W. Dobbin; 1880-83, John S. Beattie; 1884, John J, Ryan; 1885, A. M. Young; 1886-87, Joseph Hafert; 1888, Brommie Copeland; 1889-90, Harvey B. Cruikshank; 1891-93, Alex. Smart; 1894-98, B. J. Abbott; 1899-1900, Thomas R. Lewis.

The presidents of the village of Salem since 1803 have been:

1803, James Harvey; 1804-05, John Williams; 1806-07, Anthony J. Blanchard; 1808-09, James Harvey; 1810, John Gray; 1811, David B. Gray; 1812-13, John Gray; 1814, David Wood; 1815-16, James Nichols; 1817-20, Joseph Hawley; 1821-22, James Harvey; 1823, Anthony J. Blanchard; 1824, John Williams; 1825, John McLean, Jr.; 1826, Anthony J. Blanchard; 1827, John Willard; 1828-31, Cornelius L. Allen; 1832-33, Major James Harvey; 1834-35-36, Joseph Hawley; 1837, John Williams, Jr.; 1838-40, John Creary; 1841, Henry Matthews; 1842, Alex. Robertson; 1843, Cornelius L. Allen; 1844, Joseph Hawley; 1845, Abner Austin; 1846-47, Josephus Fitch; 1848, Oliver Whitcomb; 1849, James W. Peters; 1850-51, Cornelius L. Allen; 1852-53,

Joseph Fitch; 1854-56, David T. Archibald; 1857, Marinus Fairchild; 1858-61, Timothy Cronan; 1862, Alex. McDougall; 1863-64, John Howe; 1865, Matthias Bartlett; 1866-68, James McNaughton; 1869-96, Col. Solomon W. Russell; 1896 97, A. K. Broughton; 1897-98, John C. McNaughton; 1898-99. Frank Wright; 1899-1900, James Gibson, Jr.; 1900-01, Delbert J. Abbott.

The village clerks of Salem during the same period have been:

1803-07, J. Bostwick; 1808-30, Philo Curtis; 1831-32, Henry W. Dodd; 1833-36, C. Stevens; 1837-47, James Gibson; 1848, S. B. Shipley; 1849-50, James Gibson; 1851-54, S. B. Shipley; 1855-57, Charles A. White; 1858-61, B. F. Robinson; 1862-68, John W. McFarland; 1869-70, George N. Arnott, (resigned in 1870 and Joseph Oliver appointed to fill out term); 1871-82, Joseph Oliver; 1883-4, Charles E. Blashfield; 1884-5, Harry E. Cole; 1886-95, Solomon W. Russell, Jr.; 1895-6, B. C. Haggart; 1896-7, Frank A. Hill; 1897-8, George B. McCartee, Jr.; 1898 1901, Frank A. Hill.

TOWN OF GRANVILLE.

This town is noted for its great slate quarries which are the basis of its immense slate industry. It lies on the eastern side of Washington County, touching the state of Vermont by which it is bounded on the east. Its northern boundary touches Whitehall and Hampton; on the west are Hartford and Fort Ann; Hebron is on the south.

Granville is a hilly town, but those hills are ribbed with valuable slate and although the town has its rugged aspect, it also has its beautiful and fertile valleys. The principal stream is the Pawlet or Mettowee river which with its tributaries drains this part of the county.

There are no authentic records of the dates of the first settlements. Hollister says that there were settlements before the Revolutionary War, but does not attempt to fix exact dates for the incoming of the first pioneers, and when settlers began to take up land in this tract they came slowly because of the Revolutionary War and also on account of territorial disputes between the states of New York and Vermont, which interfere with land titles. The first settlers seem to have come mostly from New England and after the settlement of the boundary question, which is fully treated of under its proper head, the progress of settlement became more rapid.

The first settlement must have been as early as 1770, perhaps somewhat earlier, for on September 11, 1764, two brothers, Alexander and Thomas Menzies were each granted a patent of 2,000 acres of land in the northern part of the town, and on September 5th of the same year Erick Sutherland received 2,000 acres, and it is not improbable that

some settler or settlers, located on these tracts within the next few years.

On March 7, 1771, John Maunsell received a grant of 5,000 acres in the northeastern part of the town. Later patents were the Watkins, Berry, Hutchinson, Farquar, Dupason, Byrnes, Campbell and Grant tracts. It is improbable that any of these men became actual settlers; it is almost certain that they secured the land for speculative purposes. Hough says that the land of this town was embraced in "grants made to about thirty captains and lieutenants who had served in the French war," and army officers have not been conspicuous as laborers in the history of any country. Besides it is a matter of history that the Byrnes Patent in the southeast corner was sold to Kenneth McKenneth of New York who disposed of it to Donald Fisher, a tailor of that city.

Following is a list of pioneer settlers prior to 1790: Daniel Curtiss, Nathaniel Spring, Moses Sawyer, Ebenezer Gould, David Doane, John Bateman, John Spring, Asaph Cook, James Otis, Timothy Allen, David Skinner, Deacon Skinner, Joseph Herrington, Christopher Potter, Captain John Stocking, Gurdon Johnson, Major Thomas Convers, Captain John McWhorter, Lieutenant Henry Watkins, Jonathan Hernden, Daniel H. White, Solomon Baker, John Walker, Benjamin Wait, Hephon Austin, F. S. Hodge, Timothy Case, Joseph Andrews, Reuben Graves, Daniel Porter, Joseph Woodworth, Zacheus Patterson, Benjamin Marsh, Joseph Northup, John Crary, Joseph Cook, Ebenezer Chapin, Jonathan Wright, Amos Beard, Peter Parker, Benjamin Parker, Cornelius and Joshua Whitney, Nathan Day, Luther Cady, Ezra Lee, Lemuel Barber, Amasa Cook, Nathaniel Parker, Coomer Mason.

After 1790 when the disputes between New York and Vermont were settled so that land titles were safe, immigrants came in rapidly and the population soon became large.

No record exists of the organization of Granville, but the town was formed by act of legislature in 1786 and the first town meeting of which there is any record was held in 1787.

Following is the complete list of the supervisors of the town of Granville from 1787 up to 1900:

1787-1789, Daniel Curtis; 1790-1801, Timothy Leonard; 1802, Jacob Holmes; 1803, John Kirtland; 1804-5, Jacob Holmes; 1806-1812, John Kirtland; 1813-1815, Isaac Bishop; 1816-17, William Raymond; 1818-19, Salem Town; 1820-1822, Martin Lee;

1823-24, Samuel Standish; 1825, Isaac Bishop; 1826-1833, Jonathan Todd; 1834, John C. Parker; 1835, James W. Parker; 1836-37, Jonathan Todd; 1838-1840, Reuben Skinner; 1841, Isaac Munroe, Jr.; 1842-3, Isaac W. Bishop; 1844, B. D. Utter; 1845, Edward Buckley; 1846, Fayette L. Spencer; 1847, James Norton; 1848, James Hopkins; 1849, Alfred Buckley; 1850, Isaac Norton; 1851-2, Oscar F. Thompson; 1853, Isaac Norton; 1854, Nathaniel Mason; 1855-1857, Oscar F. Thompson; 1858-9, Ervin Hopkins; 1860, William H. Allen; 1861, Edward Beecher; 1862-3, William H. Allen; 1864, George N. Bates; 1865, William H. Allen; 1866-7, Samuel Thomas; 1868-9, Royal C. Bates; 1770, John Watkins; 1871, Silas Hall; 1872, David Brown; 1873, Palmer D. Evarts; 1874, David Brown; 1875-1877, David B. Temple; 1878-9, Asbury H. Merriam; 1880-81, M. K. Wait; 1882, Marcus B. Allen; 1883, George W. Henry; 1884, E. J. Brown; 1885-6, George W. Henry; 1887, Henry Dillingham; 1888, John S. Warren; 1889-1891, John M. Hulett; 1892-3, Edwin B. Temple; 1894-5, Frank E. Hicks, (one term of two years); 1896-97-98, Eugene B. Norton; 1898, E. C. Whittemore, still in office, 1900.

The town clerks for the same period were:

1787-1789, Gordon Johnson; 1790, Daniel Curtis; 1791, Timothy Leonard; 1792-1794, Daniel Curtis; 1795, Gordon Johnson; 1797-1801, Daniel Curtis; 1802-1807, Asa Reynolds; 1808-1815, William Raymond, Jr.; 1816-1820, John Wells; 1821-22, Robert Sackrider; 1823-24, John Wells; 1825, Jonathan Todd; 1826-33, John C. Parker; 1834-35, Philander Hitchcock; 1836, Nathan Doane; 1837, John C. Parker; 1838-41, George N. Bates; 1842-43, S. H. Cowan; 1844, Alfred Buckley; 1845, H. D. Sargent; 1846-47, Alfred Buckley; 1848, F. A. Barker; 1849-1860, Benjamin F. Ottarson; 1861-62, George N. Bates; 1863, Robert J. Humphrey; 1864, Benjamin F. Ottarson; 1865, William H. Cowen; 1866-69, Benjamin F. Ottarson; 1870-1872, William Lyons; 1873, Benjamin F. Ottarson; 1874-1876, Michael Welch; 1877, S. K. Potter; 1878-79, Lewis F. Stickney; 1880-1883, E. B. Norton; 1884, Ellis Williams; 1885, E. R. Norton; 1886-1889, A. T. Hughes; 1890-1892, William Amidon; 1893-94, James M. Potter; 1895, Will E. Roberts, who is still in office in the year 1900.

The first saw mill at Granville was erected in or prior to 1784 by Elijah White and in 1787 Nathaniel Spring built a grist mill. In 1795 a Mr. Jenks had a store at North Granville.

The people of the town generally spun wool and even flax in the early days. The first carding machine was brought here from England about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Potash and pearl ash were extensively exported from Granville during the cutting down and consumption of the forests, and tanneries were numerous while the supply of bark existed.

In 1850 slate was discovered in Granville and this date also marks the beginning of the influx of the Welsh population. Several strong companies and individuals prosecute this great industry and the quarries produce unlimited quantities of roofing slate, school slates and a

superior article for marbleized work. The green slate of some of the quarries is particularly valuable.

The cheese interests of Granville are large and the factories at Granville, Middle Granville and South Granville are in a flourishing condition and stimulate the dairy interests over a large section of country.

The Mettowee Agricultural Society was organized April 4, 1874, and has done much to stimulate the farming interests.

The village of Granville is the largest in the town and is also one of the notable business centers of the county. John C. Bishop is accredited with being the first settler on its site and also its first merchant. There was a grist mill, saw mill and fulling mill here at an early date. A hemp mill came soon after these. This was replaced by a woolen mill in 1840 and this subsequently became a knitting mill.

Prominent business men who helped to develop the village were Reuben Skinner from 1811 to 1830; Jonathan Todd and Colonel Lee T. Rowley from 1828 to 1840, Rufus Graves and Dr. McClure opened a store about 1825, Dr. John E. Strong, Alfred Bulkley, Rufus G. Fordish, Joseph Allen, Charles W. Potter, Henry D. Sargent, Ira Marks and Morgan Duel.

The National Bank of Granville was organized April 21, 1875. Trinity Episcopal Church of Granville was organized July 15, 1815, the Wesleyan Methodist church on June 15, 1843, and the Methodist Episcopal church in 1827. The Wesleyan Methodist church went out of existence in the early fifties. The First Baptist church was established in 1876.

The village of Granville was incorporated in 1885, although for some years previous there had been a partial incorporation for the purpose of fire protection.

Following is a list of the presidents and village clerks since the village incorporation:

Presidents—1985-86, Daniel D. Woodard; 1887, Byron H. Sykes; 1888, Stacey K. Potter; 1889, Alonzo H. Morton; 1890-91-92, Eugene R. Norton; 1893, Henry Dillingham; 1894-95 96-97, William H. Hughes; 1898-99-1900, James E. Goodman.

Village Clerks—1885 to 1893 inclusive, John S. Warren; 1894-95-96, Jurden E. Seeley; 1897 to 1900 inclusive, John Gilroy, who still holds office.

North Granville lies in the northwestern part of the town. The river at this point is capable of furnishing considerable power.

The North Granville Baptist church was organized August 18, 1784, and the Presbyterian church, February 22, 1810, as a congregational society. It became Presbyterian in 1823. The Methodist Episcopal church was formed in 1860. St. Patrick's Catholic church was founded about 1852, but meetings had been held for some time previous to that date at the house of Miles Cahoes.

The North Granville National Bank was established in 1871. It was first organized in Fort Edward in 1855 and was known as the Farmer's Bank of Washington County.

Middle Granville was the earliest business point in the town. Tradition credits Captain David Rood with building the first house there. He also put up a saw mill. Other early business men were William Hollister, Captain Abraham Dayton, Captain Cowan and Kingsley and Goodrich.

In 1860 two Welch societies were formed, one Presbyterian and the other Congregational, at Middle Granville.

The Catholic church at Middle Granville, known as "Our Lady of Mount Carmel" was founded in 1867. St. Patrick's church at North Granville was established in 1852.

TOWN OF EASTON.

This is the second largest town in Washington County and contains 38,834 acres. It was originally a part of the Saratoga patent of 1684 and was afterwards a part of the towns of Stillwater and Saratoga which were then included in Albany County. On March 3, 1789, it was erected into a separate town and was named Easton because it was the most eastern town of the patent. It became part of Washington County February 7, 1791. It is the southwest town of Washington County and is bounded on the north by Greenwich, on the east by Jackson and Cambridge, on the south by Rensselaer County and on the west by the Hudson river.

The surface of this town is diversified being level along the Hudson and slightly rolling towards the east where it breaks into hills. The principal peaks are Willard's mountain, Swan mountain, Whelden hill, Harrington hill and Cement mountain. Willard's mountain derives its name from the act of a Mr. Willard making a reconnoisance of the British position from the top of this hill during Burgoyne's

campaign. This gentleman owned a tract of land including this mountain at that time. The town is drained by the Hudson and the Battenkill. Quite a portion of the latter stream is very picturesque in this locality and that part of it close to the "Devil's Caldron" is a great attraction to sight-seers and its beauties have been depicted by not a few writers. A large swamp called the "Fly" covers quite an area in the eastern part of the town.

The western part of Easton touching the Hudson caused it to be traversed by war trails and to be the scene of nearly all the struggles that have been enacted upon the upper Hudson. Some of the military expeditions of the inter-colonial wars passed through this town, but all these and the military posts and forts have been treated of in the earlier part of this work, under their proper head.

Regarding the early settlement of Easton nothing is known which can be stated as an historic fact prior to 1760. It is probable that there were settlers previous to the war of 1744 and it is just as probable that some of these returned between 1746 and 1754 when the last French war broke out, but there are no authentic records of either. This war closed in 1760 and soon afterwards several settlers came into the town and located upon the fertile lands along the Hudson. These, however, had hardly become established in their primitive homes when the Revolutionary War broke upon them and again the development of the town was delayed. Many families fled to safer localities, as they did from Kingsbury and other towns, and did not return until peace was established. Among the early settlers of whom we have record there were Nathan Tefft who came in 1766 and Killian DeRidder who came in 1767. He was a Hollander. From 1773 to 1789 quite a number of settlers cast their lot in this town. Among them were Thomas Beadle, Elijah Freeman, Thomas Dennis, Jacob Haner, Jonathan Wilbur, John Fish, Charles Russell. George Deuel, Abner Fuller, Richard Davenport, Peter Becker, William Abeel, Abraham Wright, Rensselaer Schuyler, William Thompson, Gerrett Wendell, Garrett Van Buren, Peter Rundel, Captain Van Vost, Samuel Sheldon, James Storms, Rufus Hall, Zebulon Hoxsie, William Foster, David Pettys and his son, David Pettys, Jr., Stephen Anthony, Benjamin and Ephraim Fish, Samuel Cook, Morton and Henry Van Buren, Gideon Bowditch, Joseph Potter, Abel Coon, Elihu, Edmund and Jedediah Robinson, Robert Dennis, Richard Macomber, Brazilla and Abraham Pease, Benjamin Starbuck, James, Philip and Joseph

Smith, Eleazer Slocum, Elisha Freeman, Sylvester Satterlee, Jacob Benson, Tyler Wilcox, Abraham Russell, Greeve Hall, Garrett Lansing, Squire Thomas Smith, Sterling Waters, Asa and Ezra Crandall, Roswell Osborn, Alexander Case, Francis Brock, John Pettys and David Remington.

The first merchant in the town was Garrett Lansing. In 1810 John Gale built a grist mill at Galesville and in 1846 he put up a woolen mill at the same place.

The town of Easton has several thriving villages and communities, notably Easton, North Easton, South Easton, Crandall's Corners and Fly Summit. Easton is the oldest village in the town. Jacob Benson was the first settler. A blacksmith shop was erected in 1800 by George Allen and soon afterwards different business enterprises were started.

North Easton was formerly called Easton Corners and prior to that Starbuck's Corners, after Nathaniel Starbuck, the first business man there and the founder of the place. It was finally called North Easton as a distinguishing name.

Easton has always been abreast of the times in schools and churches. The first school in the town was opened near Greenwich in 1787 and the first school commissioners were elected in 1814. They were James Mallory, Charles Starbuck and Philander Tobey.

Marshall Seminary was established in 1863 in the northern part of the village of Easton. It was named after Benjamin Marshall, one of the original stockholders. In 1850 it was purchased by the Society of Friends. The original building was destroyed by fire in 1873 and the present structure was built in 1874. Its use as a seminary has been discontinued.

The Friends were the earliest Christian body to organize in the town and it is a notable fact that the few of them who were in Easton when the French War broke out, did not leave their homes as did the other settlers. Their meetings at Easton date back to 1773, the first being held in the house of Zebulon Hoxie. In 1775 the first meeting house was built. This was a log structure which was replaced in 1787 by a frame edifice. In 1838 a brick church was built in the village of Easton.

The Reformed Church of Easton was organized in 1803, as "The Reformed Protestant Dutch church of Easton." It was re-organized

under its present name in 1872. The first church building was completed in 1805.

The Methodist Episcopal church of Easton was organized some time prior to 1835 but the date is not known. In that year they erected a church near North Easton. This was replaced by a fine structure in 1850.

The town records go back to 1793, and following is a list of the supervisors and town clerks from that date up to the close of the nineteenth century:

Supervisors—1793, Philip Smith; 1794, Stanton Tefft; 1795-98, Thomas Dennis; 1799-1800, Jonathan Mosher; 1801-02, Daniel Beadle; 1803-04, H. Van Shaick; 1805-1808, Daniel Beadle; 1809, John Gale; 1810, Jonathan Mosher; 1811-12, John Gale; 1813-14, Charles Starbuck; 1815-16, Calvin Smith; 1817, James Mallory; 1818-19, James Tefft; 1820, Jonathan Mosher; 1821-22, John Davenport; 1823, Esek Brownell; 1824-1826, James Tefft; 1827-28, Gideon Cornell; 1829-30, Anson Bigelow; 1831, John Davenport; 1832-33, Peleg Thomas; 1834, Aaron Barker; 1835-36, Peleg Thomas; 1837, Aaron Barker; 1838-39, Peleg Thomas; 1840-42, Anson Bigelow; 1843-44, Allen Gifford; 1845-46, Thomas D. Beadle; 1847, Job Eldridge; 1848, Anson Bigelow; 1849, Joel Buckley; 1850-51, Peleg Thomas; 1852, Adam Cottrell; 1853, Elihu Gifford; 1854, Adam Cottrell; 1855, Russell S. Borden; 1856-57, Adam Cottrell; 1858, Jesse B. Fursman; 1859, Russel S. Borden; 1860, Simon Burton; 1861-62, Horace Cottrell; 1863-64, John Wetsell; 1865-66, Edmond W. Hollister; 1867-1869, Warren Crandall; 1870, Andrew Thompson; 1871-72, James B. Allen; 1873-1875, James Hill; 1876-77, J. Warren Fort; 1878-79, Harvey Tubbs; 1880-81, E. R. Hegerman; 1882-83, Franklin Silvey; 1884-85, Royal Slocum; 1886-1888, Harvey Tubbs; 1889, Wilbur Fryer; 1890, Thomas W. Brownell; 1891, Harvey Slocum; 1892-93, Lewis G. Snell; 1894-1897, F. D. Thompson; 1898-1900, Albert Pierce.

Town Clerks—1793-94, Richard Macomber; 1795-1797, Gilbert Gardner; 1798-1800, William Woolley; 1801-1809, Charles Starbuck; 1810-1815, Jacob Van Buren; 1816, Charles Starbuck; 1817, Philander Tobey; 1818, Calvin Smith; 1819, Luke Chapin; 1820, Calvin Everest; 1821-22, Stephen Jackson; 1823-1828, Abraham Cornell; 1829-1840, Joel Potter; 1841-1844, Russell S. Borden; 1845-1850, Alfred Worth; 1851, Alexander H. B. Potter; 1852, James Barr; 1853, Alfred Worth; 1854, Alexander H. B. Potter; 1855, George Osborn; 1856-1862, Alexander H. B. Potter; 1863-64, Richard L. Eddy; 1865-1868, Charles A. Cornell; 1869-1876, Elijah S. Anthony; 1877-1891, Frederick H. Merrill; 1892-1897, Charles C. Allen; 1898-1900, Frederick H. Merrill.

TOWN OF DRESDEN.

Although comparatively small in population this town is of special interest because of its fine scenery and picturesque surroundings. It lies in the northern part of the county on the western side and is

bounded on the east by Lake Champlain and South Bay, while its western side is washed by the historic and beautiful Lake George. To the north is Putnam and on the south Fort Ann.

The town as it exists at present comprises parts of six different patents, namely: "Alexander Turner's great patent," subsequently known as the "William's patent," "Turner's little patent," the "Thomas and Turner patent" since known as the "Mitchell patent," "the Stewart patent," the "Lake George tract" and the "South Bay tract."

The conformation of Dresden is rough and mountainous; from the shores of Lake Champlain the hills gradually rise and attain their greatest altitude near the shore of Lake George, toward which they break down sharply, forming precipices in some parts. Among the hills are some noteworthy peaks such as Elephant mountain to the south of Bosom Bay, Sugar-Loaf near the center of the town, Spruce mountain north of Knowlton's Bay, Hog's Back in the southeastern part of the town and Black mountain which rises to a height of 2878 feet above the level of Lake George.

The principal stream in the town is Pike brook which rises near the center and flows in a southerly direction, emptying into South Bay. The town has a notable body of water known as Long Pond which lies somewhat to the southeast of the center of the town.

The cultivated lands lie mostly along the shores of Lake Champlain, South Bay and Lake George. Lumbering and boating are prominent occupations as well as farming.

The settlement of Dresden is of later date by many years than that of several other towns of the county. The first settler was Joseph Phipeny who located at the mouth of South Bay about 1784. Soon other settlers came in and at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were settlements in different parts of the town. Among those who came in between 1784 and 1810 were Ebenezer Chapman, Daniel Ruff, Roger Barrett, James Snody, Palmer Blunt, Abraham Clemons, Doty Allen, Orrin Brewster, Israel Woodcock, John Burgess, Harvey Hullet, Amariah Taft, Elijah Nobles, Amos Slater, Welcome Hulett, Charles Nobles, John H. Waters, Isaac Hurlburt, Dr. Nathaniel Rhoads, Levi Belden, Solomon Belden, Jonathan McIntyre, Elancthan Dunham and Walter Benjamin. The first white settler on Lake George was a Frenchman named Levisee.

This town was formerly part of the town of Fort Ann and was set

off from that town in 1806, but it and Putnam were one community. On March 22, 1822, the town of South Bay was set off from the town of Putnam and on April 17th of the same year it was re-named "Dresden."

The Delaware & Hudson railroad passes through this town and two stations, Dresden and Chubb's Dock lie within its limits. The village of Dresden is the business center of the town. The First Baptist church at Dresden was organized in 1823 at the house of Deacon Huntingdon.

Knowlton's Bay and Bosom Bay, two popular summer resorts on Lake George, lie within this town. Knowlton's Bay is one of the picturesque places upon this beautiful lake. Dresden also possesses a remarkable cave discovered in 1877 by James Adams and about which interesting legends are told.

The records of the town of Dresden were all destroyed by the fire which consumed the store of George L. Clemons in the winter of 1875-6.

Following is a list of the supervisors and clerks of the town since its organization in 1823:

Supervisors—1823, Isaac Boomer; 1824-25, Daty Allen; 1826, Elnathan Benjamin; 1827, Palmer Blunt; 1828-1830, Elnathan Benjamin; 1831-1841, David Barrett; 1842, Hiram Belden; 1843, Darius Jones; 1844, J. F. McIntyre; 1845, Darius Jones; 1846-1848, Ralph Barber; 1849, Harvey Hulett; 1850, O. Clemons; 1851-52, Samuel O. Welch; 1853-54, Joseph Beebe; 1855, Burr Benjamin; 1856, Oliver L. Steere; 1857-58, Burr Benjamin; 1859, J. Bartholomew; 1860, Oliver L. Steere; 1861-62, Charles Benjamin; 1863-64, Israel Woodcock; 1865, Harvey Hulett, Jr.; 1866, Joseph Bartholomew; 1867-68, David Barrett; 1869-70, Charles Benjamin; 1871-72, Joseph Beebe; 1873-74, Joseph Barrett; 1875, David Barrett; 1876, Oliver L. Steere; 1877-78, Daniel L. Flandreau; 1879-1881, Timothy M. Slight; 1882-1884, George L. Clemons; 1885, James Adams; 1886, George L. Clemons; 1887-88, Gardner F. Belden; 1889-1892, J. H. Clemons; 1893, David W. Phillips; 1894-95, Charles Mellon; 1896-1898, Harlan A. Walker; 1899-1900, H. W. Buckell.

Town Clerks—1823, Daty Allen; 1824-1826, Abraham Clemons; 1827, Elnathan Benjamin; 1828, Daty Allen; 1829, David Barrett; 1830, Amos Slater; 1831-32, Ralph Barber; 1833-1837, Duthan Benjamin; 1838-1841, Benjamin Benjamin; 1842, Darius Jones; 1843-1845, William Snody; 1846-47, Luther Carter; 1848, Samuel O. Welch; 1849, David Barrett; 1850 1854, Luther Carter; 1855-57, Reuben J. Hurlburt; 1858, George Bartholomew; 1859-60, Charles Benjamin; 1861, Joseph Bartholomew; 1862-1864, Roswell C. Beebe; 1865, Israel Woodcock; 1866-1868, Richard W. Phillips; 1869, Amos Walker; 1870-1873, Thomas Bartholomew; 1874, L. D. Carter; 1875-76, George L. Clemons; 1877-1887, James K. Benjamin; 1888, A. O. Clemons, 2d; 1889, A. O. Clemons; 1890, David W. Phillips; 1891-1895, F. M. Bartholomew; 1896-1900, J. H. Clemons.

TOWN OF ARGYLE.

This town lies in the central part of Washington County and was named after the Duke of Argyle, a Scottish nobleman and head of a house which still exists. At first this town included not only its present territory but also the towns of Greenwich and Fort Edward. Greenwich was set off in 1803 and Fort Edward in 1818. Argyle is bounded on the north by Kingsbury and Hartford, on the east by Salem and Hebron, on the south by Greenwich and on the west by Fort Edward. It contains nearly 35,000 acres of land which is mostly very fertile. The soil is clay loam which in some localities is mixed with gravel or disintegrated slate.

Argyle is a hilly town and toward its eastern border is quite rugged, the hills assuming proportions which have led to some of them being named mountains; of these Todd's mountain is the principal peak. The principal stream is the Moses Kill, which flows diagonally across the town in a south-westerly course and empties into the Hudson at Fort Edward. Argyle boasts two beautiful lakes, Cossayuna and Argyle lake, the former in the south-east, the latter in the southern part of the town. Cossayuna lake is about three and half miles long by half a mile wide. Its waters are deep, clear and beautiful and its banks are picturesque, rising into hills covered with pines. A fine island near its northern extremity adds to its attractiveness. This lake is a pleasant summer resort.

In 1738 Captain Loughlin Campbell came to this country with a party of Highlanders and intended to settle in or about the present town of Argyle, but Governor Clarke and the Legislature caused him so much delay that Captain Campbell died before he could secure a title to the grant of land promised him. The colony he brought with him was thus forced to break up and each look after his own personal welfare.

On May 21, 1764, Alexander McNaughton and one hundred and six others of the original Campbell settlers and their descendants received a grant of 47,700 acres of land lying between the Fort Edward and Salem grants, and thus began the first official settlement of Argyle. By the provisions of this grant the tract was also made a township and provision made for the election of officers. No individual could obtain more than six hundred acres and a condition of the patent was that "an annual quit rent of two shillings and six pence sterling was

imposed on every one hundred acres, and all mines of gold and silver, and all pine trees suitable for masts for the royal navy, namely, all which were twenty-four inches or more in diameter, twelve inches from the ground, were reserved to the crown."

Overlooking, or disdaining the nature of the country, the patentees evolved a plan for having a great street run through their domain upon which each man was to have a town lot, so as to enjoy the protection and society of his neighbors. In the rear of the town lots were to be farm lots where extensive farms might be opened up. The survey was made and the grant alloted upon this plan. One hundred and thirty-three lots were thus laid out, of which sixty were south of the street and seventy-three north of the street.

Five of these lots were in what is now the town of Greenwich and ten of them constituted what is now the town of Fort Edward.

A large number of the grantees settled upon their lands, but many did not and their allotments after being unoccupied for a time became the property of squatters or other settlers. Among the grantees who settled upon their land were: Duncan McArthur, James Gillis, Duncan Taylor, Archibald McNeil, John Todd, John Gilchrist, Dougall McKallor and the Robertson family. Other early settlers were: George Kilmer, Dr. Andrew Proudfit, Judge Ebenezer Clark, who was a son of Dr. Clark of Salem, Edward Riggs, Joseph Rouse, John Smith, Daniel Reid, William Bishop, Adam Dings, Peter and Neal McEachron, also the Lester, Austin, McDougal, Patten, Clapp, Fenton, Harsha, McKalpin, McQuarrie, Lindsey, Tinkey and Gifford families.

Not until after the beginning of the nineteenth century did the population of Argyle begin to grow with any rapidity.

The record of the first town meeting is dated April 2, 1771, but the town did not receive state recognition until March 23, 1786. This first meeting must therefore have been called under the provisions of the Argyle patent.

Following is a list of the supervisors of the town since 1771:

1772-1780, Duncan Campbell; 1781-82, Roger Reid; 1783, James Beatty, John McNaughton, Peter Fiers; 1784, Duncan McArthur, James Beatty; 1785-86, James Beatty, Duncan McArthur, John McKnight; 1787, Adiel Sherwood, William Reid; 1788-1800, William Reid; 1801, John Hay; 1802, William Reid; 1803-04, Alexander Cowan; 1805-06, Alexander McLangall; 1807-11, Neal McConnellee; 1812-15, John Reid; 1816, Alexander Gillis; 1817-18, John Robinson; 1819-22, William Reid; 1823-

27, Ranson Stiles; 1828, William R. Mills; 1829, Ransom Stiles; 1830-32, Anthony McKallor; 1833-34, David Sill; 1835-36, James Savage; 1837-38, Jesse S. Leigh; 1839, Ransom Stiles; 1840-41, Freeman Hopkins; 1842-43, John Robertson; 1844-45, William Boyd; 1846-47, James Stewart, Jr.; 1848-49, William Congdon; 1850, Archibald M. Rowan; 1851-52, William Clapp; 1853, Ransom Stiles; 1854, David Hall; 1855, Edward Riggs; 1856-57, William Lendrum; 1858-59, Alex. P. Robinson; 1860-61, Robert G. Hall; 1862-63, Charles G. Harsha; 1864-66, David Hall; 1867-70, John G. Sill; 1871-72, George Shannon; 1873-74, David McDougall; 1875-78, William Lendrum; 1879, William D. Robertson; 1880-81, Ezra H. Snyder; 1882-83, Albert Stewart; 1884-85, Robert B. Scott; 1886-87, David H. Stott; 1888-89, William D. Stevenson; 1890, Robert C. McEachron; 1891-92, J. B. Conway; 1893, Albert Stewart; 1894-95, David Tinkey; 1896-97, Theodore Gilchrist; 1898-1900, Ezra H. Snyder.

The town clerks of Argyle for the same period have been:

1772-74, Archibald Campbell; 1775-77, Edward Patterson; 1778-79, John McNeil; 1780-84, Duncan Gilchrist; 1785, Alexander McDougall; 1786-92, John McNeil; 1793-96, John White, Jr.; 1797-1804, John McNeil; 1805, Edward Riggs; 1806, Peleg Bragg; 1807-14, Anthony M. Hoffman; 1815-17, Daniel McNeil; 1818-19, Ransom Stiles; 1820-22, David McNeil; 1823-26, John Ross; 1827-28, Charles McKallor; 1829, John Ross; 1830-32, Duncan Taylor; 1833-36, James Carl; 1837-38, Freeman Hopkins; 1839-40, Henry K. White; 1841-42, Lucius Cottrell; 1843-44, Archibald M. Rowan; 1845-46, Alexander McFadden; 1847-48, William S. Ashton; 1849-50, John C. Rouse; 1851, John I. Taylor; 1852, John C. Rouse; 1853-54, Alexander McFadden; 1855, George M. Robinson; 1856-57, Boyd Madden; 1858-60, Andrew J. White; 1861-62, David C. Crawford; 1863-66, Charles W. Taylor; 1867-68, Daniel M. White; 1869-70, John E. Rextraw; 1871, Theodore Ross; 1872, James K. Henry; 1873-76, James W. Taylor; 1877, Boyd Madden; 1878-82, John Wellman; 1883-84, H. A. McEachron; 1885-87, James Harper; 1888-90, John Armetage; 1891-95, G. M. Hall; 1896-1900, Samuel Guthrie.

Like other towns of the county Argyle suffered some depopulation at the time of Burgoyne's raid which scared many people into seeking a safe locality. In July, 1777, when Burgoyne was at Fort Edward, Le Loup, an Iroquois chief, left the vicinity of Salem to join him. In passing through the town of Argyle, this band murdered the family of John Allen, consisting of himself, his wife, three children, his wife's sister and three slaves. This atrocity so alarmed the people of the town that many left their homes to seek shelter until the war was over.

The early settlers of Argyle and their descendants were strongly religious, the Sabbath was revered and a stringent law was passed against Sabbath breaking. Besides the legitimate settlers there were in the early days quite a number of squatters and adventurers in the town and it was to hold in check the irreverant among these that this

law was passed. There was, however, slavery in the town and records were kept of the births of slave children.

Some years after the settlement in Salem of Dr. Clark's colony, some members thereof came into Argyle and took up land. Dr. Clark visited these people from time to time and held religious services and this was the beginning of the Presbyterian body in Argyle. The United Presbyterian congregation was organized in 1792, as soon as they had erected a church. Rev. James Proudfit of Salem officiated at first. In 1793 Rev. G. Mairs became the regular pastor, having also in his charge the Hebron congregation. This body was incorporated about 1790 as the First Incorporated Congregation of Argyle. In 1801 a new church was built and in 1845 this was supplanted by a more modern one, in which the congregation worshipped until 1876, when the present fine edifice was completed.

The United Presbyterian church of South Argyle was organized in the summer of 1785 by the Rev. Thomas Beveridge, under the spreading branches of a tree. In 1788 the congregation completed their first rude church building. The congregation was incorporated October 28, 1801.

The second church building was erected in 1852. This congregation was depleted by the withdrawal of some members who formed a new congregation at North Argyle in 1830 and by the secession of others who formed a new society in East Greenwich in 1849. In 1858 the union of the Associate and the Associate Reformed churches was affected and at that time this church took its present name.

In 1830 the United Presbyterian church of North Argyle was organized as the Associated Congregation of North Argyle. The first meeting was held in the school-house, but a church was erected at once. In 1846 this building was enlarged and improved. In 1856 this congregation withdrew from the new Associated Presbytery of Cambridge and asked to be received into the old. This act hastened the union of the two Presbyteries, which took place in that year. In 1866 a substantial church building was erected.

The Reformed Presbyterian church, commonly known as the Cameronian church, existed for a time in Argyle subsequent to 1828.

The First Presbyterian church of Argyle was organized in 1873 under the Troy Presbytery and in 1874 their church building was completed.

The following history of Methodism in Argyle, also including North

Greenwich, is from the pen of Rev. J. W. Presby, Ph. D., and we are indebted to Rodney Van Wormer, Esq., for the same:

An investigation of the origin of Methodism in this vicinity carries us back very nearly to the beginnings of Methodism in America. Late in the autumn of 1769, or about the beginning of 1770, Philip Embury came from New York City and settled in Washington County about seven miles from Ashgrove. Between that date and 1773, Embury, in company with Barbara Heck, made an evangelistic tour through this region, holding meetings in almost every neighborhood. In what neighborhoods, or on what dates, neither records nor tradition now informs us; except that it is known that on this trip they went as far north as Hampton, where they organized the first Methodist class.

The old Cambridge Circuit first appears in the minutes as a conference appointment in the year 1788, with Lemuel Smith as preacher. Immediately after this Methodism rapidly spread over this region, and classes were organized in nearly every neighborhood where ten, or an even smaller number of Methodist people could be gathered. In 1789 a Methodist local preacher was residing in Argyle, as is shown by the obituary of Stephen Jacobs, in the minutes of 1819. The local preacher's name was Richard Jacobs, and his son Stephen, above referred to, was born in Argyle, February 23, 1789. Thus it appears, so far as the writer can learn, that the first preacher of any denomination who ever resided in the town of Argyle was a Methodist preacher; and the first person born in the town who became a preacher was the Rev. Stephen Jacobs, above referred to.

Argyle and North Greenwich being comparatively near Ashgrove, the headquarters of Methodism at that time for all the country north of New York City, and in the direct line of travel for the early itinerants as they went to the regions farther north, must have received the benefit of their ministrations very early in the history. As early as 1796 Argyle is mentioned on the minutes of Cambridge Circuit as a class and preaching place. In 1797 the circuit preachers were Timothy Dewey, and the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. Dow has recorded in his Journal (page 49) that in the latter part of November, 1798, he preached in Argyle, where they "had a very solemn season."

In 1801 the Presiding Elder districts were for the first time named in the minutes, and Cambridge Circuit appears on Pittsfield district, Shadrach Bostwick, Presiding Elder. Previous to 1802 there was only one annual conference in America; but that year the work was

divided into seven conferences, viz.: Western, South Carolina, Virginia, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and New England Conferences. In 1803, and again in 1805, Bishop Asbury held the New York Conference at Ashgrove. Bishop Asbury passed through this region of country several times, and expressed himself as delighted with it. In his Journal, in speaking of this region, he says: "It is prettily environed with hills, a carpet of green spread beneath, and fields that promise abundant harvests." In 1804 Cambridge Circuit appears as a part of Ashgrove district, which was organized that year. That year, also, Greenwich, which had been set off from Argyle and made a separate town in 1803, appears on the records of Cambridge Circuit as paying "quarterage" for the support of the circuit preachers. About the beginning of the present century Phineas Langworthy and Eleazer Woodworth, with their families, settled in the town of Greenwich, the former on the farm now occupied by William Fisher, and the latter near the farm now owned by Charles Rogers. Both these families were devout Methodists, and Phineas Langworthy was a class leader and held class meetings in the school house near where Woodworth lived. Mrs. Maria Congdon, ninety years of age, and living at South Argyle, was brought up in the neighborhood where Eleazer Woodworth lived, and recollects the family, the old school house, and that meetings were held in it. In the year 1814 the third Quarterly Conference for Cambridge Circuit was held at Argyle, which was about the center of the Circuit. January 16, 1815, the first Methodist Episcopal church in Argyle was organized and legally incorporated. The meeting at which this was done was at the house of Ichabod Davis. Ichabod Davis lived on the Hartford road above Evansville, on the farm where Isaac Milliman lived many years, and which is now owned by Moses Milliman, and occupied by Peter Holmes. The copy of the certificate of incorporation in the county clerk's office informs us that Rev. Gershom Pierce, one of the preachers on Cambridge Circuit at that time, was chosen chairman of the meeting, and James Thompson secretary. Joseph Allen and Ichabod Davis were chosen inspectors of the votes. Five trustees were elected, viz.: Joseph Allen, Thomas Carl, James Stewart, William F. Swift and John Sprague. In the year 1816 the first Methodist church in the town of Greenwich was built. The exact date of the building of this church has not been ascertained, but Brother Stephen Newberry says that he has so many times heard his father and mother say that

it was built in 1816, that he is certain that it was that year, and that is no doubt correct. At any rate, it is certain that the church was there and being used October 20, 1818, because on that date Titus Hall deeded the land to the trustees, and in describing it the deed refers to the meeting house owned and occupied by the Methodist Society. This old church stood on the hill a little east of where Judson Edie now lives. The church is now one of Mr. Edie's barns. Titus Hall, who gave the land on which this church was built, was a blacksmith, and hammered out the hinges, latch and handle for the door, and they may still be seen on the door of the barn. The building was 26x36 feet, with fourteen feet posts. On the twentieth day of April, 1818, the M. E. Church in North Greenwich was legally incorporated. A meeting was held for the purpose at the school house in district No. 6. Rip Van Dam Sybrant and John Seely were chosen presiding officers, and John Sprague, Derastus Hanks and Phineas Langworthy were elected trustees.

In April, 1821, at a Quarterly Conference held in North Greenwich, a missionary society was organized, auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The constitution was signed by many, among others by John G. Taylor, a local preacher, and Ichabod Davis of Argyle, and Titus Hall, Jonas Somes and Lyman Hall of Greenwich, John G. Taylor, Ichabod Davis and Lyman Hall were on the board of managers. In the autumn of 1823 Lorenzo Dow again preached one Sunday in Argyle. He attended services at the U. P. Church in the morning, and after the close of the service there gathered the people at the liberty pole, near where the county clerk's office now is, and, standing on some dry goods boxes, preached from Ezek. xxxiii, 11. Both Mrs. Lucy Taylor and William Clapp distinctly remember hearing Dow preach on this occasion, and remember the text. In 1832 the Troy Conference was organized, and Cambridge Circuit was on Troy District. January 27, 1835, Edward B. Crandall, and Jane, his wife, made an assignment of a lease of parsonage property to Thomas Haskin, Jason Langworthy and Oliver Ross, trustees of the Methodist Episcopal church, for $322. The following year, April 26, 1836, Simon Flagler and Elizabeth, his wife, who seem to have come into possession of a dower right to the property, for $35.72, gave the trustees a deed of the same parsonage property. Rev. Elijah B. Hubbard, one of the preachers on Cambridge Circuit, was living in the parsonage at this time, as the deed states in describing the

premises. In 1837 Belcher and Argyle were taken off from Cambridge Circuit and constituted a separate circuit, under the name of Hebron, the church at Belcher being the only Methodist church in the town of Hebron at that time. In 1838 Greenwich was set off from Cambridge Circuit, and made a separate appointment. Rev. Wright Hazen was the preacher, and November 12 of that year he died in the triumphs of faith in the old parsonage at North Greenwich. Rev. David Poor, a supernumerary preacher who had been living at Chester, came and supplied the rest of the year. November 4, 1840, the trustees in Argyle purchased the old Dutch church which had been unoccupied for several years, for $368. Ransom Stiles, of whom the trustees purchased it, had previously bought it at sheriff's sale. Previous to this time meetings were held in barns, private houses, and sometimes in the hall of J. C. Rouse's tavern, as well as in school houses. In the earlier part of this period meetings were held in Thomas Carl's house, and in his barn when his house would not hold the congregation. April 1, 1842, the trustees sold the parsonage at North Greenwich for $300. The proceeds went to help pay for the new church at Union Village. On March 9, 1842, the North Greenwich church was reincorporated. Nathaniel Rood and George Stover presided at the meeting, and Jonas Somes, John W. Clark and Jesse Spencer were elected trustees. The only year that North Greenwich appears in the minutes as a charge by itself was in 1850, and David Osgood was the preacher. In 1847, April 22, the trustees in Argyle, James Carl, James Pollock and Gerritt L. Miller, purchased the parsonage property of Ransom Stiles for $150. November 20, 1850, the church in Argyle was re-incorporated. James Pollock, Edward Hunt and Charles C. Mack were elected trustees. In 1851 Argyle and North Greenwich for the first time came together as one appointment. William W. Foster was the preacher. In 1854 the appointment appears in the minutes as Argyle, North Greenwich and Adamsville, to be supplied. "The charge was supplied that year by a local preacher by the name of Richard Mooney. In 1855 the preacher was Thomas W. Harwood, and the present church edifice at North Greenwich was erected at a cost of nearly $2,000. The land, one acre, including the dwelling house on the corner, was purchased for $450. Archibald Lendrum, of South Argyle, was the contractor and builder. The building committee was Daniel M. Barber, George Stover and William Reid. The success of the enterprise was largely due to the efforts of

the faithful committee, and the zealous young pastor. The church was dedicated November 27, 1855. Rev. Stephen D. Brown, D. D., then pastor of Hudson Street M. E. church at Albany, preached the dedicatory sermon from Haggai ii-9, and Dr. J. E. King of Fort Edward preached in the evening. In 1859 W. W. Foster was appointed to this charge for his second pastorate. During this year the church in Argyle was remodeled and enlarged at an expense of nearly two thousand dollars. From 1870 to 1875 North Greenwich went with Union Village, and Argyle, for the only time during its history, was an appointment by itself.

In the spring of 1877 Rev. John W. Shank was appointed to Argyle and North Greenwich, and measures were immediately taken for building a new church at Argyle. At the first Quarterly Conference, held May 26, 1877, it was voted to build a brick church. Daniel Baker, Charles W. Taylor and Rev. J. W. Shank, were chosen as the building committee. The contracts for the building were made as follows: The plans and specifications were drawn by Nichols & Halcott of Albany, and cost $50.00. The carpenter work by Hall Brothers of Sandy Hill for $4,330; mason work, Bennett Brothers of Fort Edward, $3,268; frescoing, George W. Bennett, of Manchester, Vt., $200; slating, Egery & Edwards, of Salem, N. Y., $445; windows, Belcher & Povey, of New York City, $275. The bell was made by the Meneely Company, of Troy, and weighs 615 pounds. The pulpit set was the gift of Mrs. Daniel Baker. The furnace, carpets, chairs, chandeliers, cushions, etc., were provided by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church and cost nearly nine hundred dollars. The contract price of the church was not over $8,000, but the entire cost, including extras, and interest on the debt, until it was finally paid several years after, amounted to some eleven thousand dollars. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Bishop Simpson, April 10, 1878. His text was John xvii-22. In the autumn of 1878 Rev. J. W. Shank was transferred to the Nebraska Conference, and Rev. Henry S. Rowe, a local preacher supplied the rest of the year. We have only sufficient space to close this outline by giving the names of the pastors from the beginning, with the date of their appointment. From 1788 to 1837 Argyle and North Greenwich were included in the old Cambridge Circuit, and the preachers were appointed as follows: 1788, Lemuel Smith; 1789, Darius Dunham; 1790, Darius Dunham and Philip Wager; 1791, David Valleau; 1792, John Crawford and Thomas Wool-

sey; 1793, Joel Ketchum and Elijah Woolsey; 1794, Robert Green and Joseph Mitchell; 1795, Samuel Fowler and Ezekiel Canfield; 1796, Shadrack Bostwick, Smith Weeks and Roger Searle; 1797, Timothy Dewey, Eber Cowles; 1798, Timothy Dewey, Lorenzo Dow; 1799, Jacob Rickhow, Billy Hibbard. Three months after Conference Rickhow became discouraged and left the Circuit, and Henry Ryan took his place; 1800, Ezekiel Canfield, Ebenezer Stevens; 1801, Roger Searle, Ebenezer Stevens; 1802, Roger Searle; Smith Arnold; 1803, David Brown, Luman Andrus; 1804, Elias Vanderlip, Phineas Cook; 1805, Elijah Chichester, Nehemiah U. Tompkins; 1806, Noble W. Thomas, Nathaniel Gage; 1807, Daniel Brumley, Francis Brown; 1808, Mitchell B. Bull, Lewis Pease; 1809, Mitchell B. Bull, William Swayze and Stephen Sornborger; 1810, Samuel Draper, Samuel Howe; 1811, John Finnegan, Samuel Weaver; 1812, Datus Ensign, Samuel Weaver; 1813, Datus Ensign, Gershom Pierce; 1814, Gershom Pierce, Stephen Beach; 1815, Andrew McKain, Peter Busing; 1816, Andrew McKain, Jacob Hall; 1817, Friend Draper, Tobias Spicer; 1818, Tobias Spicer, Sherman Miner; 1819, Samuel Draper, Sherman Miner; 1820, David Lewis, Daniel I. Wright; 1821, David Lewis, George Smith; 1822 and 1823, Samuel Draper, John Lovejoy; 1824, Samuel Howe, Edward Soullard; 1825, Samuel Howe, Elias Crawford; 1826 and 1827, Daniel Brayton, Henry Eames; 1828, Roswell Kelly, James B. Houghtaling; 1829, James B. Houghtaling; 1830, Roswell Kelly; 1831, Roswell Kelly, Theodosius Clark; 1832, Stephen Remington, Henry Smith; 1833, Joel Squires, John LaGrange; 1834, Joseph Eames, Bishop Isbell; 1835, Joseph Eames, Elijah B. Hubbard; 1836, Samuel Covel, Elijah B. Hubbard. From 1837 to 1850, inclusive, Argyle and Belcher went together; from 1837 to 1845, inclusive, under the name of Hebron, and from 1846 to 1850 inclusive, under the name of Argyle. The following were the preachers: 1837, Daniel Brayton; 1838, Ezra Sprague; 1839, Samuel Young; 1840, William P. Gray; 1841 and 1842, William Henry; 1843, Paul P. Atwell; 1844, Ensign Stover; 1845, Ensign Stover and Thomas Dodgson; 1846, William A. Miller and John L. Cook; 1847, Aaron Hall; 1848 and 1849, Amos Osborn; 1850, John Fassett. From 1838 to 1850, inclusive, the preachers at North Greenwich were as follows: 1838, Wright Hazen; 1839, David Poor; 1840, Benjamin Marvin; 1841 and 1842, Elijah B. Hubbard; 1843 and 1844, Desevignia Starks; 1845, Clark Fuller; 1846 and 1847, Jacob Leonard; 1848 and

1849, Stephen L. Stillman; 1850, David Osgood. From 1851 to the present time the preachers at Argyle and North Greenwich have been as follows: 1851 and 1852, William W. Foster; 1853, Ward Bullard; 1854, supplied by Richard Mooney; 1855 and 1856, Thomas W. Harwood; 1857 and 1858, David Lytle; 1859, William W. Foster; 1860 and 1861, John M. Webster; 1862 and 1863, James L. Slason; 1864 and 1865, Amos Osborn; 1866 and 1867, Peter M. Hitchcock; 1868 and 1869, Jesse F. Craig; 1870 and 1872, Daniel Rose; 1873, Damas Brough; 1874 and 1876, Aaron Hall; 1877 and 1878, John W. Shank; 1879 and 1881, Charles F. Noble; 1882 and 1884, Elam Marsh; 1885 and 1887, John S. Bridgeford; 1888 and 1892, George H. Van Dusen; 1893, Joseph W. Presby; 1894 and 1896, Marcus M. Curry; 1897 and 1900, Adam C. McGilton.

Argyle is mainly an agricultural town and has large cheese interests. The villages of the town are Argyle, North Argyle and South Argyle. The latter two are hamlets. In Argyle village there is a starch factory, two saw mills and a cider mill.

The Argyle Academy was an institution long associated with the history of this town, although it has passed out of existence. It was incorporated May 4, 1841, and was equipped with a library and school apparatus. It was a mathematical and classical school for both sexes.

North Argyle was at first called Stevenson's Corners after Daniel Stevenson, the first postmaster, in 1830. South Argyle was founded in 1824 and in 1874 the South Argyle Dairy Association erected its cheese factory there, the first one built in the county.

TOWN OF GREENWICH.

In primeval days what is now the town of Greenwich was covered with a heavy forest of hard woods and the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks;" and here the red man had a noble hunting ground; his wigwam was in the shady woods, his canoe upon the river. The early inhabitants found no war paths, no military trails; in a county whose early history is redolent with war, its victories, defeats and massacres, Greenwich seems to have been an idyllic spot.

The first known permanent settler upon this domain was a man named Rodgers, said to have been a lawless character, who erected a

house on the flats of the Battenkill, above the mouth of Cossayuna creek in 1764, or perhaps a year earlier.

Greenwich had many natural advantages to attract settlers, and those looking to secure patents were not slow to observe this. The first patent which included a part of this town was the Saratoga patent, which was granted November 4, 1684, and which covered Easton and part of Greenwich on the east side of the Hudson, besides two towns in Saratoga county. On November 11, 1763, a grant of ten thousand acres of land, now included in the town of Greenwich, was made to Donald, George and James Campbell, their three sisters and four others. This land was sparsely settled during the Revolutionary war.

On May 21, 1764, the Argyle patent was granted to Laughlin Campbell and his colonists. This patent covered the portion of the town of Greenwich not included in the aforementioned patents, and all patents, except the Saratoga patent, were subject to the same conditions regarding mines and timber as the Argyle patent.

In 1765 Alexander McNaughton, Archibald Livingstone, Duncan Campbell and Roger Reid settled near the Battenkill upon the Argyle patent and finally drove out the first settler, Rodgers, who was really a squatter, and in having him removed brought about the first civil process in the county. In 1766 Stanton Tefft, son of Judge Nathan Tefft, settled here, his father and brother Nathan locating in Easton. In 1769 Captain Foster came into the town from Rhode Island and about this time a settler named Bryant located at the foot of Bald Mountain. Other early settlers were Samuel Dickinson in 1769, Daniel Rose and Robert Kenyon in 1770, James Rogers 2d in 1772, Thomas Bentley, David Tefft, John Rogers, Rip Van Dam Sybrant and his brother John, Jeremiah Newberry, Eber Crandall, Robert Perrigo, Francis Robinson, David Sprague, Phineas Kenyon, John Edwards, Lemuel Foot, Ebenezer Woodworth and Phineas Langworthy

Greenwich was at first within the limits of the town of Argyle, but in 1803 it was ereeted into a separate town and named Greenwich, after Greenwich, R. I. It is bounded on the north by Fort Edward and Argyle, on the east by Salem and Jackson, on the west by Saratoga county, from which it is separated by the Hudson, and on the south by Jackson and Easton. The surface of the town is level, except in the eastern part, where it breaks into high hills. The Bat-

tenkill is the principal stream; it rises in Vermont, and flows with a westerly course through this town to form its confluence with the Hudson. This stream has a fall of seventeen feet at Center Falls, of forty feet at Galesville, and of seventy feet a short distance below the latter place. When there is high water these cataracts assume Niagara-like proportions. Cossayuna creek, the outlet for the lake of the same name, flows through the eastern part of the town. Bald mountain is a notable peak in Greenwich. It stands somewhat west of the center of the town and rises to a height of nine hundred and twelve feet above the surrounding plain. The first town meeting in Greenwich was held in April, 1803, Robert Perrigo acting as moderator. John Hay was elected supervisor and Araspaces Folsom, town clerk. The supervisors and clerks of the town, since its organization up to 1900, were·

Supervisors—1804, Robert Kenyon; 1805, John Hay; 1806, David Sprague; 1807, John Hay; 1808-09, Simon Stevens, Jr.; 1810-12, Francis Robinson; 1813, Jonathan Sprague; 1814-15, John Campbell; 1816, Israel Williams; 1817, Peleg Bragg; 1818, Seth Sprague; 1819, Thomas McLean; 1820, Francis Robinson; 1821, Joseph Boies; 1822, Thomas McLean; 1823, Seth Sprague; 1824, Gardner Phillips; 1825-28, Jonathan K. Norton; 1829, Gardner Phillips; 1830-32, Jonathan K. Horton; 1833, Moses Robinson; 1834, Jason Langworthy; 1835, Moses Robinson; 1836, Jason Langworthy; 1837, William Reid; 1838-39, Oliver Ross; 1840-41, Lyman Woodard; 1842-43, Francis Robinson, Jr.; 1844-45, David S. Adams; 1846-47, Morgan Heath; 1848, Le Roy Mowry; 1849, Orson Salisbury; 1850-51, Edwin Andrews; 1852, Simon Pratt; 1853-54, William Reid; 1855-58, Morgan Heath; 1859-60, Perry M. Selleck; 1861-63, John Stewart; 1864-66, Isaac G. Parker; 1867, James C. Shaw; 1868-69, Monroe Conlee; 1870-71, Edgar S. Hyatt; 1872, Robert W. Lowber; 1873, George L. Robinson; 1874-76, Edwin Andrews; 1877-82, William Walker; 1883, Robert Hamilton; 1884, Watson N. Sprague; 1885-86, Horton A. Barber; 1887, Homer B. Bates; 1888, Walter N. Sprague; 1889-90, William R. Hobbie; 1891-92, Adley Reynolds; 1893-95, Nelson Pratt; 1896-97, D. W. Read; 1898-1900, Judson Edie.

Town Clerks—1804-13, Araspaces Folsom; 1814-15, Israel Williams; 1816, Araspaces Folsom; 1817-21, Israel Williams; 1822-37, John Barnard; 1838-39, Edwin Andrews; 1840-51, John Barnard; 1852-54, William C. Allen; 1855-56, H. A. Thompson; 1857, Sidney Morse; 1858-83, Edwin Wilmarth; 1884-95, C. H. Van Ness; 1896-97, Claude P. Bender; 1899-1900, William A. Van Kirk.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Is one of the most important business centers in Washington County and has the service of both steam and electric railroads. In addition to its mercantile activity the village is attractive in itself as a place of residence and is well taken care of by its officials. The

business life of the place began in 1780, when a Mr. Carbine built a dam across the river at this point and erected a sawmill and a small dwelling. He was succeeded by Job Whipple in 1791. From him the place derived the name of Whipple City which was supplanted by the name of Union Village in 1809, when the community was incorporated under that name. The corporation was partly in Greenwich and partly in Easton, hence the name.

Mr. Whipple had for his assistant William Mowry and they set up spinning frames about the year 1800, and did an extensive business with families far and near. In 1817 Mowry put in operation at Greenwich, the first double spinner used in America. He had previously gone to England, with a mechanic named Wild, and after much difficulty obtained an idea of such machines there. This industry was the foundation of the industrial life of Greenwich, and this was also the first attempt to manufacture cotton goods in New York state. About the close of the century Perry Miller began the manufacture of plows at Greenwich, and in 1832 Eddy, Reynolds, Langdon & Company established a large plow works. From 1848 to 1870 the manufacture of shoes was carried on and in 1862 the Battenkill Knitting Works were erected. In 1851 tea-tray stamping was begun and in 1870 William Weaver embarked in the manufacture of wood-working machines.

The manufactures at Greenwich at present are: the Dumbarton Flax Spinning Company, the Eddy Plow Company, the Van Zile Knitting Company and a shirt factory.

The First National Bank of Greenwich was organized March 16, 1881, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. Judson Edie is president and Thomas J. Eldridge vice-president.

Araspaces Folsom was the pioneer merchant and opened a store in the year 1800. Moses Cowan and Lewis Younglove were also early storekeepers. Today almost every branch of mercantile business is represented.

The post office was established in 1800, or soon after that date, and John Herrington was the first postmaster.

The name of the village was changed from Union Village to Greenwich in 1867 as the growth was nearly all on the Greenwich side of the line between that town and Easton.

Following is the list of presidents of the village from 1809:

1809, Job Whipple; 1810, John P. Becker; 1811, Job Whipple; 1812-13, Robert

Monroe; 1814, E. Wells; 1815, William Mowry; 1816-17, Horace W. Bowers; 1818, Henry Robinson: 1819, Moses White; 1820, Edmund Rowland; 1821, William Mowry; 1822, Cornelius Holmes; 1823, Percy Miller; 1824-25. Moses White; 1826, Simon Kittle; 1827, Joseph Boies; 1828, Moses White; 1829-31, Marmaduke Whipple; 1832, Alexander Mosher; 1833, John Barnard; 1834, Moses White; 1835-36, Jonathan K. Horton; 1837, Joseph Boies; 1838, Moses White; 1839, Wendell Lansing; 1840-41, Moses White; 1842-43, Abraham Cornell; 1844, Moses White; 1845-46, Daniel Frost; 1847-48, Moses White; 1849, Leonard Gibbs; 1850-51, Charles R. Ingalls; 1852-53, P. M. Sellecke; 1854, O. K. Rice; 1855, C. P. Johnson; 1856-57, Aaron Selleck; 1858, Charles J. Gunn; 1859, Perry M. Selleck; 1860-63, Simeon M. Chubb; 1864, Rufus A. Lamb; 1865-66, Simeon M. Chubb; 1867, William M. Holmes; 1868-69, Harvey Wilcox; 1870, William H. Norton; 1871-73, A. G. Pierce; 1874-76, Abram Reynolds; 1877, Aaron Griffin; 1878-79, William Weaver; 1880, James H. Thompson; 1881-83, W. S. Langdon; 1884, O. H. Eddy; 1885, G. J. Fenton; 1886-89, J. Sherman; 1890-91, W. S. Langdon; 1892 until 1898, J. C. Sherman; 1898-99, Robert Hamilton; 1899-1900, Daniel Crandall.

The clerks of the village for the same period were:

1809, Jonathan K. Horton; 1810, Thomas Burrows; 1811-13, J. K. Horton; 1814, J. Boies; 1815, C. F. Ingalls; 1816, J. Williams; 1817-19, J. Southworth; 1821-24, C. Lockwood; 1825, C. F. Ingalls; 1826, William Henry; 1827, Moses White; 1828, W. M. Norton; 1829, G. Tefft; 1830-32, J. Hemington, Jr.; 1833, William H. Mowry; 1834, Albert Boies; 1835-36, William M. Perine; 1837, Edwin Adams; 1838, Asa F. Holmes; 1839, Gilbert Bailey; 1840-42, C. R. Ingalls; 1843-44, Joseph Potter; 1845, O. K. Rice; 1846, Edwin Wilmarth; 1847-48, P. L. Barker; 1849-54, William C. Allen; 1855, Charles J. Gunn; 1856-57, Darwin W. White; 1858-66, Alanson H. Knapp; 1867, S. L. Stillman; 1868-77, Alanson H. Knapp; 1878-84, H. C. Morhous; 1885-96, W. T. Liddell; 1896-98, M. S. Potter; 1899-1900, Y. V. H. Gill.

The Baptist church at Greenwich dates back to anti-Revolutionary days and the year is variously given from 1767 to 1775. In 1783 the congregation built their first house of worship, one mile south of Greenwich. Elder Nathan Tanner was their first regular pastor. In 1795 they built a second church and a third in 1866.

The "Reformed Church of Union Village" was founded in 1807 with Rev. Philip Duryea as pastor. They built a church in 1810. In 1874 they completed a splendid church building.

The Orthodox Congregational church of Greenwich was organized March 15, 1837, with thirteen members, who withdrew from the Reformed church because of a difference of opinion on the question of slavery.

The Methodist Episcopal church was founded at North Greenwich, April 20, 1818, and on April 21, 1838, a society was formed at Greenwich. The first church edifice was erected in 1839 and in 1870 their

fine house of worship was dedicated. Phineas Langworthy was the founder of Methodism in this town.

St. Joseph's Catholic church was organized in 1871, through the labors and under the direction of Father Waldron. The old Methodist Episcopal church was purchased and changed and refitted for a place of worship.

St. Paul's Episcopal church was inaugurated as a mission, and for some years services were held in the Congregational church.

Greenwich Academy was established in 1836, and in 1868 was affiliated with the Union Free School, but retained its individuality and academical departments. These two institutions make Greenwich a prominent local educational center.

The village of Battenville is four miles from Greenwich, and was settled about 1815 by John McLean, Pardon Tefft, Nathan Cottrell and others, and from the first has been a manufacturing point. The postoffice was established in 1829, with Daniel Anthony as the first postmaster. In 1872 the Phœnix Paper Company erected their mill, which is still running. The Methodist church here dates its history from 1829, but the organization was not perfected until December 2, 1833.

Center Falls, two miles above Greenwich, was settled in 1790 by Smith Barber and Nathan Rogers. The Blandy Paper Company is located here.

East Greenwich on the Battenkill, near the Salem line, is one of the oldest places in the town. The postoffice was established in 1835, with Moses Robinson as postmaster. The United Presbyterian church of East Greenwich was organized May 30, 1849, and was composed, at that time, of members who had withdrawn from the South Argyle congregation.

Middle Falls, two miles below Greenwich, on the Battenkill, was settled in 1789. In 1790 A. G. Lansing built a house and mill here, and about 1810 John Gale put up a flour mill on the Easton side of the river. This place was known as Galesville until 1875, when J. H. Reynolds had the name of both the village and postoffie changed to Middle Falls. The falls on the Battenkill at this point afford unlimited water power, and several industrial plants have been operated here. The manufactures here at present are the Bennington Falls Pulp Company, the Bossom Manufacturing Company, Washington Mills and the Mohican Pulp and Paper Company.

Clarks Mills lies at the first point of water power on the Battenkill, above its junction with the Hudson, and dates its first settlement far back. It is a prosperous hamlet.

North Greenwich lies on the Argyle line, and was formerly known as Reid's Corners, from William Reid, an early settler there. It was settled in 1800, and had a postoffie in 1825, William Reid being the postmaster. The Methodist Episcopal church here was organized April 20, 1818.

The village of Lake lies nine miles northeast of Greenwich and is a place of some manufactnring importance. It was settled about 1780. The postoffice was opened in 1840 and R. W. Richey was the first postmaster.

The village of Bald Monntain lies at the base of the mountain of the same name. In 1852 Robert W. Lowber purchased the various lime quarries, built sixty houses and established the village. In 1872 the Bald Mountain Lime Company bought out Mr. Lowber's plant and allowed the work in the quarries to fall off, as they had other works producing their complement of lime.

TOWN OF FORT EDWARD.

The first material of interest respecting the history of Fort Edward is of a period prior to that of the earliest settlements in Washington County. We do not hear the frontiersman's axe sounding the promise of settlement and peaceful habitation; we hear the beat of drums by day and the report of the sentinel's ready musket by night—echoes from the far-distant battlefields of the older countries. All western Europe had taken up arms against Louis XIV and as England was at war with France, Englishmen fought Frenchmen wherever they chanced to meet.

The earliest important event in the western hemisphere of the universal war against Louis XIV, known in American history as King William's War, was the surprise and destruction of Schenectady by three bands of French and Indians, early in February, 1690. The colonists of New York and Connecticut determined to retaliate, and the following July an expedition under Fitz John Winthrop, consisting of about five hundred white men and one hundred and eighty-five Indians started northward toward Montreal by way of the Hudson.

They crossed to the east side of the river at Fort Miller and proceeded partly in canoes and partly afoot to Fort Edward where they shouldered their boats and carried them to the forks of Wood Creek, now Fort Ann. This was a trail which had been traversed by the Indians already, perhaps for centuries, and which was destined in the years of colonial warfare which terminated in the Revolution, to serve again and again as the route of armies passing north and south. A small division of General Winthrop's command pushed on to the north end of Lake Champlain, continued to La Prairie, inflicted what damage they could upon the French, and returned to the Hudson by the same route they had followed in their advance. The whole expedition was hopelessly deficient in every respect and little could have been expected of it by any one who knew the conditions.

But these details are beyond the scope of this outline of Fort Edward's history. We have told the story so far as Fort Edward is concerned when we have said that the Winthrop expedition in the summer of 1690, twice passed over land now included in the township. The next year a still feebler body of men under Major Peter Schuyler exactly repeated the program, and in the winter of 1693 the borders of the township were skirted by the two Schuylers leading a force against some six hundred Canadians and Hurons who had been sent against the Mohawks and were already retreating northward.

Peace was declared in 1697, but it was of short duration and in 1702 the French and English were again in the field against each other, in both Europe and America. The famous old war trail with the portage from Fort Edward to Fort Ann, was probably often traversed during the early years of the war but no important expedition took that route until 1709 when General Francis Nicholson in command of some fifteen hundred colonials from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania moved north by way of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, expecting to meet at the St. Lawrence a large force, proceeding by water from Boston, against Quebec. Col. Peter Schuyler was sent with a detachment in advance of the main army to build roads, stockades, forts, etc., and to construct canoes and bateaux. In passing through the township of Fort Edward he built the road up the east shore of the Hudson, erected a stockade at Fort Miller and constructed a fort at Fort Edward which he named Fort Nicholson. When the main body followed, Fort Nicholson was garrisoned by four hundred and fifty men who remained at this post until late in the

following autumn, when General Nicholson, having vainly awaited action by the fleet against Quebec and having contended with much sickness in his camps, withdrew to the south destroying all the forts north to Fort Saraghtoga. In 1711 General Nicholson led a larger force northward, but he had gone no further than Fort Ann when he learned that the British fleet, intended to operate against Quebec, had been shattered at sea. The force accordingly returned to Albany and was there disbanded.

Some twenty or thirty years after Fort Nicholson had been thus razed and abandoned by its constructors, Colonel John Henry Lydius came down from Montreal, built a roughly fortified house on the site of Fort Nicholson and began an extensive and lucrative trade with the Indians. Colonel Lydius was the son of the Rev. John Lydius, who succeeded the Rev. Godfredius Dellius, both as pastor of the Dutch church at Albany and as claimant to the Dellius patent, one of the most extraordinary grants of lands ever recorded by the colonial authorities. It was to take possession of a tract of land embracing more than half of Washington County, all of Warren and a large part of Essex County, that Colonel Lidius established himself on the site of Fort Nicholson.

Back in 1696 the governor of New York had, for a quit-rent of one raccoon skin per year, granted Dellius a tract of land on the east side of the Hudson twelve miles wide from the Battenkill northward until the east line struck Wood Creek, thence the patent occupied all the land between the Hudson on the west and Wood Creek and Lake Champlain on the east up to a point some ninety miles north of the Battenkill—a territory of over two thousand square miles. Dellius claimed to have bought the land previously from the Indians. In 1698 the Legislature repented of its generosity and annulled the patent; Dellius, however, contended that such action was not statutory and on returning to Holland, transferred his claim to the Rev. John Lydius, father of the Colonel John Lydius whom we find established upon the ground and contending that his title is just. But however just his claim Colonel Lydius did not long maintain his trading outpost. War again broke out in 1744 between Great Britain and France. The succeeding year a French partisan officer named Marin came down from Canada with a band of French and Indians, and attacked the English settlements along the Hudson. Colonel Lydius'

establishment was the first to fall a victim to the raid and the Colonel and his son were finally carried off to Canada.

The town of Fort Edward lies on the western side of Washington County. It is bounded on the north by Kingsbury, on the east by Argyle, on the south by Greenwich, while it is separated from Saratoga County, on the west, by the Hudson river. Along the river there is an extent of level land, but the town is hilly toward the east. Besides the Hudson, the Moses Kill also runs through the town. The Champlain Canal also traverses the town from end to end, while the line of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad cuts diagonally across the northwestern corner.

There are five large islands in the Moses Kill near the village of Fort Edward.

The territory comprising the present town of Fort Edward was part of the remarkable grant of land to which we have referred and upon which Colonel Lydius settled by establishing a trading post where Fort Edward village now stands.

In 1755 this locality again became the scene of warfare. The "Old French War" had broken out in 1754, and in 1755 General William Johnson planned the expedition against Crown Point, already noticed in this history. In July of that year Johnson's advance guard under General Phineas Lyman erected a fortification upon the site of Fort Nicholson. It was a quadrangular fort, constructed of earth and timber and provided with ramparts twenty-two feet thick and sixteen feet high. Six guns could be mounted upon the works and the fort was regularly equipped with a magazine, storehouse and hospital. This fort was named Fort Lyman, but General Johnson subsequently re-christened it, giving it the name of Fort Edward, in honor of Edward, Duke of York, brother of George III. From this fort the future village and town took their names.

This was the strongest fort in all the northern part of the country at that time and as a consequence became a point of leading importance in the military movements and operations of the next quarter of a century.

The fort stood on the point of land now bounded on the north by Edward street, on the south by the creek, on the east by Broadway and Montgomery streets and on the west by the Hudson river. There are but few traces of the earthworks remaining and these quite faint; some slight depressions, some barely noticeable traces of embank-

ments. The venerable cottonwood tree which for so long a time—some say more than a century—stood nearby has disappeared and only a stump of it remains.

In the general history of the county have been recounted at length all the military operations about Fort Edward—the operations of Winslow's army, the failure of Webb, the exploits of Abercrombie and Amherst.

Soon after the last French war settlers began to come into this town. Of these Nathaniel Gage is generally accorded the priority. He settled where the village of Fort Edward now stands in 1762. He was followed by Patrick Smith and James Smith in 1764. In 1765 Patrick Smith built a house which became historic and which is still standing. This house was considered large at that day and when the frame was being erected it was necessary to send as far as Salem to obtain help to raise it. The house was subsequently the headquarters of Schuyler and of Burgoyne. It stands on Broadway and was long known as the old Fort house, from Colonel Fort who lived in it years ago. He built over and increased the size of the building. It now belongs to the Dr. Linnendoll estate.

The Argyle grant of May 21, 1764 included, in ten of its lots, the town of Fort Edward. The numbers of these lots and the persons to whom they were alloted are as follows:

No. 128, Duncan Shaw; 129, Alex. McDougall; 134, John McArthur; 135, John McIntyre; 136, Catherine McIlfender; 137, Mary Hammel; 138, Duncan Gilchrist; 139, John McIntyre; 140, Mary McLeod; 141, David Torrey.

These lots varied in extent from two hundred and fifty to five hundred acres and most of the grantees occupied this land immediately.

Among the other early settlers were Noah Payne who settled at Fort Miller in 1766 and was followed by Levi Crocker and Timothy Buel. James Durkee from Woodbury, Conn., settled in the eastern part of the town and was the progenitor of the numerous Durkee family in this locality.

The first court held in the county (then Charlotte) was held in Fort Edward at the house of Patrick Smith, October 19, 1773. The last court under English sovereignty was also held at this place June 20, 1775.

During the Revolution Fort Edward was one of the principal theatres of the war, but this has already been fully treated of in the

general history, as also the pathetic history of Jane McCrea, for which see Chapter XV.

The terrors of the war drove many of the settlers of Fort Edward from their homes, but after peace had been restored there was a large influx. Among these are the names of Peleg Bragg, Thomas Lamb, John Beers, A. Meacham, Thomas Carpenter, Jesse Patrick, Garret Viele, Simeon Taylor, Cyrus Adams, John McAdon, Philip Viele and Archibald Patrick.

By an act of Legislature dated April 10, 1818, Fort Edward was set off from the town of Argyle and erected into a town with its present limits. The first town meeting was held May 22, 1818.

Following is the list of town supervisors since that date:

1818, Moses Carey; 1819-29, Timothy Eddy; 1830-32, James McIntyre; 1833, Timothy Eddy; 1834-36, Platt C. Viele; 1837, Milton E. Shaw; 1838-39, William S. Norton; 1840, Milton E. Shaw; 1841, James Stephenson; 1842, Charles Harris; 1843, Abraham I. Fort; 1844, Milton E. Shaw; 1845, William Forbes; 1846, Charles Harris; 1847, James Stephenson; 1848, Abraham I. Fort; 1849, William S. Norton; 1850, Charles Harris; 1851-52, Isaac M. Guy; 1853, George H. Taylor; 1854-55, Caleb Wells; 1856, George Satterlee; 1857, Fletcher Coleman; 1859, James Cheeseman; 1860, George B. Mosher; 1861-62, Solomon R. Durkee; 1863-71, Melvin A. Nash; 1872, David Underwood; 1873-75, Michael Mory; 1876-77, Edgar Hull; 1878, George Satterlee; 1879, Edgar Hull; 1880-81, Asahel R. Wing; 1882, Ransom Qua; 1883, Michael Mory; 1884, Ransom Qua; 1885-87, Lansing M. Howland; 1888-91, William H. Tilford; 1892-95, Townsend W. Potter; 1896-98, Lansing M. Howland; 1899-1900, John J. Morgan.

The town clerks for the same period were:

1818, Walter Rogers; 1819-21, John Crocker; 1822-26, Samuel T. Shepherd; 1827, Timothy Stoughton; 1828-29, Daniel T. Payn; 1830-32, John C. Viele; 1833, Timothy Stoughton; 1834-36, Milton E. Shaw; 1837, Joseph Stewart; 1838, Daniel T. Payn; 1839, Samuel Bennett; 1840, Nicholas Rogers; 1841, Edward Washburn; 1842, Nicholas Rogers; 1843, Thomas McCollum; 1844, Merritt Sprague; 1845, Warren Sprague; 1846, Timothy Stoughton; 1847-49, George M. Sanders; 1850, A. D. Wait; 1851, John Parry; 1852, Bradley S. Bennett; 1853-54, James S. Bell; 1855, Timothy Stoughton; 1856, Fletcher Coleman; 1857, Lemuel C. Holmes; 1858-60, Bradley S. Bennett; 1861-62, Russell W. Pratt; 1863-65, Bradley S. Bennett; 1866-71, J. H. Cheeseman; 1872, David H. King; 1873-76, Russell W. Pratt; 1877-78, Aaron B. Cole; 1879, James H. Cheeseman; 1880, Levi H. Wing; 1881-83, James H. Cheeseman; 1884, Levi H. Wing; 1885, James H. Cheeseman; 1886-87, Levi H. Wing; 1888-89, John D. Wilson; 1890-92, George C. Beverly; 1892-1901, George Scott.

THE VILLAGE OF FORT EDWARD

Is the principal community in this town. John Eddy was the principal land-owner in early days, where this village stands, but William Finn also held a large amount of property in the vicinity of the old fort. He and James Rogers were early merchants at this place. Dr. Willoughby was the first practicing physician and Matthias Ogden was the first lawyer.

The Champlain Canal was opened from Fort Edward to Whitehall in 1822. In 1828 it was opened along the bank of the river to Fort Miller. Previously boats had been floated between these points on the "slack water" of the Hudson. In the same year the first bridge across the Hudson, connecting Fort Edward with the Saratoga side, was built. In 1848 the Saratoga and Washington Railroad was opened to Fort Edward.

The village of Fort Edward was incorporated August 28, 1849. There are no records of elections or civic proceedings for the years 1854-55-56, and on February 26, 1857, an act was passed by the state Legislature "to revive, amend and continue the charter of the village of Fort Edward." The corporate powers of the village were accordingly restored. Following are the names of the presidents of the village up to the close of the nineteenth century:

1849, Frederick D. Hodgman; 1850, A. Dallas Wait; 1851, Russell Hitchcock; 1852, Daniel Carswell; 1853, Edwin Crane; 1857-58, A. Dallas Wait; 1859-60, James L. Reynolds; 1861-62, Edwin B. Nash; 1863-64, George Satterlee; 1865-66, Edwin B. Nash; 1867, Peter Rozell; 1868, Caleb Wells; 1869-70, Edwin B. Nash; 1871, Edgar DeForest; 1872, H. W. Stoughton; 1873, James L. Reynolds; 1874, John A. Russell; 1875, George Satterlee; 1876, David Underwood; 1877, George Satterlee; 1878-79, John F. Harris; 1880, George Satterlee; 1881, Sol R. Durkee; 1882-83, Caleb Wells; 1884-85-86, George Satterlee; 1887, James Mickle; 1888-89, Joseph Goodfellow; 1890, A. V. Pratt; 1891, John F. Harris; 1892-93, John R. Durkee; 1894, C. W. Bowtell; 1895, John F. Harris; 1896-7, John J. Morgan; 1898, L. H. Wing; 1899, R. A. Linnendoll; 1900, George C. Beverly.

Following were the village clerks of Fort Edward:

1877-80, James H. Cheeseman; 1881, E. P. Selby; 1882, Fred A. Bratt; 1883-84, Fred H. Wells; 1885-86, George W. Satterlee; 1887-92, M. J. Bennett; 1893, W. A. Taylor; 1894, Willard Robinson; 1895-96, Merion Mills; 1897, Fred H. Wells; 1898-99, J. B. North; 1900, John W. Burns.

The first manufacturing carried on at Fort Edward was by Timothy Eddy, who erected and conducted a cloth mill. This mill passed

through the hands of successive owners and finally became the pioneer paper mill in this locality, when in it Enos and Gardner Howland began the manufacture of coarse papers. This mill was long supplied with power from the old feeder, which had absorbed the small stream upon which it was built, and went out of existence when the old feeder was purchased from the state. The first sawmill was erected at the feeder dam by M. Wheeler and J. Martin, about 1822. The first gristmill in Fort Edward was built about 1824 by D. W. Wing, S. B. Cook and John McIntyre. In 1845 a number of the business men of Fort Edward united and became incorporated as the Fort Edward Manufacturing Company, their object being to promote manufacturing in the village. They purchased the old feeder and dam and along there with ten acres of land contiguous thereto, for the purpose of establishing mill sites. Various industries have been established here, some of which have gone out of existence, from one cause or another. The principal industries now in operation are the International Paper Company, the Shirt and Waist factory of C. N. Davis, the Fort Edward Brewing Company, and Helfinger Brothers' Pottery; all of which receive extended notice in another part of this work.

About the year 1800 an aqueduct was constructed for the purpose of supplying the village with water. On April 10, 1845, the Fort Edward Water Works Company was incorporated, and in 1893 the present fine system of water works was put in. The fire companies are the Satterlee Hose Company, the Bibby Hose Company and the J. R. Durkee Hose Company. The village has also an efficient fire engine. The fire department is a source of pride to the village and many of the best citizens are identified with it.

The national bank of Fort Edward was organized in 1851, as the Bank of Fort Edward, and assumed its present name in 1865. It is the only bank in the village, but has the strength and the facilities to handle a large amount of business.

The Fort Edward postoffice was opened in 1800 and James Rogers was the first postmaster.

Fort Edward is connected with Glens Falls and Sandy Hill by the Glens Falls, Sandy Hill and Fort Edward Street Railroad, a trolley line, and also with Greenwich, Schuylerville, Troy and Albany by trolley. The latter connection was made in 1900, but the Glens Falls, Sandy Hill and Fort Edward Railroad was built in 1885, and was changed from horsepower to an electric road in 1891.

The earliest church history of Fort Edward is associated with Methodism. About 1780 Methodist classes were formed within a large radius of Cambridge, through the efforts of Rev. Lemuel Smith. These classes were attached to the nearest appointment, and the preacher visited them occasionally. One of these classes was formed at Fort Edward. But it was many years—not until 1828—that a regular church organization was formed. This was consummated by Rev. Julius Field, of Glens Falls, and the congregation was organized as a Methodist Episcopal church. In 1829 they erected a church building, which is now owned and occupied by the Catholic congregation. In 1853 they built another church. The present pastor is Rev. J. H. Clark.

The First Presbyterian church at Fort Edward came into existence some time prior to 1830, and not earlier than 1820, under the Rev. R. K. Rodgers. This organization, for some reason, did not prosper and on July 17, 1854, the present church society was formed, under the charge of Rev. Edward E. Seelye, D.D., of Sandy Hill. In 1870 their church building was completed. Rev. C. D. Kellogg is the present pastor.

The Baptist church at Fort Edward village began with a meeting of fourteen persons on March 17, 1842, and organized a Baptist society under the direction of Elder B. F. Garfield. The first regular pastor was Rev. Solomon Gale. They began a church edifice in 1851, which was completed in 1852. The present pastor is Rev. I. C. Forte.

The Baptist church at Durkeetown, in the eastern part of the town, was organized April 4, 1832, but this congregation dates its existence thirty years prior to that date. In early years they met in barns and private houses, and before they had a church building, in school houses. Their church edifice was erected in 1837.

The parish of St. James' church (Episcopal) in Fort Edward, was organized in December, 1844. The congregation had been worshiping for some years in the old Union Church. In 1845 the corner stone of their church was laid, but the building was not completed until 1848. Rev. Ernest Melville is the present pastor.

St. Joseph's Catholic church at Fort Edward was organized in 1869, when about three hundred families, who had been worshiping at Sandy Hill, purchased the East street Methodist church and repaired and refitted it throughout. The first pastor was Rev. James McGee. In the year 1899, and under the direction of the present pas-

tor, Rev. M. J. Griffith, D.D., the church building was further improved.

Fort Edward was one of the first villages in the state to organize a union free school, when in 1848 action was taken looking toward the erection of a union school building, which was completed in 1849, at a cost of $13,000. In 1854 the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute was built, and the Seminary street school was erected in 1868. The Collegiate Institute was burned in 1877.

Dr. King's school for young ladies is a highly efficient and admirably conducted institution.

The village of Fort Miller recived its name from the fortifications on the west side of the Hudson and opposite the site of the village. These were constructed by Colonel Miller. The credit for the early development of this place is given to Judge William Duer, whose influence brought many settlers. He purchased a tract of land, including the falls, in 1768, and put up a gristmill. Afterwards he put up snuff mills and a powder mill.

In 1865 the paper mill was started, which is still running and doing a large business. It is operated by the Fort Miller Pulp and Paper Company.

The pioneer stores at Fort Miller were those of Ashbel Meacham, Jesse Patrick and Thomas Carpenter. The postoffice was established in 1815. S. G. Bragg was the first postmaster.

In 1822 the Reformed church at Fort Miller was organized, with Rev. Philip Duryea as pastor.

The Fort Miller Presbyterian church was organized September 6, 1853, with Rev. A. G. Cochrane as pastor, but it became extinct in 1868.

The Baptist church at Fort Miller was organized in 1858, as a branch of the Fort Edward church. Their church edifice was erected in 1868.

In 1872 Fort Edward and Sandy Hill agreed to give twenty-five acres of ground, lying between the two villages, and $2500, to the Washington County Agricultural Society, upon condition that the society would hold its fairs upon this ground for ten years. The proposition was accepted and the fairs have since been held at the fine grounds so munficently provided by these enterprising villages.

TOWN OF HARTFORD.

This town lies in the center of Washington county, from east to west, and slightly north of the center from north to south. It was set off from the town of Fort Ann March 12, 1793, and received its name from Hartford, Connecticut, because not a few of its settlers were from that locality. It is bounded on the west by Kingsbury, on the south by Argyle, on the east by Granville and Hebron, and on the north by Fort Ann. Its area is about 27,500 acres. The surface is rolling, rising into hills in the southeast and northwest. The soil is generally fertile. In the southern part of the town there is a swamp which extends into Argyle and which is said to produce peat. The town is watered by East Creek and its tributaries; its waters flow into Wood Creek, and thence into Lake Champlain.

The town of Hartford embraces what was originally known as the Provincial Patent, which was granted to twenty-six officers of the New York Infantry, May 2, 1764. This patent was surveyed in the fall of the same year, under the direction of Archibald Campbell, surveyor for the colony, and was laid out in one hundred and four lots, of three hundred acres each, more or less. Some of the grantees never claimed their land, and their lots were pre-empted by squatters. Indeed, although the patent was dated in 1764, there is no evidence that there was any settlement until after the beginning of the Revolutionary war. The strongest evidence seems to indicate that the first settler in the town was Col. John Buck, a Revolutionary soldier, who came from Connecticut and settled on lot 31. Closely following Col. Buck came Manning Bull, Thomas Thompson, Stephen, Laban and Wanton Bump. This family settled in the east part of the town. About this time also came Edward and John Ingalls. In 1782 Aaron and Eber Ingalsbe settled on lot 87. Aaron Ingalsbe was the progenitor of the Ingalsbe family, one of the most prominent in Washington county. In the same year Nathan, Samuel and Joseph Taylor came from Massachusetts and settled in the town. Ebenezer Smith, Timothy Stocking and John Paine settled here in 1784. Other early settlers were Nathaniel Bull, David Austin, Jabez Norton, Richard Norton, Abraham Downs, Samuel Downs, John H. Kincaid, Ezekiel Goodell, Daniel Mason, Daniel Brown, Rev. Amasa Brown, Jonathan Cable. A physician, Dr. Isaac W. Clary, was in the town prior to 1800. About the

same time came Calvin Townsend, Daniel Baker and George Gilson.

This town settled up rapidly, compared with many other towns of the county, and its pioneers were mostly poor men who had little capital, besides their axes and strong arms. But the terrors of the Revolutionary war, and the earlier struggles, had all passed before its settlement began, and there were no deteriorating circumstances to check settlement and progress.

The first town meeting was held April 1, 1794, at the house of Daniel Mason, who acted as moderator, and the first municipal officers for Hartford were there elected. By-laws relating to various public affairs were also passed at this meeting.

Following is the complete list of the supervisors and town clerks of the town since that date:

Supervisors—1795, Daniel Mason; 1796-99, Asahel Hodge; 1800-01, David Austin; 1802-03, Aaron Norton; 1804-09, Jonathan Wood; 1810-11, David Austin; 1812-17, Jonathan Wood; 1818, Samuel Downs; 1819, Jonathan Wood; 1820, Samuel Downs; 1821, David Austin; 1822, Samuel Downs; 1823-24, Archibald Hay; 1825-30, Slade D. Brown; 1831, Richard Sill; 1832-33, Russell Smith; 1834, Zachariah Sill; 1835, Robert Morrison; 1836-37, George Chandler; 1838-41, Robert Morrison; 1842, George Chandler; 1843-44, Daniel M. Brown; 1845-46, William E. Congdon; 1847-48, Caleb Brayton; 1849-51, John P. Wood; 1852-53, Samuel D. Kidder; 1854, John P. Wood; 1855, Daniel Mason; 1856-57, James N. Northup; 1858-60, Edward Sill; 1861-62, Russell C. Davis; 1863-65, Milo Ingalsbe; 1866-68, John F. Whitemore; 1869-71, Andrew D. Rowe; 1872-73, David Hall; 1874-77, John E. Goodman; 1878-80, Alexander Gourley; 1881-82, Thomas Gilchrist; 1883-88, Lorenzo H. Hills; 1889, O. C. Baker; 1890-91, Albert M. Martin; 1892, Marvin C. Townsend; 1893-1900, John W. Arnold.

Town Clerks—1790, Asahel Hodge; 1796-98, Nathaniel Bull; 1799, David Austin; 1800-1808, Asahel Hodge; 1809-13, Samuel Gordon; 1814, David Austin; 1815-16, Samuel Gordon; 1817, David Austin; 1818-1820, David Doane, Jr.; 1821-23, Joseph Harris; 1824-27, Thomas McConnell; 1828, Calvin L. Parker; 1829-30, William Dorr; 1831-32, Ebenezer Lord; 1833, Alanson Allen; 1834-35, William P. Allen; 1836-37, John Carlisle; 1838, Samuel N. Harris; 1839-41, Richard Sill, Jr.; 1842-44, Samuel Gordon; 1845, David D. Cole; 1846-48, Ira A. Perrin; 1849-50, M. N. McDonald; 1851, Ira A. Perrin; 1852, John Norton; 1853, John Strow; 1854, Daniel Mason; 1855, Frederick T. Bump; 1856, Ransom Clark; 1857, John Perry; 1858, William P. Sweet; 1859, Charles D. Higley; 1860, William Park; 1861, M. N. McDonald; 1862, Edward B. Doane; 1863, M. N. McDonald; 1864-65, John Norton; 1866-69, Rufus H. Waller; 1870-71, Samuel C. Downs; 1873, John Brayton; 1874-75, Henry C. Miller; 1876-82, Samuel C. Downs; 1883, Joel E. Woodard; 1884, William H. Ward, Jr.; 1885-86, Edgar C. Boyd; 1887-88, John W. Arnold; 1889-90, Samuel C. Downs; 1891, Elmer E. Barber; 1892-93, B. H. Brayton; 1894-95, Samuel C. Downs; 1896-98, John B. Palmer; 1899-1900, W. E. Townsend.

The principal agricultural products of the town are potatoes and corn, of which about 50,000 bushels of each are produced annually. Dairying is also an important part of town's husbandry, and there are cheese factories at East Hartford, South Hartford and in the western part of the town.

The principal centers of this town are Hartford, South Hartford and East Hartford. The village of Hartford, once known as North Hartford, lies in the central eastern part of the town. DeWitt Clinton once owned a block of land here, part of which is within the limits of Hartford village. This is the largest and most important village in the town, and is a business center of considerable importance. It is finely situated on elevated ground, surrounded by attractive scenery, and is drained by a branch of East Creek. Various manufactories have existed here, but mercantile business has prospered most. The first store was opened by Col. John Buck and Aaron Norton. John Hamel and Samuel Harris were also early merchants. The postoffice was established in 1807, with Aaron Norton as the first postmaster.

The Baptist Church was organized in this village about the year 1787, the first meeting being held in a barn, which stood not far from the site of the present church. Amasa Brown was the first pastor. A notable incident in the life of this church occurred in 1830, when the church took extreme grounds against masonry, and eighty of its members withdrew and formed a separate society, known as the South Baptist Church. In 1843 the breach was healed and the two congregations united amicably. The Baptists have a fine church edifice, the bell of which was donated by the late James M. Northup. The lot upon which the church stands was donated for that purpose by DeWitt Clinton.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at Hartford was regularly organized in 1844, and purchased the lower Baptist church for their place of worship.

The Hartford Academy was established in 1865, and continued for about twenty years, since which time it has not been in operation.

The masonic lodge here, Herschel Lodge No. 89 F. & A. M., is the fraternal home of the Hartford masons.

South Hartford lies about two miles to the southwest of the village of Hartford, and is a thriving village. East Hartford is a hamlet in the eastern part of the town, and its site is notable as being the locality of some of the earliest settlers.

The First Congregational Church of Hartford was regularly organized September 18, 1810. but the congregation existed for years previous to that date. They built a church in 1805, but between 1810 and 1830 no church records seem to exist. In 1865 the church had declined, but the few members who were left infused new life into the society, and with good results. Their church edifice is at South Hartford.

TOWN OF HAMPTON.

This town was called Greenfield by the early settlers, but was organized, under its present name, by an act of Legislature March 3, 1786. It is bounded on the north and east by the state of Vermont, on the west by Whitehall and on the south by Granville. It is small in area compared with most of the other towns of the county, containing 12,664 acres. In shape it is long and narrow, its length extending from north to south, and it forms the northeastern point of the county from Lake Champlain. The western part of the town is mountainous and the eastern part is diversified by hills and fertile valleys.

Hampton seems to lack the legendary Indian history of other parts of the county, and, owing to its location, was not an active theatre of war in either the Revolution or the French and Indian War.

Hampton is made up of different patents, the northern part containing about two thousand acres of "Skene's Little Patent" while the remainder is made up of patents granted to British officers after the French and Indian War. The history of the land patents indicates that army officers seem to have been able to secure grants of land more easily than other men.

The first settlers came into Hampton about 1781 and were mainly from Massachusetts and Connecticut. Prominent among those from Massachusetts were Colonel Gideon Warner, Captain Benjamin C. Owen, Jason Kellogg. Leading settlers from Connecticut were Abiather Millard, Rufus Hotchkiss and Colonel Pliny Adams. Also among the early settlers of whom there is record were: Ashahel Webster, William Morris, Elisha Kilbourne, Enoch Wright, Samuel Waterhouse, Samuel Hooker, William Miller, Squire Samuel Beaman, Major Peter P. French, Mason Hulett and Squire Jason Kellogg.

The town of Hampton was created by an act of Legislature March 3, 1786, and the first town meeting was held May 2d of that year at the

school house near the residence of Colonel Gideon Warner. Captain Lemuel Hyde and John Howe were elected the first supervisors with James Kellogg as clerk.

Following is the list of supervisors and town clerks of the town from that date:

Supervisors—1786, John Howe; 1786-87, Lemuel Hyde; 1788-89. Gideon Warner; 1790-91, John Howe; 1792, Peter P. French; 1793, John Howe; 1794-95, Peter P. French; 1796, Samuel Beaman; 1797-98, Jason Kellogg; 1799-1801, Pliny Adams; 1802-05, Jason Kellogg; 1806-08, Samuel Hooker; 1809, Pliny Adams; 1810-11, Samuel Hooker; 1812, Jason Kellogg; 1813-14, Samuel Hooker; 1815, Jason Kellogg; 1816-17, Beriah Rogers; 1818-20, Silas D. Kellogg; 1821, William Miller; 1822, Silas D. Kellogg; 1823, Beriah Rogers; 1824-25, Moses Ward; 1826, Beriah Rogers; 1827-28, Ethan Warren; 1829, William Miller; 1830-31, Ethan Warren; 1832, William Miller; 1833, Samuel P. Hooker; 1834, Moses Ward; 1835, Hiram Shaw; 1836-37, Moses Ward; 1838, Hiram Shaw; 1839-40, Ethan Warren; 1841, Hiram Shaw; 1842, Henry S. Beaman; 1843, Hezekiah Bosworth; 1844-45, M. P. Hooker; 1846, Hiram Shaw; 1847-48, Roswell Clark; 1849, Seth Peck; 1850, John Ward; 1851, Martin P. Hooker; 1852, William S. Miller; 1853-54, Hiram Hitchcock; 1855, Gilbert Peck; 1856-57, J. W. Egery; 1858, Thomas Manchester; 1859-60, Hiram Hitchcock; 1861, Thomas Manchester; 1862-63, Martin P. Hooker; 1864, Solomon P. Miller; 1865-66, Ralph Richards; 1867, Harrison Phelps; 1868-69, Martin O. Stoddard; 1870, Josiah Peck; 1871, Squire A. Warren; 1872, Rufus H. Clark; 1873, L. W. Manchester; 1874-75, Squire A. Warren; 1876, L. W. Manchester; 1877-78, Rufus H. Clark; 1879, L. W. Manchester; 1880-81, Thomas B. Clark; 1882, Fred H. Leonard; 1883-84, Junius L. Clark; 1885, Isaac N. Howard; 1886, John W. Donohue; 1887, R. E. Warren; 1888, Josiah Peck; 1889, Aaron C. Broughton; 1890, Charles K. New; 1891, B. E. Inman; 1892-93, Stukley T. Downs; 1894-95, Josiah Peck; 1896-97, Stukley T. Downs; 1898-1900, R. E. Warren.

Town Clerks—1786-1822, Jason Kellogg; 1822, Moses Ward, (to fill vacancy caused by death of Jason Kellogg;) 1823-1833, John P. Adams; 1834-36, Ethan Warren; 1837, John P. Adams; 1838, Samuel H. Beaman; 1839, John P. Adams; 1840-41, Peter Honey; 1842, John P. Adams; 1843-46, Chauncey L. Adams; 1847-55, Rufus H. Clark; 1856, John Honey; 1857-58, Rufus H. Clark; 1859-60, Peter Farnham; 1861-73, Henry Martin; 1874, William Hyland; 1875-77, Rufus H. Clark; 1878, William Hyland; 1879, Rufus H. Clark; 1880-82, Henry Martin; 1883, E. Hawkins; 1884, Henry Martin; 1885, R. H. Clark; 1886, D. C. Hudson; 1887, Fred C. Jones; 1888, R. H. Clark; 1889, Heman Stannard, Jr.; 1890-95, R. H. Clark; 1896-1900, Junius L. Clark.

Iron forges were started in the northern part of the town of Hampton at an early day, and powder mills were erected about 1850. Slate factories were once quite an industry in the vicinity of Hampton Corners. The Hampton Cheese Manufacturing Company was organized in 1869, with a capital of $4,000. Hampton Corners lies in the south-

east part of the town, about a mile west of Poultney, Vt. Solomon Norton built a grist mill and a sawmill on the Vermont side in early days. A distillery was built about the same time and Colonel Pliny Adams kept the first store.

Low Hampton is a village on the Poultney river about five miles above Hampton Corners. A store and a woolen mill were established at this point many years ago.

The names of Philip Embury and Barbara Hick are associated with the town of Hampton in religious matters. They organized a Methodist Society in the town in 1772 or 1773. William Miller, an eccentric preacher of the Baptist church, who predicted the millenium would begin about 1843, lived and died in this town, and from it, as a center, promulgated his prophesy over a large area.

The Methodists of Hampton date their home organization from 1841, when they separated from the Poultney Society and organized at Hampton Corners; but the sect was in existence in Hampton as early as 1773 and a missionary was appointed to this territory in 1788. The whole country from New York City northward was one district at that time and Freeborn Garretson was the presiding elder. The Poultney meeting house was built in 1822.

The Baptists and Episcopalians of Hampton worship at churches in Vermont.

TOWN OF CAMBRIDGE.

An act dividing the county of Albany into districts was passed on March 12, 1772, and it enacted that all that part of Albany county lying north of Schaghticoke and east of Saratoga be a district and named it Cambridge. The district of Cambridge, as laid out at that time, embraced not only the present town, but also Jackson, White Creek, and a part of the state of Vermont. It remained as a district in Albany county until it was organized as a town in 1788, and as such continued a part of that county until incorporated in Washington county in the year 1791. It will thus be seen that Cambridge was never a part of Charlotte county, the name of the county having been changed to Washington county in the year 1784. In 1816 the towns of Jackson and White Creek were set off from Cambridge, leaving it with its present limits. The town comprises 22,657 acres, and is bounded on the north by Jackson, on the east by White Creek, on the

south by Hoosick river and Rensselaer county, and on the west by Easton. The surface of this town is diversified by hills, summits and dales, some of the higher points rising to upwards of three hundred feet above the valleys. Along the eastern border of the town is a portion of the valley of the Owl Kill, better known as the Cambridge valley, which is famous for its fertility and beauty. The soil of the town is generally fertile.

Cambridge embraces parts of the Hoosick patent and the Cambridge patent. The Hoosick patent was issued in 1688 and part of it lies in Rensselaer county, across the Hoosick river. The Cambridge patent was granted in 1761 to Isaac Sawyer, Edmund Wells, Jacob Lansing, William Smith, Alexander Colden and others, upon condition that immediate settlement be made. This patent included 31,500 acres, north of the Hoosick patent, and extending up the Cambridge valley. The patentees were naturally desirous to have settlers locate upon their tract, and they offered one hundred acres to each of the first thirty families who would become actual settlers. Among the first of those who came in were John McClung, James and Robert Cowen, Samuel Bell, Col. Blair, George Gilmore, George Duncan, David Harroun, William Clark, John Scott and Thomas Morrissey. These settlers located on their lands from 1761-1763. Other early settlers in the town were Ephraim Cowan, Robert Gilmore, Austin Wells, Samuel Clark, Jonathan Morrison, Edwin Wells, John Allen, David Sprague, Seth Chase, John Woods, John Harroun, Thomas McCool, Thomas Ashton, Simeon Fowler, John Young, Josiah Dewey, Rael Beebe, William Eager, William Selfridge, John Younglove, John Corey.

In Cambridge, as in some other towns of the county, the Revolutionary war retarded settlement and progress, and many of those who had already settled in the town left their homes through fear of disturbance by Tories and Indians. After the Revolution many returned to their homes, and among these were James Cowden, Ephraim Bessy, Benjamin Smith, John Morrison, William Cooper, Isaac Gibbs, James S. Cowden, Samuel Cowden, David Cowden, George Searle, William Bleck, Archibald Campbell, John Campbell, William Campbell, George Telford, Winslow and Timothy Heath, William King, Amos Buck, James and Eben Warner, and John Austin. Some of these, of course, were in what are now the towns of White Creek and Jackson. Phineas Whiteside, John Shiland, Nathaniel Kenyon, Samuel Willett, Hugh

Larmon, Elihu Gifford, William Stevenson, Arthur Ackley, Samuel Bowen, John Webster, John Green, John Weir, Jesse Averill, Luke English, John Wait, Abraham Wright and James Colter were other early settlers in the town of Cambridge.

The first town meeting in the district of Cambridge was held in May, 1774, at which a moderator was elected, in addition to the town officers for the various offices as they exist today, and the office of moderator was continued for quite a number of years. The business of the town meetings for the first twenty years was similar to that which occupied the attention of other town meetings all over the county during this period, namely the passing of by-laws relating to the establishment of stocks, the maintenance of a pound for stray cattle, swine and so on, the appointment of pathmasters, and general business relating to social as well as public affairs. The number of recorded manumissions of negroes, up to the year 1820, shows that not a few slaves were held in Cambridge in the early days.

The supervisors of the town of Cambridge, from 1774 to 1900, were:

1774-75, Simeon Covell; 1776, David Strang; 1777, John Younglove; 1778, Edmund Wells; 1779-80, John Younglove; 1781, James Cowden; 1782-88, John Younglove; 1789-90, John Harroun; 1791-92, Andrew White; 1793-96, Daniel Wells; 1797, Andrew White; 1798-1800, Lewis Berry; 1801-04, (probably) Daniel Wells; 1805-09, Jonathan Dorr; 1810-11, James Stevenson; 1812-13, William Richards; 1814-15, missing from the books; 1816-24, James Stevenson; 1825-26, Philip V. N. Morris; 1827-28, Edward Long; 1829, Philip V. N. Morris; 1830, Sidney Wells; 1831, James Stevenson; 1832, Josiah Dunton; 1833-34, Benjamin F. Skinner; 1835, Jesse Pratt; 1836-38, Julius Phelps; 1839-41, John Stevenson; 1842-43, Anson Ingraham; 1844-45, Thomas S. Green; 1846-47, Thomas C. Whiteside; 1848-49, Zina Sherman; 1850, Berry Long; 1851, Garret Fort; 1852-53, Berry Long; 1854, James Kenyon; 1855, Andrew Wood; 1856-57, Orrin S. Hall; 1858, Berry Long; 1859, Jacob S. Quackenbush; 1860, Berry Long; 1861-62, Azor Culver; 1863-64, John L. Hunt; 1865-66, Lemuel Sherman; 1867, James McKie; 1868-69, Ira S. Pratt; 1870-71, William Dimick; 1872-73, Henry Darrow; 1874-75, Thomas F. Cornell; 1876-77, Parismus Burch; 1878-80, H. R. Eldridge; 1881, Berry Long; 1882-83, William Dimick; 1884-85, Thomas E. Skellie; 1886-87, John Ashton; 1888-89, Nicholas L. Jenkins; 1890-91, William H. Aimy; 1892-93, Donald McClellan; 1894-97, George S. Skiff; 1898-1900, George R. King.

The town clerks for the same period were:

1774, William Brown; 1775, Nicholas Mosher; 1776, John Younglove; 1777-81, Edmunds Wells, Jr.; 1782-88, John McClung; 1789-1805, Edmund Wells, Jr.; 1806-1813, Ira Parmeley; 1814-1815, missing from the books; 1816-1820, Sidney Wells; 1821-24, Philip V. N. Morris; 1825-29, Henry Whiteside; 1830, John Dennis; 1831-33, Julius Phelps; 1834, Morris L. Wright; 1835, Julius Phelps; 1836, Isaac Gifford;

1837-41, Anson Ingraham; 1842-43, Julius Phelps; 1844, Elijah P. Fenton; 1845-46, Anson Ingraham; 1847-50, Benjamin Hall; 1851, John Larmon; 1852-53, James Kenyon; 1854, John Larmon; 1855-56, John B. Wright; 1857-72, Thomas E. Kenyon; 1873-85, John Ashton; 1886-89, Nathaniel Becker; 1890-91, Alfred M. Becker; 1892-93, James P. Robertson; 1894-1900, William L. English.

THE VILLAGE OF CAMBRIDGE

Is the most important part of this town, and comprises what were formerly known as Cambridge, North White Creek, and Dorr's Corners. The three places were incorporated in 1866. Cambridge is not only pleasantly located, but is a thriving business center, and has been widely noted for some years on account of its great annual fair. It is situated on the line of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, and is thirty miles from Troy, twelve miles from Salem, and eight miles from Greenwich.

Settlement was made in the locality of this village in 1770, the ground being owned by James and Thomas Morrison. From a cross-roads it grew slowly into a hamlet, and in 1852, when the Troy & Rutland Railroad was completed, it developed into a village, acquiring a prosperity which it has ever since maintained. Jeremiah Stillwell kept the first store at Dorr's Corners. Rice & Billings, Eddy & Brown, Paul Dennis, Clark Rice, Jr., Ransom Hawley, Kellogg & Crocker, were also among the earlier merchants.

The Cambridge postoffice was established in 1797, with Adonijah Skinner as first postmaster.

Soon after 1800 a sawmill was built on the Owl Kill, and operated for a time. In 1860 Cornelius Wendell erected a large gristmill, but it was not used for any length of time, the building passing into use as a seedhouse. In the same year Alfred Woodworth and William Qua put up an extensive sawmill and planing mill, but the plant was destroyed by fire in 1876. T. E. McConnell erected a sawmill in 1876, and a feedmill was erected in 1872. About 1840 a furnace was erected which was subsequently removed to the site of Lovejoy's blacksmith shop, and the firm of Warner & Lovejoy was formed. In 1885 Mr. Lovejoy's son, H. H. Lovejoy, established a plow works, which is still in operation, and conducted by H. H. Lovejoy & Son.

In the early history of Cambridge a man named Page had a hat factory in this place. Dr. Jonathan Dorr was one of the first promi-

nent physicians of the place. Simeon Crosby cultivated garden and vegetable seeds as early as 1816, and had a small seed-house at Coila. He was succeeded by his sons, Otis and Aaron. About 1836 Roswell Rice embarked in this business. Two years previous R. Niles Rice started in the same line in Salem, and disposed of his seeds from a wagon, as he traveled through the country. In 1844 he located in Cambridge, purchased the interests of R. Rice and the Crosbys, and enlarged the business considerably. In 1865 he associated with him his son, Jerome B. Rice, and the remarkable development of the Cambridge seed business is recounted in the article relating to this successful business man in another part of this work.

Soon after the railroad was built through Cambridge, the growth of business called for the best banking facilities, and on September 15, 1835, the Cambridge Valley Bank was organized, with a capital stock of $115,000. In 1865 this bank became a National bank, and in 1867 a handsome bank building was erected.

The village of Cambridge was incorporated by an act of the legislature, April 16, 1866, and the presidents of the village from that date have been:

1866-68, B. F. McNitt; 1869, L. W. Kennedy; 1870, Charles Porter; 1871, Solomon Fuller; 1872, O. W. Hall; 1873, Azor Culver; 1874, John W. Eddy; 1875, James Thompson; 1876-77, Alfred Worth; 1878, James Ellis; 1879-82, Henry Noble; 1883-84, J. W. Thompson; 1885, H. R. Eldridge; 1886-87, N. L. Jenkins; 1888, B. F. Kitchum; 1889-90, W. P. Robertson; 1891-94, H. H. Parrish; 1895, Eliot B. Norton; 1896-97, John K. Larmon; 1898, B. L. Ward, (resigned and C. E. Tingue filled out term;) 1899-1900, C. E. Tingue.

The village clerks for the same period have been:

1866-69, Henry Noble; 1870, Charles G. Harsha; 1871-72, Charles T. Hawley; 1873-74, John F. Shortt; 1875, James L. Robertson; 1876, Robert R. Law; 1877, Lewis P. Worth; 1878-80, John H. Inman; 1881-82, H. A. Lee; 1883-90, H. H. Parrish; 1891-97, L. E. Nicholson; 1898-99, Alfred G. Hill; 1900, J. W. Smith.

THE CENTENNIAL OF CAMBRIDGE.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the founding of the old town of Cambridge was first suggested by Hon. Anson Ingraham, of the present town of Cambridge, in a brief letter, February 28, 1873, to Hon. J. S. Smart, editor of the Washington County Post. Mr. Smart editorially took the matter up, and as a result five citizens each from Cambridge, White Creek and Jackson were appointed as a

central committee to arrange for the proper observance of the occasion. They met March 13, 1873, electing Cortland Skinner, chairman, and R. King Crocker, secretary, and decided to celebrate the centennial in Fuller's Grove on August 29, following. Proper committees were appointed and also officers of the day. A hundred ladies canvassed the town for supplies. John Wier, aged ninety-six, was president, but Rev. Henry Gordon was acting president of the day, and opened the exercises by appropriate remarks.

PROGRAM.

Prayer, Rev. William Shortt.
Music, Doring's band.
Address, Rev. Henry Gordon.
Welcome address, Hon. J. S. Smart.
Singing—"Home Again," Chorus.
Historical address, G. W. Jermain.
Singing—"A Hundred Years Ago," Chorus.
Address, A. D. Gillette, D.D.
Address, Rev. S. Irenaeus Prime, D.D.
Singing, "Home Sweet Home."
Poem—"Centennial Day," Mrs. M. E. Doig of Jackson.
Remarks, Rev. O. A. Brown.
Remarks, Rev. Mr. Fillmore.
Toast—"The Churches and the Clergy," Rev. J. N. Crocker.
Remarks, Hon. Benjamin Skinner.
Remarks, Rev. John D. Wells.
Remarks, Rev. H. G. Blinn.
"The Churches and the Clergy," Rev. J. N. Crocker.
"The County of Washington," Judge James Gibson.
Remarks, Hon. C. L. Macarthur.
Remarks, Rev. W. F. Lewis.
Song of the Old Folks, Choir.
Letters of Regret.
Doxology.
Benediction, Dr. Prime.

The celebration took place in Fuller's Grove in Cambridge village, and the day was a perfect one. It is estimated that 10,000 people were present, almost all of whom were, or had been, residents of the old town. Many who had not visited the town before in fifty years were there, and the general good cheer, also the bound-to-laugh-not-cry expression on the faces of many was quite amusing. All the day through old times were talked over by gray haired veterans, elders,

deacons and ministers. In these stories it was noticeable that boys in other days were just like the boys of today. The farmer who had the best melons, pears, grapes, or nuts, was the butt of many a good story.

CAMBRIDGE WASHINGTON ACADEMY.

In the autumn of 1799 a subscription was raised for the purpose of building a house suitable for an academy, or school house, to be erected within thirty or forty rods of the new dwelling house of William Hay. With the money thus raised, a building was erected and a school opened in the year 1800, and maintained till the year 1814. In the latter year a further subscription of $2,300 was secured, and a charter was secured from the Regents of the University of the State of New York, and on the 16th of August, 1815, the Cambridge Washington Academy was opened, although it was not formally dedicated until September 5th of the same year. It opened with fifty-one scholars. From 1824 till 1827 the school was closed, because of lack of funds. In 1844 a new building was erected, just north of the site of the old one, and in 1863 an addition was built at the rear. In 1873 the trustees finding themselves financially embarrassed, the school property was leased to the Union School district. It had a classical as well as an English department, and was well managed by its trustees, in the face of financial and other difficulties. The institution continued from 1815 until 1873, doing splendid work and achieving a high reputation, but in the latter year the trustees were unable to sustain it longer, lacking an adequate endowment fund, and it was merged into the regular schools. The Academy existed for fifty-six years, and not a few men of today refer with commendable pride to this Academy as their *alma mater*.

The following were the principals of the school during its existence as an academy:

David Chassel, 1815-18; Rev. Alex. Bullions, 1818-19; David Chassel, 1819-24; Rev. N. S. Prime, 1827-30; Rev. John Monteith, 1830-32; William D. Beattie, 1832-39; Addison Lyman, 1839-41; Russell M. Wright, 1841-42; Rev. Thomas C. McLaurie, 1842-43; Rev. E. H. Newton, 1843-48; Rev. A. M. Beveridge, 1848-50; Rev. Charles I. Robinson, 1850-52; Charles H. Gardner, 1852-54; John Henry Burtis, 1854-55; Alden P. Beals, 1855-65; William S. Aumock, 1865-67; Rev. George I. Taylor, 1867-68; Daniel March, Jr., 1868-70; J. P. Lansing, 1870-71; Miss Amelia Merriam, 1871-72.

From 1873 until 1889 the school was maintained by the Union School district, its official title being Cambridge Washington Academy and Union School. In the latter year a union was effected between this district and the Union School district, known as Putnam Institute district, which comprised the eastern part of the village of Cambridge; and in the year 1891 a new and commodious building was erected in a central location, where the united schools have since been accommodated. The school, since entering the new building, has been under the charge of the following principals:

James E. Potter, from 1891 to 1894; Charles Perrine, from 1894 to 1895; and from 1895 to the present time, Ernest E. Smith has very acceptably and satisfactorily held the position.

The Union School Library in the building, a large free circulating and splendidly selected collection, is very freely patronized by the villagers.

The United Presbyterian Church of Cambridge, for the first twenty years of its existence, has no record of where meetings were held, or who were its ruling elders. Its early history shows three distinct religious elements, but agreeing on the same doctrines of faith, they joined together, notwithstanding the difference in their views on church government.

In 1765, by request, the Burgher Synod of Scotland sent Rev. David Telfair and Samuel Kinlock, probationer, to America, to look after a congregation in Philadelphia and the petitioners in Cambridge. Both of these men preached in Cambridge, beginning in 1766. In 1769 Rev. Dr. Thomas Clark, of the Presbytery of Pennsylvania, formally organized a congregation, and ordained and installed ruling elders. Having no regular pastor, the pulpit was mostly supplied by Presbyterian ministers during the next twenty years. In 1775 William Smith, an original patentee of Cambridge patent, gave, conditionally, a glebe lot to the congregation, upon which they at once began to erect a church. The lot is situated about one-eighth of a mile north of the Old Burying Ground, south of the village, on the turnpike. When partly built, the war of independence broke out, and the church was not completed till after the war was over. It was then finished, and on January 5, 1785, the congregation organized itself into a corporate body, with the name, "The First Protestant Presbyterian Congregation of Cambridge." This is still its civil title. The first trustees of this newly organized body were elected in May, 1785, and were as

follows: Josiah Dewey, John Morrison, Edmund Wells, Phineas Whiteside, John Younglove, James Ashton, John McClung, John Welsh and Joseph Wells. Many of the most prominent and influential men of today trace their ancestry easily to the sturdy founders of this church. The pastor, in those early days, received a subscription salary—each member signing a "salary list," promising to pay such certain amounts as they elect to set opposite their own names. The preamble set forth that "wheat, rye or corn will be accepted at Lansingburgh cash price, deducting the cost of transportation."

In 1845 the new brick church was built in the village, and with the money obtained from the sale of the old church and lot, a parsonage was erected next to the church. Since the regular incorporation of the church in 1785, the following clergymen have received calls and accepted the pastorate:

Revs. John Dunlap, 1791 to 1816; Donald C. McClaren, 1820-28; William Howden, 1829-34; Peter Gordon, 1835-40; T. G. Lowry, 1842-52; William B. Short, 1853-86; S. J. Kyle, 1887-95, and A. A. Graham, 1895 to the present date.

The present trustees are: John Maxwell, Michael Kerr, James W. Ashton, Robert W. Davidson, Thomas Livingston, Mitchell McFarland, William McClay, Thomas Thompson and H. H. Parrish.

Four churches have branched out from this original congregation, namely East Salem, South Argyle, Coila, and the (now) First Presbyterian Church of Cambridge.

The church has kept steadily along, the membership naturally increasing. The congregation is made up mostly of the staunch descendants of English, Irish and Scottish ancestors, who have ever been foremost in the annals of American history.

The Congregational Church of Cambridge began to hold meetings April 15, 1883, although not formally organized until May 8th. At that date eighty-five members met, adopted a constitution and filed a certificate of incorporation; elected J. D. Weir, John H. Johnson, J. Hill Palmer, H. G. Howe, E. P. Cramer and J. E. Porter as trustees, and deacons Morris L. Wright, B. C. Bishop and William P. Robertson. Rev. H. G. Blinn was called as pastor, and meetings were held in Hubbard Hall for six months.

It then being thought advisable to build a church edifice, a lot was purchased of H. G. Howe; ground was broken October 11, 1883, the corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies November 2, 1883,

and the church was dedicated May 20, 1884. The church edifice is of brick, with chapel attached, seating four hundred. The cost of church and furnishings was $10,000.

July 14, 1894, the Rev. H. G. Blinn, D.D., died at the age of seventy-five years, after a pastorate of eleven years.

The church called Rev. Percival F. Marston, November 4, 1894; he continued pastor for two years, resigning November 30, 1896. Rev. George E. Sweet accepted a call February 11, 1897, and preached till January 1, 1899. On March 14, 1899, Rev. William Excell, D.D., was called to the pastorate, which promises to be a successful one.

The present board of trustees is: John L. Pratt, Jr., S. E. Spaulding, George Lytle, Mrs. Mary N. Hubbard, Mrs. Alice W. Stoddard, Miss Helena M. Wright. The deacons are: William P. Robertson, William A. Allen and George L. Sherman.

The church is in a flourishing condition and has a membership of about one hundred and twenty-five.

The First United Presbyterian Church was organized August 17, 1793, but the congregation seems to have had a meeting house a year or so earlier. Rev. Gershom Williams was the first pastor. In 1832 a second church building was erected, and in 1872 a third and handsome edifice. A fine parsonage is also owned, and the congregation is strong and influential.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church was organized in 1853, by Rev. Dr. Hugh Quigley, and work on the church edifice was begun the same year. In 1892 the building was enlarged to its present proportions. Rev. Thomas Field is the present pastor.

The First Baptist Church of Cambridge was organized July 3, 1843, at the house of Benajah Cook. Their church edifice was completed in 1845. Rev. Levi Parmely was the first pastor.

St. Luke's Episcopal church was organized September 23, 1866, under the Rev. Clarence Buel.

Woodlands Cemetery was surveyed in 1858 and dedicated June 2d of that year. In 1865 it was enlarged to about twenty-two acres. Among its beautiful monuments are the Soldiers' Monument, and that erected to the memory of Philip Embury, the founder of Methodism in America; and of whom an extended sketch is given, under the head of Methodism in the town of Argyle.

The Whiteside Church is one of the most notable churches of the

county. It was erected in 1800, by the Whiteside family, and thus received its name. Mrs. Phineas Whiteside left, by will, £100 for the purpose of building a church in this locality. Other members of the family contributed enough more to complete it, and the church was built. The original building was of the high, steep roof style; the pulpit was high, and there were galleries on three sides. In 1825 the building was remodeled, the roof was lowered and the pulpit was replaced by a desk. The congregation was at first a branch of the United Presbyterian Church of Cambridge village. Rev. Mr. Dunlap was the first minister who preached in this church.

Ashgrove Methodist Episcopal Church was once a notable and influential society in the town of Cambridge. The church stood about two miles east of the village of Cambridge, and received its name from a combination of Ashton and its sylvan surroundings. Thomas Ashton and his wife settled in this locality in 1769. They came from Ireland and had been members of John Wesley's society there. In 1770 the celebrated Philip Embury formed a class at Ashgrove. A church edifice was erected in 1789. The second church building was dedicated in the winter of 1839-40, but in 1858 it was sold to the people in West Hebron, and removed there in 1859, and used as a Methodist church for some time.

The village of Coila lies partly in the town of Cambridge and partly in Jackson. It has been known by different names during its history; first it was Green settlement, so called because of early settlers of that name in the locality; subsequently it became Stevenson's Corners, in honor of William Stevenson, a prominent resident. Finally the name Coila was adopted by the inhabitants, who are mostly of Scotch descent. William Stevenson had a store here at an early day, and is reputed to have done a large business. After him came McNeil & McNaughton. John Gow was in business here in 1840. In 1806 a small tannery was erected by a man named Rich. The business passed into the hands of the Robertson family in 1816.

Buskirks Bridge derived its name from Martin Buskirk, one of the early settlers. He kept the pioneer tavern and built the first bridge across the stream at this point. Col. Lewis Van Wort, of Revolutionary fame, was an early settler here. The growth of the place has been on the Rensselaer side.

North Cambridge is a hamlet about four miles west of Cambridge. Esek Brownell was an early settler and storekeeper here. The

Methodist Episcopal society of the locality is connected with the Eastern circuit.

Center Cambridge lies about the center of the town, on the old "shunpike" road, and is surrounded by a rich and beautiful country. Among the early settlers in this part of the town were the Kenyons, Whitesides, Shermans, Allens, Skinners, Pratts, Hills, Willetts, Burrows and Millers. Joseph Palmer was an early storekeeper, and J. H. Hall was long connected with the place, and was the first postmaster, when the postoffice was established there in 1829. The station on the Greenwich & Johnsonville Railroad is about a mile west of this place.

TOWN OF FORT ANN.

Fort Ann is one of those historic towns of Washington County, whose soil was the theatre of human strife when the "Old French War" disturbed this region, and again when Burgoyne's devastating invasion swept from Whitehall to Fort Edward. The history of all the military operations, which occurred in this tract, have already been chronicled in the general history of the county, in our earlier pages, and here we trace the civil growth of the community. This town derives its name from the old fort built here in the early days and named after Queen Anne, the then reigning sovereign of England.

The fortification known as Fort Ann was erected in 1757, at the junction of Halfway Creek and Wood Creek, and was constructed on the stockade plan. The battle of July 8, 1777, occurred about a mile to the northeast. Upon the retreat of the Americans the fort was burned.

The present village of Fort Ann includes the place where the fort stood. Another fort, known as the Mud Fort, was built in 1769. It consisted merely of earthworks, and was abandoned shortly after it was constructed.

Besides the great military road from Fort Edward to Lake Champlain, another road was built from Queensbury to Fort Ann, during the later French wars, and a trail led from the latter place to the head of South Bay.

Fort Ann lies on the west side of the county, toward the northern part, and is the largest town in the county, containing 56,386 acres.

It is bounded on the north by Dresden, Whitehall and Lake George; on the east by Dresden, Whitehall and Granville; on the south by Hartford and Kingsbury, and on the west by Warren county and Lake George. The southern part of the town is rolling land, but the remainder is mountainous. Three ranges of hills traverse its surface and between them lie two fertile valleys. On the eastern side of the town is the range of hills known as the Fort Ann mountains. They begin near the Wood Creek valley, and run in a northerly direction to the head of South Bay; thence along the southeast shore of this bay to its junction with Lake Champlain. Prominent peaks in this range are Battle Hill, Pinnacle, Ore Bed and Saddle Mountains. All of these are rocky and precipitous. On this range is a large pond which lies one thousand feet above sea level. The Putnam Mountains traverse the central part of the town. This range rises just east of Fort Ann and runs north by northeast to the head of South Bay, continuing toward the north into Dresden. The principal peaks of this range are Mount Nebo, Peaked Mountain, Mount Hope and High Knob. Between this range and Fort Ann lies the beautiful valley of Welch Hollow, formerly known as Turtle Hollow.

The Palmertown Mountains run along the west side of the town and the eastern shore of Lake George. Sugar Loaf Mountain, on the line of Queensbury, and Buck Mountain, on the north, are the principal peaks. The latter is the highest peak in the town, rising to an altitude 2,500 feet. Diameter Precipice, on the north shore of South Bay, runs up to 1,300 feet, and is a rocky, almost perpendicular, precipice.

Several ponds, of various sizes, are scattered over the western part of the town. These are Ore Bed, Sly, Haddock, Copeland, Trout, Forge, Lake, Bacon, Round, Crossets, Thunder, Little and Three ponds. The principal streams in the town are Furnace Hollow Creek, Podunk Brook, Halfway Creek and Wood Creek. Kane's Falls are on Wood Creek, about a mile north of Fort Ann. The fall is about seventy feet in a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. These falls were named after Charles Kane, who secured this water power for a mill site in the early days. Iron ore is found in this town, and a large bed lies at the foot of Mount Nebo. This mine was worked from the year 1825 up to about 1877. Of late years iron mining has not promised a profit here, owing to the low price at which ore is laid down at manufacturing centers.

HENRY S. ROOT.

The territory of Fort Ann embraces all of the "Artillery Patent," which was granted to Joseph Walton and twenty-three other officers of the English army, October 24, 1764; this forms the southern part of the town; a part of the Lake George tract, lying in the western part; a portion of the Saddle Mountain tract, in the northeast, and the Westfield, Fort Ann and Ore Bed tract, in the central part of the town.

In 1773, two families—the Harrisons and Braytons—settled in the town of Fort Ann, and these were the only permanent settlers in the town prior to Burgoyne's raid, so far as there are authentic records. It is true that Major Skene had erected mills at Kane's Falls prior to the Revolution, but he was simply represented there by an agent, who could not be considered a permanent settler. As a matter of fact he did not become one. In the winter of 1781 Joseph Henegan, Isaiah Bennett, Hope Washburn, Ozias Colèman, John Ward, Joseph Bacon, George Scranton, Caleb Noble, Josiah Welch, Samuel Ward and Samuel Hurlburt, had settled on the "Artillery Patent." In 1784 we find the following settlers had joined the young community in this town: Silas Tracey, Elijah Backus, Andrew Stevenson, Joseph Kellogg and James Sloan. In 1785 came Mead Harvey, Nathaniel Osgood and Zephanniah Kingsley; and the following year Silas Child, Alpheus Spencer, Samuel Wilson, Elijah Bills, Israel Brown and Samuel Chapman were added. Other prominent early settlers were Benjamin Copeland, Anthony Haskins, Samuel Winegar, Thaddeus Dewey, George Wray, Daniel Comstock and Prentiss Brown. In 1791 Ephraim Griswold came into the town, looking for water power, and bought a large tract of land in the southwest corner of the town, and in that year, or the following one, he erected a gristmill. Some time afterwards this mill was moved farther down stream, and in a few years he built a forge for the manufacture of chains and anchors, which was operated by Elisha M. Forbes, his son-in-law. This was the nucleus of the present Griswold's Mills. A postoffice was established here in 1833, and Elisha M. Forbes was the first postmaster.

About the close of the Revolutionary War Jacob Van Wormer settled on the site of West Fort Ann, and built the first sawmill on Podunk Brook. In 1815 a gristmill was built by Stephen Palmer, which was burned down. In 1827, Mix, Haskins & Spalding erected a forge and anchor shop, which was continued in operation for a long time. A tannery was built by Warren Kingsley in 1843. The settle-

ment increased to a village, at first called Van Wormer's Village, but now West Fort Ann.

Fort Ann abounded in quaint names in the early days. The western part of the town was called "Hogtown," because the farmers turned their hogs into the woods to feed on acorns and nuts. Johnny-cake Corners is said to have received its name from the fact that the first mill ground little, if any, grain but corn. The southern part of Furnace Hollow was called "Podunk," from a tribe of Indians who came from the east and settled beside the ponds.

Fort Ann was formed, as the town of Westfield, March 23, 1786, and at that time included Putnam, Dresden and Hartford, as well as its present territory. Hartford was set off in 1793, and Putnam and Dresden, as one town, in 1806. In 1808 the name of Westfield was changed to Fort Ann, in memory of the old fort at the village.

The first town meeting was held January 22, 1781, at the house of John Ward, in the "Artillery Patent," and the first town officers were there elected, Isaiah Bennett being the first supervisor, and also the first town clerk. In 1784 another meeting was held and Ozias Coleman was elected supervisor, while Isaiah Bennett was re-elected town clerk. In 1785 Medad Harvey was chosen supervisor and Isaiah Bennett again was made town clerk.

On April 4, 1786, the first *regular* town meeting was held, and following are the names of the supervisors and town clerks from that time down to the year 1900:

Supervisors—1786, Stephen Spencer and Silas Child; 1787-1792, George Wray; 1793, Daniel Mason; 1794-95, George Wray; 1796, Ralph Coffin; 1797, Charles Kane; 1798, George Wray; 1799, Charles Kane; 1800, George Wray; 1801-05, Isaac Sargent; 1806-10, Zephaniah Kingsley; 1811, Reuben Baker; 1812-17, Zephaniah Kingsley; 1818-24, Lemuel Hastings; 1825-26, William A. Moore; 1827-29, Henry Thorn; 1830-31, Benjamin Copeland; 1832-37, Salmon Axtell; 1838, William Baker; 1839-40, Eben Broughton; 1841-42, James Rice; 1843, James Farr; 1844, George Clements; 1845, Eben Broughton; 1846, John Hillebert; 1847, Robert Hopkins; 1848, Salmon Axtell; 1849, Samuel Corning; 1850, Israel Thompson; 1851-52, John H. Thompson; 1853, William Weller; 1854, John M. Barnett; 1855, Isaac Clements; 1856, Hosea B. Farr; 1857, William S. Gardner; 1858, Hosea B. Farr; 1859-60, Alanson B. Axtell; 1861, A. H. Wheeler and Willis Swift; 1862-65, Alanson B. Axtell; 1866-67, William E. Brown; 1868-69, Alanson B. Axtell; 1870-71, Lyman Hall; 1872-73, Orson W. Sheldon; 1874-75, John C. Patterson; 1876, H. G. Sargent; 1877-79, Orson W. Sheldon; 1880-81, J. H. Garmon; 1882-83, Albert Johnson; 1884-86, John Hall; 1887, Orson W. Sheldon; 1888, Albert Johnson; 1889-90, Morris L. Robinson; 1891, Martin H. Adams; 1892-93, John H. Benton; 1894-96, Albert Johnson; 1897-98, M. W. Woodruff; 1899-1900, C. F. Goodman.

Town Clerks—1786, Isaiah Bennett; 1787-88, George Wray; 1789-90, Nathaniel Bull; 1791-92, George Wray; 1793, Asahel Hodge; 1794-97, Charles Kane; 1798, Isaac Sargent; 1799, Leonard Gibbs; 1800-11, Lemuel Hastings; 1812-16, Henry Thorn; 1817, Lemuel Hastings; 1818-29, Joseph M. Bull; 1830-32, Erastus D. Culver; 1833-35, John Sargent; 1836-38, John Sargent, Jr.; 1839, Albert L. Baker; 1840, Isaac Clements; 1841, Leander N. Burnell; 1842-43, John T. Cox; 1844-46, Horatio G. Shumway; 1847, Reuben Baker; 1848-52, Pelatiah Jakway; 1853, George S. Broughton; 1854, Elijah Stevens; 1855-56, George W. Miller; 1857, Henry Thorn; 1858, Lyman V. Davis; 1859, Leonard Corning; 1860, William E. Brown; 1861, Leonard Corning; 1862, James F. Thompson; 1863-65, William E. Brown; 1866, Orson W. Sheldon; 1867, William H. Piersons; 1868, Low Washbourne; 1869-71, Horatio W. Brown; 1872-73, Edward Corning; 1874, James E. Skinner; 1875, Edward Corning; 1876, Patrick Gill; 1877-78, A. H. Farrington; 1879-80, William Pitt Moore; 1881-89, Stephen C. Gibbs; 1890-93, Leonard Corning; 1894-1900, Clark E. Woodard.

It is interesting to note the change in franchise which has taken place since the close of the eighteenth century, and the records of the town of Fort Ann furnish material for such comparison. In 1795 Ozias Coleman and James Sloan took a census to ascertain the number of electors in the town, and also to establish what electors could vote for senators and assemblymen. At that time electors qualified to vote for senators had to be possessed of a freehold to the value of £100, and to vote for assemblymen the elector must have a freehold of the value of £20, or a rented property paying annually therefor the value of forty shillings.

Fort Ann Village was incorporated by an act of the legislature March 7, 1820, and its boundaries have been enlarged twice since that date. The first charter election was held at the schoolhouse, May 9, 1820, and thereat the following officers were chosen: William A. Moore, president; Lemuel Hastings, Henry Thorn, George Clark and John Root, trustees, in conjunction with the president; Amos T. Bush, treasurer. Following is the complete list of the presidents of the village from that date down to 1900:

Presidents—1820-22, William A. Moore; 1823-24, Ethan A. Fay; 1825-26, Joseph M. Bull; 1827-28, Lemuel Hastings; 1829, William A. Moore; 1830, George Clark; 1831-32, Matthias A. Pike; 1833, Moses Miller; 1834, Matthias A. Pike; 1835-36, George Clark; 1837, Moses Miller; 1838, George Clements; 1839, George Clark; 1840-41, John T. Cox; 1842, Abial W. Howard; 1843, William A. Moore; 1844-54, Abial W. Howard; 1855-60, F. L. Brayton; 1861-62, Willis Swift; 1863, Charles H. Adams; 1864, Willis Swift; 1865-66, F. L. Brayton; 1867, G. W. Hull; 1868-70, George P. Moore; 1871, John Hall; 1872, Willis Swift; 1873, Periam Sheldon; 1874, Pelatiah Jakway; 1875, David Rice; 1876, Pelatiah Jakway; 1877, Orville W. Sheldon; 1878-79, Eli Skinner; 1880, D. M. Empey; 1881, Pelatiah Jakway; 1882, Silas

P. Pike; 1883-84, James Gannon; 1885-86, O. W. Sheldon; 1887-88, H. C. Clements; 1889-90, Hiram Shipman; 1891-94, Isaac J. Finch; 1895-96, Leonard Corning; 1897, Edgar Wall, Jr.; 1898, Charles A. McGhel; 1899-1900, John Main.

Village Clerks—1820-22, J. M. Bull; 1823-29, Harvey Thorn; 1830, John T. Cox; 1831, John Hillebert; 1832, Joseph Bacon; 1833, H. D. Savage; 1834, F. C. Moon; 1835-36, Harvey Thorn; 1837, E. Broughton; 1838, E. Stephens; 1839, Harvey Thorn; 1840, F. C. Moon; 1841-42, Harvey Thorn; 1843, Joseph Bacon; 1844-47, H. G. Shumway; 1848-56, P. Jakway; 1857, S. P. Pike; 1858-61, John T. Cox; 1862, F. M. Empey; 1863-67, F. L. Brayton; 1868, H. W. Brown; 1869-70, D. P. Cooler; 1871, W. E. Brown; 1872, L. N. Baker; 1873-77, Eli Skinner; 1878, James E. Skinner; 1879-94, F. J. Baker; 1895-1900, C. E. Woodard.

The village of Fort Ann has a depot on the Delaware & Hudson Railroad; the Champlain Canal passes through it, and a daily stage connects it with Glens Falls. The postoffice was established in 1800, and George Clark was the first postmaster. The business carried on is mostly commercial, but there is a knitting and woolen mill conducted by Edgar Wall.

The village has three churches, Baptist, Methodist and Catholic. The Baptist Church was organized June 22, 1822, but had no regular pastor until 1824, when Rev. Bradbury Clay was installed. The congregation at first worshiped in the village school, but soon joined with the Methodists and Universalists in building a union church building, which they purchased in 1836. In 1874 they completed their present church building. Rev. J. W. Davis is the present pastor.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Fort Ann was organized about the same time as the Baptist Church, and in 1826 aided in building the union church. In 1837 they began a church of their own, which was completed in 1838. Rev. Mr. Gregg is the present pastor.

The Catholic Church at Fort Ann is in the Kingsbury parish, and Rev. J. J. O'Brien of Sandy Hill is the pastor.

Comstocks, a depot on the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, is in this town, and is notable as being the home of Hon. I. V. Baker.

South Bay, Kane's Falls and West Fort Ann, are the other notable places in the town.

The First Baptist Church of Fort Ann was organized in 1789, and the Rev. Sherman Babcock was the first pastor, joining his flock in 1790. In 1807 they built their first house of worship. In 1810 a new church building was commenced, but not completed until 1844. In 1858 the church edifice at Comstock's Landing was completed, which has since been the place of worship.

The Second Baptist Church of Fort Ann was organized in 1810 and may be said to have been an outgrowth of the First church. In 1868 they erected their house of worship at South Bay.

TOWN OF JACKSON.

The major portion of this town is made up from the Cambridge patent, which was a grant of 31,500 acres, made July 21, 1761, to Colden, Banyar, Smith, and others. This patent was bounded on the east by a line which left a long narrow strip of land between it and that section of the Battenkill which flows nearly due north. This strip of land along with territory to the south was embraced in the Schermerhorn or Anaquassacook patent, granted May 11, 1762. The original map and partition deed of this patent was dated October 26, 1763, and was drawn by John R. Bleeker, a surveyor. The lots were numbered from the north end of the narrow strip of land aforementioned and were twenty-five in number. This deed shows that lots No. 1, 8, 11, 18 and 23 were owned by Thomas Smith; lots No. 2, 10, 14, 19 and 25 by William Smith; lots No. 3, 7, 15, 16 and 22 by Johannes Quackenboss; lots No. 4, 6, 12, 17 and 21 by Ryer Schermerhorn; lots No. 5, 9, 13, 20 and 24 by Jacob and Barnardus Vrooman Schermerhorn.

This town is irregular in shape and rugged in conformation, yet it is an important agricultural part of the county. Its surface is largely drained by the Battenkill and its tributaries, no less than eight rivulets contributing to its waters. The largest of these is the outlet to Big Pond which lies nearly in the center of the territory embraced within the great northern bend of the Battenkill. Just south of this pond there are three others in a chain, namely, Dead Pond, McLean Pond and Long Pond. These ponds are drained southward into the Owl Kill which empties into the Hoosick river on the southern border of the county.

The hills in Jackson range in height from three hundred to eight hundred feet above the valleys, and there are many steep and rocky declivities.

Settlements were made in this town about the same time as in Cambridge, of which it was formerly a part, that is, between the years 1761 and 1765. The early pioneers were an intermingling of New Englanders, Scotch and Irish. Among the early arrivals, in

addition to those named upon the Anaquassacook Patent, were: Andrew Thompson, Ebenezer Billings, Obadiah Culver, Isaac Waters, Seth, Ebenezer, John and Nathaniel Crocker, Esquire Holmes, James Richardson, Joseph Valentine, James and John Telford, Mrs. Featheringame, Rev. Thomas Beveridge, Alexander Lourie, John Maxwell, Thomas and James Green, Joseph Archer, Robert Law, John Ferguson, Jonathan Dunham, Daniel McFarland, Robert Simpson, William McAuley, Moses Cowan, Edward McDowell and a Mr. Coulter, who came to this country from Ireland.

The town of Jackson was organized by an act of Legislature in 1815 and received its name in honor of Andrew Jackson. The first town meeting was held on the first Tuesday of April, 1816, and following are the names of the supervisors and town clerks of the town from that date down to the year 1900:

Supervisors—1816, James Irvin; 1817, David Campbell; 1818-19, Simon Stevens; 1820-21, Edward Cook; 1822, Simon Stevens; 1823, David Campbell; 1824, Edward Cook; 1825, Simon Stevens; 1826-27, Elisha Billings; 1828-29, James McNaughton; 1830-31, Thomas K. McLean; 1832, Elisha Billings; 1833-34, Peter Hill; 1835-36, Anderson Simpson; 1837-38, Elisha Billings; 1839-40, Thomas K. McLean; 1841, William S. Warner; 1842, James Thompson; 1843-44, William S. Warner; 1845-46, Samuel McDonald; 1847, R. Alexander, Jr.; 1848-52, James Thompson; 1853-55, William McMillan; 1856-57, Michael Kerr; 1858, Francis H. Arnott; 1859-60, Alex. Robertson; 1861-65, William Thompson; 1866-67, Thomas B. Lourie; 1868-69, George Arnott; 1870-71, James Hill; 1872-73, T. D. Oviatt; 1874-76, J. C. Simpson; 1877-78, W. H. Holden; 1879-80, Andrew M. Collins; 1881-82, John Weir; 1883-85, George L. Marshall; 1886-87, James Small; 1888-90, John H. McFarland; 1891-93, James W. Robertson; 1894-95, David A. Simpson; 1896-98, James Small; 1899-1900, Dallas W. Coulter.

Town Clerks—1816, Kirtland Warner; 1817, Solomon Dean; 1818, Robert Simpson; 1819, Arden Heath; 1820-21, William McGeoch; 1822, Arden Heath; 1823, Kirtland Warner; 1824-31, Arden Heath; 1832-34, John McMillan; 1835-37, Francis McLean; 1838-40, Samuel Oviatt; 1841-45, Richard Barton; 1846-48, Samuel Oviatt; 1849-50, Joel H. Corbit; 1851-52, William McMillan; 1853-54, Charles N. Button; 1855, John Ackley; 1856-61, J. C. Simpson; 1862-67, Alanson McLean; 1868-71, Thomas D. Oviatt; 1872, H. T. Hedges; 1873-74, D. A. Simpson; 1875, H. N. Dunham; 1876, A. C. Blanchard; 1877, George L. Marshall; 1878, Allen Stewart; 1879, James M. Simpson; 1880-92, Pliny P. Rich; 1893-95, E. M. Kerr; 1896-97, Eben N. Rich; 1898-1900, E. M. Kerr.

In the early records of the town we find entries of the birth and manumission of slaves, allowances for the poor, the establishment of pound for stray animals, etc. The town of Jackson is so located that it has no villages entirely within its territory, and its people worship

in churches situated in the villages which lie upon or just outside the borders. These churches are mentioned in the histories of their respective towns.

The road now forming the southwest boundary of the town is the route over which Baum's detachment of the British army moved in its advance upon Bennington. It is stated, upon the authority of Judge Gibson, that the band of French and Indians which, led by Major Rigaud de Vaudreul, destroyed Fort Massachusetts, on August 20, 1746, encamped in the town of Jackson on their return march. The site of this encampment is said to be the height between the two ponds. There is also a traditional account of a great battle between hostile Indian tribes on the soil of this town, and near the ponds, long before white men came into its forests.

TOWN OF HEBRON.

This town lies in the middle east of Washington county, and part of its territory forms the watershed dividing the Pawlet, Black Creek and Moses Kill. This ridge lies in the northwest part of the town and extends into Hartford. A broad mountain range traverses the center of the town of Hebron, occupying nearly one-half its entire territory, and a series of hills extends through the eastern and western sections. The summits of these hills are from three hundred to five hundred feet above the valleys, through which flow the Black Creek and its tributaries. The town is bounded on the north by Hartford and Granville, on the east by the state of Vermont, on the south by Salem and on the west by Argyle and Hartford.

This town was originally formed from the following grants or patents: The Campbell, Kempe, Linnott's, Blundell's, De Forest, De Conti, Farrant, Sheriff, Williams and the grant made to commissioned British officers, mostly of the Seventy-seventh Highland Scotch Regiment. This was an infantry regiment and served seven years in America. When the King's proclamation was published, entitling every soldier to a tract of land, those remaining in this country promptly applied for grants, and several of them actually settled along Indian River about the year 1774.

The Campbell Patent was a grant really made to Lieutenant Nathaniel McCulloch, and sold by him to Duncan Campbell, June 11,

1765. In 1771 Campbell sold one-half of the grant, and the other half was, afterwards, confiscated by the state, on account of the treason of Campbell.

The first settlement was made in Hebron about 1769 or 1770, by David Whedon, John Hamilton and Robert Creighton. In 1771 Robert Wilson and Captain John Hamilton purchased one-half of the Campbell tract. In 1772 John and Joseph Hamilton, Robert, Thomas, James and John Wilson, and David Hopkins settled upon the same patent. In the same year came Amos and Samuel Tyrrell. The northern and eastern parts of the town were settled mostly by New Englanders, and the southern and western portions by Protestant Irish and Scotch. Owing to the configuration of the land the settlers were divided into several distinct neighborhoods, among the hills, and intercourse was not easy. Other early settlers were: James Lytle, Samuel Crossett, James Wilson, Alexander Webster, Alexander McClellan, George McKnight, Robert, Adam, David and John Getty, William Porter, Josiah Parish and Isaac Lytle, before the Revolutionary War. Archibald Woodward settled in the town during the Revolutionary War, and Thomas, Joshua and Clark Rogers, three brothers, came in the year 1787. The Livingston family came from Ireland soon after Dr. Clark, and settled in Salem, whence they moved into Hebron. In the County Civil List, and among the town officers, the names of other early settlers are to be found.

Hebron did not suffer from the Revolutionary War, as did some of the other towns of the county; it did not lie in the zone of conflict, yet some of the settlers enlisted in the patriot army and, as in every other part of the country, some of them were Tories and held by the king. Yet the town was not so fortunate during the boundary dispute over the Hampshire grants, all of which has been recorded in its proper place; and it was only a short distance south of East Hebron that Charles Hutchinson was driven from his home by the Vermonters, Allen and Baker. This story also has been recorded, and is to be found in the history of the town of Salem.

The tract of country, now constituting the town of Hebron, was at first known as the district of Black Creek, and the records of annual meetings begin with the year 1784, although the town, as such, dates its existence from 1786. The name Hebron was given this town after Hebron, Connecticut, but this and other such names can be traced

remotely to the Puritan settlers of New England and their love for Scripture names:

The complete list of supervisors and town clerks follows:

Supervisors—1784, Warham Gibbs, Samuel Crossett; 1785, Captain John Hamilton; 1785, Captain Nathan Smith; 1786, Alexander Webster; 1786, Captain John Hamilton; 1787-90, Alexander Webster; 1790, John Hamilton; 1791-92, Alexander Webster; 1793-1800, Dr. David Long; 1801-03, William Livingston; 1804-07, Henry Mattison; 1808, David Hopkins; 1809-12, Henry Mattison; 1813, Daniel McDonald; 1814, Henry Mattison; 1815, William Townsend; 1816, George Webster; 1817-21, William Townsend; 1822, Foster Foot; 1823-25, John McDonald; 1826-30, William Townsend; 1831-33, Henry Bull; 1834-36, Israel McConnell; 1837-40, Simeon D. Webster; 1841, Isaac Wilson; 1842-43, John Armitage; 1844, John Brown, Jr.; 1845-46, Simeon D. Webster; 1847, John Brown; 1848-49, William J. Bockes; 1850-51, George W. White; 1852, John Armitage; 1853, S. D. Webster; 1854, William Case; 1855, Almon C. Wood; 1856, Stephen M. Ingersoll; 1857, S. D. Webster; 1858-59, S. E. Spoor; 1860, David Johnson; 1861-62, William Armstrong; 1863-67, N. Reynolds; 1868-70, John M. Rea; 1871, John Brown; 1872-73, W. J. McClellan; 1874-75, Chester L. Getty; 1876-77, George Rea; 1878, Richard H. Durham; 1879, John R. Nelson; 1880-81, Edward L. Coy; 1882-83, Andrew L. Blueridge; 1884-85, Henry Welch; 1886-87, Harvey Reynolds; 1888-89, John F. McClellan; 1890-91, William Reid; 1892-93, Harvey Reynolds; 1894-97, Philip McEachron; 1898-1900, Alexander Gourley.

Town Clerks—1784-85, David Hopkins; 1786-87, William Shepard; 1788-1809, William McClellan; 1810-12, William Townsend; 1813, William McClellan; 1814, William Townsend; 1815, W. Livingston; 1816-17, William McClellan; 1818, Robert McClellan; 1819-30, John H. Northrup; 1831-34, Simeon D. Webster; 1835-36, David Martin; 1837, William B. Bliven; 1838-40, John Armitage; 1841-43, Charles Webster; 1844, John J. Nelson; 1845, John Armitage; 1846-47, James Hewitt; 1848, Franklin Day; 1849, J. McKnight; 1850, Eli Wilson; 1851, James B. Wilson; 1852-53, L. Smith; 1854, George Rea; 1855, Henry McFadden; 1856, James B. Wilson; 1857-58, John Shaw; 1859, George Rea; 1860-62, Albert W. Cary; 1863-64, Franklin H. Smith; 1865, James Barkley; 1866-67, James R. Munson; 1868-69, F. H. Smith; 1870, H. McIntyre; 1871-73, Leander Cole; 1874-75, George D. McKnight; 1876-77, J. R. Munson; 1878-79, James McCloy; 1880-82, John T. McClellan; 1883, Leander Cole; 1884-88, Theodore Copeland; 1889-90, Leander Cole; 1891, Herbert Coy; 1892-93, Frank Gibson; 1894-98, John Wilson; 1899-1900, Orlin E. Oatman.

The town meetings were held in the houses of residents, up to the year 1840, at least, and we find that, like the early inhabitants of other towns of the county, the town fathers were zealous in passing by-laws looking toward the good conduct of all members of the community. It also appears, by the records, that slaves were owned in this town into the beginning of the nineteenth century.

West Hebron is the largest village in the town. It lies in the southwestern part, and at the junction of the two branches of Black Creek.

The water power at this point induced early settlement, and Beveridge's sawmill was in operation here in the early days, and about the same time Garret Quackenbush had a small gristmill. The postoffice was established in 1816, with George Getty as the first postmaster. In 1866 Rae & McDowell built their starch mill. Lumber, cheese boxes and marble industries have been carried on for some time.

The village of Belcher is said to have been named after Belchertown, Massachusetts. A postoffice was established here in 1850, with W. Cleveland as postmaster.

Other hamlets in the town are East Hebron, North Hebron, Slateville, and Chamberlin's Mills. The last named place was one of the early business points in the town. The water power here was originally owned by Wilson, Hamilton & Hopkins, and Asa Putnam had a cloth-dressing mill here prior to 1800.

The Hebron United Presbyterian Church[1] was organized about the year 1790, and under the title of the First Presbyterian Congregation of Hebron, under the inspection of the Associate Reformed Synod, and having a membership af seventy-five members.

From 1764 to 1777 Dr. Clark labored in Salem; and during his regime, and that of his successor, Rev. James Proudfit, societies were formed in adjoining towns, and thus Presbyterianism was firmly ingrafted over a considerable territory in Washington County.

The first meeting of the First Presbyterian Congregation in Hebron was held December 13, 1791, for the purpose of electing trustees and to decide upon a suitable location for a church edifice. They had already secured a charter of incorporation, giving them the aforementioned title, but before they could obtain a charter from the Legislature they had to have, in actual possession, a farm of 119 acres of land for a parsonage, and not less than one acre and twenty rods for a church site. They secured the land a short distance east of their church lot, and in a short time made the building thereon suitable for a parsonage. The contract for building the church was given to John Bolton and Gideon Woods of Salem, to put up the frame and finish the first floor, with the exception of the pulpit, the congregation furnishing the material. The contract price was £130. At the "raising" of the church William Lytle was detailed to furnish one barrel of

[1] The facts and much of the diction in this record are taken from the history of this church by Elder William Robinson.

good rum for the occasion, while a reliable man was to deal it out, allowing none more than five drinks a day. Owing to the weight of the frame it became necessary to have five gallons more before finishing. Of course it took more than one day to complete the job.

When the church was so far completed that it could be used, one of the most important officers elected was a collector to gather in the pew rents. It seems his services were considered a necessity. It was also an annual custom, in the early days of the church, to appoint one or two persons, whose duty it should be to arouse with their ensign of office—a long stick—any who habitually indulged in sleep during the service.

Rev. John Mairs was the first regular pastor of this church, and received his official call September 27, 1793. He was notable for his lengthy discourses, two of which would take up nearly the whole Sabbath day, but this was a characteristic of almost all preachers in the early days. On December 16, 1794, Mr. Mairs became pastor of the Argyle congregation and was succeeded by Rev. James Gray, A. M., in 1798, after an interregnum of over three years. After Rev. Mr. Gray came Rev. Alexander Dunham in 1806; the church having been without a regular pastor for three years. Mr. Dunham remained until 1823, and six months after his resignation Rev. James McAulley was installed, who remained until 1835, and Rev. Jasper Middlemas succeeded him the following year.

During his pastorate the church was disrupted and he resigned under pressure. That part of the congregation favorable to him had previously withdrawn, but without injury to the cause of religion, it would appear, for, like twigs blown from the parent willow, they took root and sprang up into a new church—the Second Associate Congregation of West Hebron.

Mr. Middlemas was succeeded, in 1839, by Rev. Alexander Shand, who remained until 1850. The church was then without a pastor for three years, and in 1853 Rev. Joseph Kimball was installed, who remained until 1856. During his pastorate the church still in use was built. Rev. G. H. Robertson was the next pastor and remained two years, being succeeded in 1860 by Rev. Isaac N. White, who remained three years. In June, 1867, Rev. John R. Fisher was installed, and he remained until 1874. In 1875 Rev. Thomas Wylie became the regular pastor, whose health compelled his resignation the following

year. He was succeeded by Rev. John Hood, whose pastorate was short. He demitted his charge in 1881.

In 1881 the present incumbent, Rev. Willard S. McEachron, became pastor. His stated labors began November 13th, and he was ordained and installed December 27th of that year. He was then quite a young man and undertaking a responsible and arduons task, considering it was in his home community, but he has been eminently successful. A local writer had said of him: "Mr. McEachron combines earnestness and solemnity with superior talents and ability. He is a pleasant and persuasive speaker. In his attendance upon the sick throughout his extended charge, he often endangers his own health, that he may administer the comforts of the Gospel to the believer, and reclaim the impenitent."

On October 14, 1885, Rev. Mr. McEachron married Carrie P. Harsha of Cambridge, N. Y. She died October 9, 1889, aud regarding her the same writer has said:

"She was a lady endowed with excellent judgment and many accomplishments, which enabled her to be an invaluable assistant in the position she was called to fill. In that position her endowments shone most conspicuously, but above all her life was devoted to the cause of her Saviour. None knew her but respected and loved her for her personal worth and many Christian excellencies. On every occasion she endeavored to aid and encourage her husband in the work to which he is called. She was especially solicitous that the young might become active workers in the Church."

The United Presbyterian Church of West Hebron dates its existence back to 1799, in which year a meeting was held at the house of Andrew Beveridge. Rev. Robert Lang of Argyle preached one-fourth of the time in 1807 and from 1808 to 1823 Rev. Peter Bullions similarly officiated. Rev. James Irvin was pastor from 1824 to 1831, and was the first regular pastor. The first church building was completed in 1802 and was replaced by another and more modern one in 1831 and repaired in 1859. The parsonage was built in 1860.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of West Hebron had its inception in 1859 with a class of nine members. The society bought and moved the Ashgrove church building from Cambridge over to West Hebron and used it until they built their own church. The society was for a time associated with the Belcher church from which it separated and

became incorporated as a separate body in 1869. A new church edifice was erected in 1874.

The Baptist Church of North Hebron began with meetings held in this village by Rev. Amasa Brown of Hartford in 1816, and the church was constituted January 1, 1818.

A church edifice was erected in 1826 which was remodelled in 1873.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at Belcher was organized in 1836, although class meetings had been held for some time. This organization at first included the Methodists of Hartford and Argyle which places had no church at that time. The church grew rapidly and Hartford and Argyle became separate charges; still the Belcher church continued to grow and the West Hebron branch became an offshoot. The first church edifice was erected in 1836 and in 1875 it was moved into the village and remodelled.

The Reformed Presbyterian congregation of West Hebron originated under this name, in the town of Hartford early in the century. It was reorganized on August 29, 1866, at West Hebron. They secured the brick church formerly occupied by the Associate Presbyterian Congregation.

The Second Advent Church was organized January 1, 1851, but the Adventists had held meetings for two years prior to that time. They built their church in 1852 and their Sunday school was organized in 1853.

The West Hebron Classical School was chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, March 22, 1855, and the North Hebron Institute was opened in 1850.

TOWN OF PUTNAM.

This town lies in the extreme north of Washington County and is entirely within the isthmus that separates Lake George from Lake Champlain. Its surface is rocky and mountainous, and its three ranges of hills include the valleys of Charter Brook and Mill Brook. The western range rises abruptly from the waters of Lake George and some of its peaks attain an altitude of 1,000 feet above the level of the lake. The most prominent of these is Anthony's Nose, situated just where Lake George bends sharply to the eastward, on its way to join Lake Champlain. The northern point lies partly in Ticonderoga, and is the historic Mount Defiance, prominent in the wars of

the eighteenth century. Another range of hills runs along the eastern part of the town, a short distance from the shore of Lake Champlain, and another range traverses the central part of the town.

On the shores of Lake George are two beautiful bays, Blair Bay and Gull Bay. In the southern part of the town there is a small sheet of water called Mud Pond, which lies three hundred feet above Lake George. About two-thirds of the surface of the town is too rough and rocky for cultivation, but the tillable portions are fertile and productive.

A graphite mine of superior quality was opened in the southern part of the town years ago, and a mill was built to manufacture it into a marketable commodity, but the project did not prove remunerative and was abandoned. Recently, however, there has been considerable interest manifested in the graphite wealth of the town and outside capitalists have done some prospecting among the hills.

The town of Putnam is bounded on the north by Essex County, on the south by Dresden, on the west by Lake George, and on the east by Lake Champlain. It was formerly a part of Westfield, now Fort Ann, and was erected into a separate town, February 28, 1806. It was named Putnam after the famous General Israel Putnam. In 1806 its territory also comprised the present town of Dresden, which was set off in 1822.

The first town meeting was held at the residence of James Burnet April 4, 1806, and following is the list of supervisors and town clerks from that date down to 1900:

Supervisors—1806-10, John Gourly; 1811-12, James Burnet; 1813-15, Robert Cummings; 1816-17, Alex. McLaughlin; 1818-19, David Congdon; 1820, Alex. McLaughlin; 1821, David Congdon; 1822-25, Peter Hutton; 1826-29, Robert Easton; 1830, Alex. McLaughlin; 1831-34, Alex. Robertson; 1835, Andrew Meiklejohn; 1836, Robert Wright; 1837, Alex. Robertson; 1838-39, James Blair; 1840-41, William Hutton; 1842-43, William G. Corbet; 1844-45, John Wright; 1846, John Backus; 1847-48, Alexander Wiley; 1849, William G. Corbet; 1850-51, Robert Paterson, Jr.; 1852-53, D. Williamson, Jr.; 1854-55, James McLaughlin; 1856-57, John Gourly; 1858-59, James Leidgerwood; 1860-61, Henry Beldin; 1862-63, A. G. Meiklejohn; 1864-65, Anthony Anderson; 1866-67, William McArthur; 1868-69, Arnold Hulett; 1870-71, Thomas Leilley; 1872-73, William McArthur; 1874, Thomas Leidgerwood; 1875-76, Robert P. Graham; 1877-78, Henry D. Easton; 1879-80, William Graham; 1881-84, George W. Thompson; 1885-86, James Blair; 1887-88, D. E. Higgins; 1889-90, R. P. Graham; 1891, G. F. Burnett; 1892, George G. Burnett; 1893-97, D. C. Easton; 1898-1900, John G. McArthur.

Town Clerks—1806-17, George Willey; 1818-19, Truman Clark; 1820, George Willey; 1821, Anthony D. Welch; 1822-23, George Willey; 1824-25, Abel Comstock; 1826-28, Alex. Robertson; 1829-31, George Willey; 1832-33, Daniel Williamson; 1834, James Blair; 1835-38, George Willey; 1839, William Hutton; 1840-42, George Willey; 1843, William M. Wiley; 1844, William E. Woodstock; 1845-47, William G. Corbet; 1848, James Bennett; 1849-50, James McLaughlin; 1851-54, William G. Corbet; 1855, George Easton; 1856-57, D. Williamson, Jr.; 1858, James McLaughlin; 1859-61, D. Williamson, Jr.; 1862, Alex. C. Thompson; 1863-65, D. Williamson, Jr.; 1866, William McLaughlin, Jr.; 1867, D. Williamson, Jr.; 1868-83, Charles W. Williamson; 1884-85, D. A. Higgins; 1886-88, Frank Dedrick; 1889-96, C. W. Williamson; 1897-1900, G. E. Dedrick.

The territory embraced by this town was composed of two tracts, namely, Turner's Patent and Hutton's Bush. The former lay in the western part of the town, the latter in the eastern part. Hutton's Bush was so named after William Hutton, who was an early settler. It appears that a man named Hodgson came to this part of the country to examine the land, and returning to Scotland sold the tract to William Hutton & Co. Hutton came to America and resided at Whitehall for a time before settling upon the tract, which he retained, after a lawsuit with another claimant named John Williams. Hutton, his lawyer, a man named Dickinson, of Lansingburgh, and William Cockburn, who surveyed the tract, divided it equally; Dickinson taking the northern part, Hutton the center and Cockburn the southern part.

The first settlement was made in Putnam, near the center of the town, by Joseph Haskins, a squatter, who built a log house on lot No. 22. He came about 1782, and subsequently acquired a title to his land. After him came William Hutton in 1784, George Easton in 1785, and soon afterwards several others, among whom were: Robert Cummings, Alexander Corbet, Alexander McLaughlin, James Burnet, John Gourlie, Pelatiah Bugbee, William Jones, George Wiley, James McArthur, Luther Gaut, George Rickert, Aaron Backus, Christopher Burgess, Levi Harrington, Asahel Harrington, Abiathar Odell, Samuel Rogers, Philo Rogers, Samuel McCarl, Dyer Perry, Jonas Odell, Josiah Clark, Leman Bunce, Frederick Dedrick, John Hale, Luke Welch, Ephraim Case, Peleg Durfee, John Butterfield, Ords B. Johnson and John Hale, Jr. These came in between the years 1786 and 1803.

Regarding the early settlement of the extreme northern part of the town there is a curious legend that it was first settled by negroes;

hence the name Black Point. Tradition says that it was once owned by a man known as "Black Prince," and it is stated that a Prince Taylor once lived there, who was the same personage.

Putnam Academy was built in 1854, the land for its site being donated by George Easton.

The Free Will Baptist Church of Putnam was organized April 7, 1823, by Elder Sylvester Robinson, assisted by Elder John S. Carter and Deacon Gideon Carter. Elder Carter was the first pastor and officiated until 1825, when he was succeeded by Abraham Shear. This church passed through its share of vicissitudes; in its earlier days Elder Carter joined the Mormons and the congregation dwindled and grew again several times. The society was not incorporated until 1860, although they had a church edifice as early as 1841. In 1858 a parsonage was built on a site leased from Deacon John Backus.

The United Presbyterian Church of Putnam, N. Y., was not organized until 1803, although they are reputed to have held meetings before the year 1800. In 1803 a meeting was held at the house of William Hutton, under the authority of the Associate Presbytery of Cambridge, and at this meeting a church was organized. For several years, however, the preaching was irregular, but in 1819 they had a regular pastor, Rev. James Miller. The first church building was completed in 1817, and had been eleven years in course of construction. In 1817 this church was replaced by a fine substantial building.

TOWN OF WHITEHALL.

Whitehall is one of the most historic towns in the county. It lies in the northeastern part of the county and is bounded on the east by Hampton, on the west by Fort Ann, on the south by Fort Ann and Granville, on the north and northwest by South Bay, Lake Champlain and the Poultney River. On its western side, and along the head of the lake, this town is rugged, but the central and eastern portions are rolling land. It is drained by Wood Creek and the Pawlet River, both of which enter from the south and after a northerly course unite in a single stream which, under the name of Wood Creek, enter the harbor at Whitehall.

In the Indian wars between the Iroquois and the Hurons and other tribes of Canadian Indians, Lake Champlain and the Hudson River were a natural military highway, for long ages before the white man

saw their waters; and when England and France were battling for supremacy in the new world many of their expeditions traversed the same route. These operations have been detailed at length in the earlier pages of this work, and to them the reader is referred for the fullest and best information relating thereto.

The first settlement in Whitehall was made by Major Philip Skene, a half-pay officer of the English army. He settled here, along with about thirty families who accompanied him. This was in the year 1761. After settling his colony he went to the West Indies and brought back a number of negro slaves. On his return he found that about half of his settlers had abandoned their land, and the remainder were greatly discontented. But it seems he was not discouraged by this state of affairs, for he spent his own money in improvements and secured a royal patent for 25,000 acres of land on March 13, 1765. He vigorously prosecuted the work of establishing his colony upon a permanent basis, made extensive improvements, and with his negroes and some discharged soldiers, built a sloop to ply upon the lake, which greatly facilitated transportation. He also built a sawmill and a gristmill at the falls on Wood Creek, and erected a stone mansion for himself. But his energy is, perhaps, best illustrated in his work of opening up a road from Whitehall to Salem.

Whitehall was at first called Skenesborough, taking its name from its enterprising founder. "Skene's barn," a massive stone building, was erected by him, but it has long since disappeared. The keystone to the arch of the gateway to this structure was placed in the wall of the old Episcopal church when it was erected in 1837.

When the Revolutionary War broke out Major Skene was in England, and it being currently reported that he was favorable to the King's cause, the Americans determined to break up his settlement. So, on May 13, 1775, Captain Herrick, with a party of volunteers, marched into Skenesborough and took it without opposition. Skene's son, fifty settlers and twelve slaves were taken prisoners. Soon after this General Schuyler occupied Skenesborough as his headquarters, and it was held by the patriots for more than two years. When Burgoyne came in 1777 he occupied the Skene mansion, and Skene acted as his host. After the war Skene's lands were confiscated.

Among she early settlers in the town we mention Zebulon Fuller, Daniel Brundage, Elisha Martin, Levi Stockwell, Zebulon Tubbs, Robert Wilson, Josiah Farr, John Connor, James Burroughs, Silas

Childs, Nathaniel Earle, Jeremiah Burroughs, Joseph Daniel, Samuel Wilson, William Gordon, John Gault, Gideon Taft, Cornelius Jones, Thomas Wilson, William Higley, Levi Falkenburg, Joel Adams, Thomas Lyon, George Douglass, Samuel Hatch, Rufus Whitford, Simeon Hotchkiss, John Cogswell, Stephen Knowles, Joseph Bishop, Thomas McFarren, Ephraim Thomas, Andrew Law, Enoch Wright, Lemuel Bartholomew, Stephen Parks, Silas Baker, Isaac Warner.

Skenesborough was erected into a township March 13, 1765, but there is no record of municipal organization until 1778. In that year the first town meeting was held and Daniel Brundage and Levi Stockwell were elected supervisors and James Burroughs town clerk. In 1779 Daniel Brundage was again elected supervisor, in 1780 Levi Stockwell. Silas Childs served in 1782-3, and James Burroughs and Silas Childs in 1784. In 1786 the name of Skenesborough was changed to Whitehall.

Following is a list of the supervisors of the town since that date:

Supervisors—Daniel Earll and John Adams; 1787, Jeremiah Burroughs; 1788-91, Cornelius Jones; 1792, Thomas Lyon; 1793, Daniel Earll; 1794-97, Jeremiah Burroughs; 1798-99, Nathaniel Earle; 1800-1814, Daniel Earll; 1815, Daniel Earll; 1816-20, Melancthon Wheeler; 1821-23, Daniel Earll; 1834-40, George Barney; 1841-42, Elisha A. Martin; 1843-44, Dennis Jones; 1845-48-49, John H. Boyd; 1846-47, Philander C. Hitchcock; 1850, Daniel S. Wright; 1851-52, Oliver Bascom; 1853-54, Olif Abell; 1855-56, Alwyn Martin; 1857, Randolph C. Johnson; 1858-59, Julio T. Buel; 1860-61, Taylor Manville; 1862-63, Samuel Benjamin; 1864-65, Oliver Bascom; 1866, A. H. Tanner; 1867-69, Elisha A. Martin; 1870-71, George Brett; 1872, S. T. Cook; 1873-74, George Brett; 1875-77, Warren F. Bascom; 1878-80, S. C. Bull; 1881, Augustus P. Cooke; 1882-83, James Spencer; 1884-85, Thomas A. Lillie; 1886-88, A. J. Long; 1889-93, Rufus R. Davis; 1894-98, Charles J. Barker; 1899-1900, Evander M. Finch.

Town Clerks—1786, Isaac Banks; 1787-91, B. Richardson; 1792-93, Asa Noyes; 1794-97, George Ackley; 1798-1802, Gideon Taft; 1803, George Ackley; 1804-7, Gideon Taft; 1808-15, Nathaniel Hall; 1816-21, Nathan Hall; 1822, Justin Smith; 1823-25, Nathan Hall; 1826-30, Gideon Taft; 1831, Julian G. Buel; 1832, Gideon Taft; 1833, James G. Caldwell; 1834-35, Edward W. Parker; 1836-40, Gideon Taft; 1841-44, Andrew Anderson; 1845-47, Robert Doig; 1848-49, Henry Gibson; 1850-54, Horatio N. Parker; 1855-56, Franklin Bascom; 1857, D. L. Falkenbury; 1858, Albert G. Bristol; 1859, D. L. Falkenbury; 1860, George Hall; 1861-67, Charles C. Rich; 1868-71, Heman C. Allen; 1872, J. F. Clark; 1873, James M. Wood; 1874-77, Lewis K. Pierce; 1878, E. J. Baldwin; 1879-80, O. A. Manville; 1881, F. A. Hotchkiss; 1882, O. A. Manville; 1883, E. P. Newcomb; 1884, O. A. Manville; 1885, E. W. Clark; 1886-88, P. W. Barry; 1889-92, R. A. Chapin; 1893, C. J. Barker; 1894-97, George D. Cull; 1898-1900, A. H. Taft.

The East Whitehall Methodist Episcopal Church is the oldest religious organization in Whitehall and one of the oldest of this denomination in the county. In 1788 Samuel Wigdon was appointed to the Champlain Circuit; in 1791 meetings began in the houses of residents and in 1796 a church organization was formed under the celebrated Lorenzo Dow, who was the first pastor. In 1801 this church was included in the Brandon Circuit and in 1822 the Whitehall Circuit was formed. In 1826 a church edifice was erected.

VILLAGE OF WHITEHALL.

The very early history of this village is inwoven in that of the town and has been noticed in connection therewith. Up to 1790 there was little growth, the hamlet, as it then was, containing less than a dozen houses. A postoffice was established in 1796, but even then the population was inconsiderable and the growth for many years appears to have been slow because the locality was reputed to be unhealthy.

When the War of 1812 broke out Whitehall again became a supply station and, to some extent, a strategic point. Government storehouses were built and fortifications upon the hill were mounted with artillery, while barracks were constructed for the troops garrisoned there. It was the rendezvous of the little army raised to resist Provost's advance on Plattsburg in 1814, and after the victory of McDonough on September 14, 1814, his squadron with the prizes anchored in East Bay a short distance below the village, where they remained, side by side, until they decayed and sank at their moorings. In 1814 entrenchments and a magazine were erected upon Taft's Island below the village; of these there can scarcely be said to be a trace remaining.

As soon as the war was over the village began to grow and some good buildings, for that day, were erected. Among them were Anthony Rock's hotel, Henry Wiswell's block, the Bellamy House, James H. Hooker's store and Captain Archibald Smith's store, both of which had brick fronts and these were the first brick buildings in the village. James H. Hooker also had a sawmill and a gristmill and there was also a fulling mill and a stave mill in the village at that time.

In 1820 Whitehall became an incorporated village. In 1822 the Champlain Canal was opened between Fort Edward and Lake Cham-

plain and in the same year The Whitehall Emporium, the first newspaper of the village was established. In 1824 the Marquis de Lafayette visited Whitehall and was received with all the display and hospitality the village could command. He came from Burlington on the steamer Phœnix.

Whitehall is largely indebted to the steamboat navigation upon Lake Champlain for its commercial prosperity. The navigation of the lake terminates at this point where its carriers are met by the Delaware & Hudson Railroad and the Champlain Canal. The first steamer to ply upon the lake was the "Vermont," which was built at Vergennes about the year 1810.

This vessel plied between Whitehall and St. Johns, but was sunk by an accident in 1817. The "Phœnix" was built in 1816 and owned by the Champlain Transportation Company. She was destroyed by fire in 1819. The "Champlain" was also owned by this company and was built in 1816, but was burned in Whitehall harbor in 1817. The "Congress" was built in 1819 and ran upon the lake until worn out. In 1822 a second "Phœnix" was put on the lake, but an engine, too strong for her, brought about her ruin. Others beside the Champlain Transportation Company embarked in the carrying trade and the "Franklin," the "Winooski," the "Burlington," the "Whitehall," "Francis Saltus," "Canada," and other steamers were put upon the lake and the transportation business continued to grow until it has attained its present proportions.

The Northern Transportation Company was established in 1857 and the Whitehall Transportation Company in 1867. Further information on this subject will be found in the article relating to Henry G. Burleigh, who was a potent factor in the carrying trade on the lake for many years.

The port of Whitehall first received official recognition in January, 1849, when it was included in an act of Congress, as such, and on March 2, 1849, President Polk issued a proclamation extending certain privileges to the "Port of Whitehall." On March 16, 1850, the laws relating to Whitehall were revised and consolidated by an act which also gave it incorporation with its present limits, but the charter was again amended in the years 1853, 1859, 1869 and 1876.

The village records are obtainable only as far back as 1861.

Following are the names of the presidents of the village from that date:

1861-67, A. H. Hall; 1868, W. J. Smith; 1869, A. Martin; 1870-72, D. G. Percival; 1873, James Doren; 1874, W. F. Bascom; 1875, N. Z. Baker; 1876-77, E. A. Martin; 1878-81, Martin Sawyer; 1882, William G. Stufflebean; 1883, Elisha A. Martin; 1884, Roland E. Bascom; 1885, W. G. E. Wood; 1886, James Spencer; 1887, Warren F. Bascom; 1888-89, James Doren; 1890-94, Oscar F. Davis; 1895, Edward P. Newton; 1896-97, E. F. Horton; 1898-99, Horace A. Stevens; 1900, Nathan E. Foote.

The names of the village clerks for the same period are:

1861-63, A. J. Long; 1864, Walter Warner; 1865-67, W. A. Wilkins; 1868-69, T. S. McLachlin; 1870, T. A. Patterson; 1871, Charles Farmer, Jr.; 1872, William P. Lamb; 1873-81, D. C. Smith; 1882, James H. Burdett; 1883-84, D. C. Smith; 1885, George D. Cull; 1886, T. A. Patterson; 1887-88-89-91, Charles J. Barker; 1890, Seymour A. Conery; 1892-93, Oliver B. Bascom; 1894-97, Augustus R. Stevens; 1898, Howard S. Macy; 1899-1901, Augustus R. Stevens.

The falls of Wood Creek furnish a natural water power of large force and are located favorably for Whitehall, being not only within the village, but closely adjacent to the navigable waters of the lake. After the mills, already mentioned, had been displaced by the canal, a clothing mill was started by a man named Millard. In 1848 this mill was purchased by William Wait, who refitted it and began the manufacture of ingrain carpets. It was burned down in 1864. This fire was quite extensive and involved a serious loss to Whitehall, consuming not only this important industry, but also Cozzens' grist and sawmills, the sash and door factory of Crampton & Abell, and the foundry and machine shop of M. V. B. Bull.

In 1837 W. W. Cook erected a steam sawmill and planing mill, which were burnt in 1842 and rebuilt in 1843-4. They were subsequently burned down again and the present mills erected. Mr. Cook also had a planing mill on Canal street, which was burned down. D. G. Percival built a planing mill and O. F. Blunt began to operate it in 1852. It subsequently passed into the hands of Manville, Hall & Co., and later back to Mr. Percival. The Ames sash, door and blind factory was built about 1868, and the steam sawmill of Polly, Osgood & Co. was put in operation in 1873. In 1867 D. P. Nye started up a flour mill and soon after a foundry. The principal industries of Whitehall at present are: The Champlain Silk Mill, the Burdett & Havens Lumber Company, the Whitehall Lumber Company, Alexander Williamson's Sash, Door and Blind Factory.

The old National Bank of Whitehall was chartered as the Bank of Whitehall in 1829, and opened its doors for business in 1831. It be-

came a national bank under its present name May 4, 1865, with a capital of $100,000. The Merchants National Bank of Whitehall was chartered as the Bank of Whitehall in 1873, and changed to a national bank, with its present name, March 12, 1875, with a capital of $150,000.

Comparatively early in its history Whitehall set about introducing pure water into the village, and in 1828 a public aqueduct was constructed. As the population increased the supply of water thus provided proved insufficient and reservoirs have been added, from time to time, to keep up an adequate supply.

A splendid armory, for the Ninth Separate Company, was completed in Whitehall in the year 1900.

The First Presbyterian Church in Whitehall had its inception in the efforts of General John Williams, who collected timber and other materials for a church building in 1805-6. Upon his death his son, Colonel John Williams took up the project and erected a church. The first Presbyterian body that existed in Whitehall was an Associate Reformed Church, organized in 1810 by Rev. Alexander Proudfit of Salem, but the movement died out. On September 18, 1819, the present church was organized by Rev. Samuel Blatchford, D.D., as "The First Presbyterian Church in Whitehall." They did not have a regular pastor until 1822, when Rev. John R. Coe was installed. In 1842 the church building was enlarged and improved, and in 1848 a new church was completed. The present pastor is Rev. Charles McGinnis.

The First Baptist Church in Whitehall came into historical notice in 1838, when the members met at a private residence and effected a temporary organization, which may be considered as the start of the present church. The body was formally organized July 15, 1840, and in 1841 the church was admitted into the Union Association. In 1846 they purchased the church building erected by the Episcopalians in 1837, and occupied it until 1874, when it was burned down, but a new church was completed and dedicated in 1876. The present pastor is Rev. Noah Richards.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in Whitehall was organized in 1822, by Rev. Philo Ferris. They worshiped in private houses until about 1832, when they built a church, which was improved in 1848 and again in 1863. Rev. W. C. Chapman is the present pastor.

Trinity Episcopal Church came into existence about 1834, under

Rev. Palmer Dyer, and their church building was erected in 1837. In 1843 they built their second church and sold the first to the Baptist congregation. In 1866 they erected the present church. The present incumbent is Rev. James B. Mead.

The Church of Our Lady of Angels, Catholic, was inaugurated in 1841, when a church was built, but the congregation held services for some time prior to that date, the first of which were conducted by Rev. Fathar Mailloux, in the house of Antoine Renois. In 1867 the church property was taken by the village for street purposes, and the congregation, which had grown very large, divided into two sections, according to their language; part being English and part French. The English speaking members formed the "Church of Our Lady of Angels;" and, in 1868, a new church was projected, which was dedicated by Rt. Rev. J. J. Conroy, Bishop of Albany, November 24, 1870. The pastor at that time was Rev. J. J. McDonnell. The present pastor is Rev. Thomas McLoughlin.

The Catholic Church of Notre Dame De La Victorie, came into existence in 1867, branching out from the present Whitehall church, and was placed under the charge of Rev. A. Payette. They purchased the old Episcopal church, which they remodeled and improved. The present pastor is Rev. J. J. Either.

TOWN OF WHITE CREEK.

This town lies in the southeastern part of Washington County, and is bounded on the north by Jackson, east by Vermont, south by Rensselaer County, and west by Cambridge. The Taghanic Mountains traverse the northern part of the town, but the southern portion is rolling land. The Owl Kill is the principal stream; it enters the town near Cambridge village and, flowing in a southerly direction, empties into the Hoosick below Center White Creek. The Owl Kill has quite a number of tributaries, principal of which is the North White Creek. Little White Creek rises in the eastern part of the town and flows directly into the Hoosick.

The name of the town was given to it by the early settlers from Pelham, who named their locality "White Creek," from the whiteness of the bed of the stream running through it, and also from the clearness of its waters, which contrasted strongly with the stream coming

from the north, which they name Black Creek. The name has held ever since.

The town is made up from the Cambridge, Schermerhorn, Lake, Wilson, Van Cuyler, Bain, Grant and Campbell Patents. The exact date of the first settlers coming into White Creek is not known, but the town began to be taken up between the years 1761 and 1765. The early history of part of this town is so closely connected with that of Cambridge that much of it has already been given in the annals of that town. Among the early settlers in White Creek were: Thomas and James Ashton, John Allen, Dr. William Richards, Zebulon Allen, David Sprague, Seth Chase, Joseph Stewart, Asa Rice, Paul Cornell, John Harroun, Thomas M. Cool, John Wood, Jonathan Hart, Aaron Van Cuyler, Rev. William Waite, Joshua Gardner, John Corey, Edward Aiken, Isaac Lacy, Simon Covell, David Preston, Joseph Mosher, Simon Fowler, Josiah Dewey, Hercules Rice, John Younglove, Austin Wells.

White Creek was, at first, part of the town of Cambridge, but in 1815 it was erected into a separate town by act of the Legislature.

The supervisors and town clerks from that date down to 1900 were:

Supervisors—1816-23, William Richards; 1824-26, Robert Wilcox; 1827-28, Clark Rice; 1829-30, M. F. Palmer; 1831, George W. Jermain; 1832, John McKie; 1833, Andrew Cole; 1834, John A. Rice; 1835-36, James McKie; 1837, Stephen Barker; 1838-39, Henry Rice; 1840, C. S. Ransom; 1841-43, Stephen Barker; 1844-45, David Niles; 1846-47, Freeman A. Fuller; 1848, Dyer Pierce; 1849-51, Garrett W. Wilcox; 1852, Palmer D. Gardner; 1853, John Hubbard; 1854, John McKie; 1855, John K. Dyer; 1856-57, Freeman A. Fuller; 1858, Thomas Ellis; 1859-60, George Barker; 1861-62, John Larmon; 1863-64, George Barker; 1865, G. W. Wilcox; 1866-68, Hiram Sisson; 1869-70, Clarence D. Keynon; 1871, William Eldridge; 1872, James Ellis; 1873, William Eldridge; 1874, Charles C. Cottrell; 1875, James Ellis; 1876-78, Hugh Tabor; 1879, Charles C. Cottrell; 1880, Samuel W. Crosby; 1881-82, Willard Lawton; 1883-84, John James; 1885-86, Lewis Coulter; 1887-89, Hiram Sisson; 1890-91, Lewis E. Nicholson; 1892-97, Henry E. Perry; 1898-1900, Forest E. Kenyon.

Town Clerks—1816-19, Ira Parmely; 1820-23, Clark Rice; 1824, Johnson D. Stewart; 1825, M. F. Palmer; 1826, Philip N. Draper; 1827-28, M. F. Palmer; 1829, Norman Clark; 1830, George W. Jermain; 1831, M. F. Palmer; 1832, Andrew Cole; 1833, John A. Rice; 1834-39, Burdick G. Allen; 1840-41, Reuben Powers; 1842-43, B. F. McNitt; 1844-45, B. P. Croker; 1846-47, Dyer P. Sisson; 1848, R. K. Crocker; 1849, William Brown; 1850, Loomis W. Gunn; 1851, John Hubbard; 1852-53, J. E. Knickerbocker; 1854-55, Josiah H. Merchant; 1856, Thomas H. Lake; 1857, Charles C. Cottrell; 1858, M. P. Barton; 1859-60, Fletcher Baker; 1861-62, Hiram Butts; 1863, Franklin Fowler; 1864-66, Xury J. Maynard; 1867-70, Warren E. Hawkins; 1871, J. H. Merchant; 1872, E. L. Nicholson; 1873-74, William P. Robertson; 1875-

76, Warren E. Hawkins; 1877, Clark Rice; 1878, E. J. Fuller; 1879-84, J. F. Robertson; 1885-91, W. L. Hitchcock; 1892, Jerome B. Joslyn; 1893-98, Lewis E. Nicholson; 1899-1900, Arthur K. Lansing.

This town is historically associated with the Revolutionary War. The English under Baum marched across it when moving upon Bennington. This force entered the town from the northwest, traversing the present road which forms the boundary between Jackson and Cambridge and following the valley of the Owl Kill. On the night of August 13, 1777, Baum encamped at Waite's Corners. The Battle of Bennington took place in Vermont just across the line of White Creek

The principal points in this town are: North White Creek, Ashgrove, Pumpkin Hook, Center White Creek, Post's Corners, Martindale Corners and the village of White Creek.

The village of White Creek has been the business center of the town since the Revolutionary days. The first house here was built by John Allen and the first store was started by Jacob and Benjamin Merritt, who soon afterward located where the Sisson store now stands. Edward Aiken built a grist mill which became a cotton factory, a woolen mill and a flax mill successively. Tanneries were erected by James Allen, Jonathan Hart and Sylvanus Tabor, and John Allen also put up a hat factory, Paul Cornell operated two trip hammers. George Mann made scythes and Edward Hurd had an axe factory here in the early days.

In 1810 a Union Academy was established at White Creek Village by subscription from the principal men of the village, but after a promising beginning it declined, was changed into a private school and ultimately went out of existence as an educational institution.

The Baptist society in this town dates back to 1772, when Elder William Waite began his labors. The church was formally organized in 1779 and Elder Waite was the first pastor. In 1788 their first church building was erected, but remained in an uncompleted condition until 1808. This edifice was rebuilt in 1855. The parent congregation being at Waite's Corners, a branch was established at White Creek in 1796 and both congregations ultimately came under the charge of one pastor. The church at White Creek was dedicated in October, 1855.

Friends' meetings in White Creek were held as early as 1783 and a

meeting house was built in 1785, but this was replaced by a larger one in 1804. This edifice was burned down in 1874.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at White Creek Village was organized in 1831 and a congregation of the same sect at Post's Corners in 1856.

[This article, written especially for this history, was received too late to go in with the town of Salem, and being of historic interest, is inserted here.]

Shushan United Presbyterian Church was organized on the 6th day of June, 1820, as "The First Associate Congregation of Salem" and consisted of seventy members in all. The first pastor, Rev. James Waite, was ordained and installed July 6, 1825. The second pastor was Rev. David Gordon, and he was succeeded by Rev. David Wishart French. The next was Rev. Hugh Brown and the fifth Rev. J. B. Clapperton, who was followed by Rev. R. J. Cunningham. Then Rev. D. G. McKay was called and installed as pastor, who was succeeded by Rev. S. W. Douthett. The latter was installed December 14, 1897. At the present time (1900) the congregation numbers 196 members. In 1879, during the pastorate of Rev. R. J. Cunningham, the church removed from their former location one mile east of the village of Shushan to the village, where a new and beautiful church edifice was built, largely through the liberality of the Low family. The present elders are W. J. McCollum, John McGeoch, George M. Foster and William McGeoch.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE COUNTY.

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING IN SALEM.

History of the Salem Review Press.

By T. A. Wright.

For about fifty-nine years previous to the establishing of the Salem Press, which in 1885 was consolidated with the Salem Weekly Review, and is now (1900) published as the Salem Review Press. Salem had been the literary as well as the legal center of Washington County, and in fact of all that part of the country lying north of Albany. One newspaper had been maintained here almost continuously during these years, and a part of the time two public journals were published. Though, with few exceptions, no marked literary ability had been displayed by their editors, still the papers were great stimulators to public education and social advancement, were all powerful politically, and largely instrumental in developing and enriching the state, as well as the county.

While in this sketch the writer contemplated recording only the history of the Review Press, with brief allusions to the characteristics and qualifications of the men who at various periods have guided its course through the storms of political upheavals, through wars and rumors of wars, and the social and religious changes of a half century, he is sorely tempted, as a prelude, to review the lives and works of these pioneers in the field of journalism, whose names and deeds became so familiar to him during his early connection with the craft in Salem.

First and foremost of them all was the man who, in all probability, penned the "Address to the People," published in the Times or National Courier, in the first issue (June 1, 1794) of that the first newspaper published in Washington County—St. John Honeywood. His early training and education at Yale College, under the guidance of its distinguished president, Dr. Ezra Stiles, in whose family he lived, his poetic genius, artistic abilities and marked literary attainments, enabled him to set a high standard in this virgin field for those who were to con-

tinue in the responsible work of keeping their readers informed of what was going on in their midst, and in the old world from which so many of them had recently fled.

George Gerrish was the publisher of the first newspaper in Salem, which expired in less than a year. It was succeeded, in 1795, by the Washington Patrol, with Honeywood as editor and William Wands as publisher. Either the field was too poor, or the business management inadequate, for notwithstanding Honeywood's literary ability, this second effort at journalism in Washington County failed in a few months.

Then came Henry Dodd, with a combination of business and editorial ability, and if half was true of him that the writer heard during his apprenticeship in the Salem Press office nearly forty years ago, the word "fail" was not in his vocabulary—at least not to be applied to any of his undertakings. With the energy, wisdom and tenacity of purpose of this man behind it, the third newspaper in Washington County, The Northern *Centinel, started on a successful career, and, excepting a brief period, Salem has ever since maintained a public journal.

Mr. Dodd was joined by a partner, David Rumsey, about 1803, and The Northern Centinel became The Northern Post. James Stevenson, Jr., joined the firm in 1814, and the name was again changed to the Washington County Post. Mr. Rumsey retiring soon after, the business was continued by Messrs. Dodd & Stevenson until 1830-1, when it was sold to Mr. Dodd's sons, Edward and Henry W.

Judging from some of the books and pamphlets which the writer has examined, printed by these early craftsmen, it is evident that they were not only possessed of an extensive plant, but were capable and painstaking printers.

Henry W. Dodd died in 1834, but Edward continued publishing the Post until 1835, when he sold out to William A. Wells. Thus it will be seen that this family of Dodd, father and sons, for over thirty years conducted a public newspaper in Salem, and were probably the most capable and successful journalists and printers the town has ever known.

Another family, the Gibsons, four generations of which, at various times, divided their energies between law and journalism in Salem,

* Spelled, as was then the custom, with a C.

all brilliant writers, did much to elevate the literary standard of the press in this county, as the files of the various papers they conducted and enriched with their contributions, bear witness.

The successor of the Dodds had been publishing a paper at Whitehall, in this county, and he consolidated the two journals and continued them as one at Salem, under the name of The County Post and North Star, until 1837, when the establishment was sold to Thomas G. Wait, and again resumed the name of The Washington County Post.

Once more, in 1838, the paper changed proprietors and James Gibson first tried his hand at journalism. The high standard maintained by the Dodd regime had not been continued under Mr. Gibson's two immediate predecessors, but the brains and indomitable energy of this young lawyer instilled new life and vigor into the paper and stamped him as not only a master of law but of journalism, and during the two years in which he was the publisher the Post gained an enviable reputation and became a great power in politics.

In January, 1841, Mr. Gibson sold the establishment to William B. Harkness who continued the publication until 1845, when F. B. Graham became the editor and proprietor by purchase. Associated with him for a time was Clark W. B. Martin. The paper continued to be published until 1848, when its proprietor became financially embarrassed and The Washington County Post expired. Other writers have claimed that it was only a case of suspended animation, because the old hand press upon which the paper had been printed, came into the possession, nearly a year later, of one Robert G. Young who used it in printing a newly established newspaper at North White Creek, which he named The Washington County Post. This paper is now published at Cambridge and claims to have been established in 1798, but it is straining the law of heredity too much to admit its direct descent from any paper ever published in Salem.

That The Review Press has a legitimate claim to collateral decent from the first paper published in this town justifies the writer in embodying in its history the foregoing account of its predecessors.

As before stated during a part of the period covered by this sketch Salem sustained two public journals. In 1803 The Washington Register was established by John M. Looker, who after two years was succeeded by John P. Reynolds, whose ability soon made the paper one of the best in the state and gave it a wide circulation. In 1806

he was appointed one of the state printers, retaining the office for three years.

With Henry Dodd and his partners conducting one prosperous weekly and Mr. Reynolds another, during the following decade journalism, publishing and printing in Salem reached high water mark. The printing of these two establishments was extensive and of a high character. Well preserved specimens of which can still be found in all the large public libraries in the United States and in many private collections of books. Here, in 1806, was printed, in Mr. Reynolds' office, "Hume's History of England," four octavo volumes, of over 600 pages each. The text is set in long primer type, with foot and marginal notes in minion. The typography is excellent and the presswork clean, sharp and even, giving little evidence of the inking ball and other crude implements and material then in use. Brains, good taste and mechanical skill are very much in evidence, not only in the printing, but in the binding and steel plate portraits of English sovereigns which adorn the work. This history was printed for Mr. Packard, an Albany publisher, and was a corresponding edition to "Smollet's Continuation of Hume and Bishop's Life of George the III.," bringing the history down to the beginning of the nineteenth century; a work of great importance and interest at the time, as is shown by the list of 500 subscribers obtained before its publication. The following residents of Salem were among the number: Abram Allen, William K. Adams, Seth Brown, J. L. Billings, Philo Curtis, Otis Clapp, Asa Fitch, L. B. Foot, James B. Gibson, William McFarland, George McWhorter, John McNaughton, W. F. Morrison, Samuel Nelson, J. P. Reynolds, (100 copies), David Russell, Samuel Smith, A. C. Saunders, John Savage, Charles Warford, Samuel Warford and William Williams. Among other books printed by these early printers the writer has examined copies of "McEwen's Essays on Subjects of Divinity," "The Child's Instructor," a schoolbook much used; "Dr. Watt's Catechism for Children," Dr. Proudfit's "Ruin and Recovery of Man," a full bound duodecimo volume of 412 pages; "Owen on the CXXX Psalm," Washington's Farewell Address," printed for the Washington County Benevolent Society, 1811, a neat little volume, half-bound in green morocco; "Dr. Clark's Farewell Letter to his Former Congregation," seventy-two pages, 1811: "Dr. Proudfit's Theological Works," four volumes, 1815; "Speculative Masonry," by Salem Town, 284 pages, 1818, and numerous preten-

tious pamphlets and tracts. A beautiful edition of Burns' Poems, with the author's life, and extracts from some of his letters, was also printed here in 1815, two volumes, 24mo. This edition is now very rare.

The Associated Reformed Church in America had imported all their psalm books from Scotland, until the embargo of 1807 and the War of 1812, when the supply from this source was cut off. Dr. Proudfit induced Mr. Reynolds to print an American edition, the Doctor himself reading and revising the proofs. A most accurate and well printed book was the result, and the work of Salem's printers was in nearly every Associate Reformed church in America in a short time. These are only a few of the many books printed by these printers. Two complete bookstores were carried on in connection with these printing offices, selling their own and other publications, thus drawing to Salem the *literati* of all northern New York.

For ten years Mr. Reynolds continued to publish The Register. He was succeeded in January, 1816, by Timothy Haskins. Three years later (1819) he sold the paper to James B. Gibson, the first of four of the name who have been connected with the press in Salem. Mr. Gibson was a prominent lawyer, but soon proved that journalism was also in his line, for he enlarged and otherwise improved The Register and for three years edited it with marked ability, and until 1822, when Beriah Stiles became editor and publisher. He also retained the paper about three years, when in 1825 the establishment was purchased by Reynolds & Warren. In less than a year Mr. Warren disposed of his interest to his partner who conducted the business until 1827, when Mr. Reynolds left Salem and a Mr. Patterson continued the publication with Alexander Robertson as editor, until 1830, when the publication of The Register ceased.

This left the Dodds in full possession of the field and for twelve years only one newspaper was published in Salem. In 1842 William B. Harkness, who, as before stated, was publishing The Post, and John W. Curtis started a temperance paper and called it The Washingtonian. It was printed in the office of The Post, but expired after a few issues, and again Salem had but one newspaper, and this too ceased to exist in 1848, as before stated.

That a railroad had entered the County at Whitehall and other and more fertile fields for journalism had opened in adjacent towns is the

only reason the writer knows for the suspension of all publications in Salem; but the fact remains that for some time in the year 1848 until May 21, 1850, the town was without a local newspaper. On the latter date William B. Harkness resumed the publication of a journal here and called it The Salem Press. It was the largest paper that had up to this time been printed in the county, and in fact almost as large as any since published here. For five years Mr. Harkness continued its publication, when, in October, 1855, he sold the business to Daniel B. and Benjamin F. Cole. These brothers had learned their trade on the Press, and besides being expert printers, possessed good journalistic abilities, and the business flourished under their management. In 1859 Benjamin F. sold his interest to his brother, and for ten years thereafter Daniel B. Cole carried on the business alone. Mr. Cole, though a genial gentleman, was a strict partisan in politics, and in the writer's memory the Press office was the rendezvous for the choice local spirits of the Democratic party; such men as Marinus Fairchild, William A. Russell, John R. Lytle, James H. Carswell, Asa Munson, of Hebron; Joseph Connor, Josephus Martin, and many lesser lights, met here to discuss party measures. Leaders of the opposing party often dropped in, to cross swords with ye editor, and he was ever ready and could give them royal battle.

In 1869 Col. Solomon W. Russell purchased the Press establishment and for nearly three years it flourished under his management. The dignity of journalism was never more forcibly exemplified in Washington County than during Col. Russell's connection with the Salem Press. Up to this time ordinary local happenings of every day life were completely ignored by the press. Nothing short of murder, burglary, fire or suicide were ever written up, and these but sparingly. Marriages and deaths were published, however, and the obituary poet was tolerated then, as now. Col. Russell opened the columns of his paper, in a moderate degree, to local items, but it remained for his immediate successors to adopt the new school ideas and establish the local department. In December, 1871, Col. Russell sold The Salem Press to Messrs. Gibson and Robertson. James Gibson, Jr., the third of the name and family who had been engaged in journalism, brought to the publication the wealth of his splendid literary abilities, and its columns were filled to overflowing with the products of his fertile pen. Abner Robertson was his associate, and for about six months these two young lawyers worked together, and the popularity of the

Press grew apace. Political differences arose, however, and Mr. Robertson retired. Mr. Gibson continued to publish one of the best papers ever issued in the county until July, 1875, when the establishment was sold to Henry D. Morris. Mr. Morris was an experienced newspaper man, and the Press, under his management, retained its business standing, but lost its editorial ability. He continued its publication until September, 1880, when Elisha P. Thurston became editor and publisher.

In December, 1877, Daniel B. Cole again entered the field with a new paper, which he named The Salem Weekly Review. In connection with his newspaper Mr. Cole became a large publisher of law blanks, and it began to look as though printing and publishing was getting back to its old-time prosperity and importance in Salem.

Mr. Morris and Mr. Cole were both veteran editors and practical printers, and they divided the old and brought to the town such new patronage as they could control, and again Salem showed that it could sustain two local newspapers.

In Mr. Thurston the Press had a splendid writer, but a poor business man, and while he published a good paper, financial embarrassments came. In the meantime Daniel B. Cole had taken his son, Beverly F. Cole, into partnership. The father died November 8, 1884, and his other son, Harry E., entered into partnership with his brother, Beverly, and they continued the publication under the name of Daniel B. Cole's sons, until July, 1885, when they purchased The Salem Press of Mr. Thurston, and consolidated the two papers, and the names as well, into The Salem Review Press, which they continued to publish until December, 1886, when they transferred their interests to Hon. James Gibson, who continued its publication, as editor and proprietor, until his death in June, 1897.

Although forty-six years had passed since Judge Gibson had published and edited The Washington County Post in Salem, he had been a large contributor to the different Salem newspapers, especially of historical, genealogical and biographical matter. Once more in full possession of the Press he began the publication in its columns the results of his long and deep historical researches, and one after another appeared, in quick succession, his "Bench and Bar of Washington County," "Graves and Grave Yards of Washington County," "Old Families," and other histories, thus preserving records of great value, not only to his own, but to future generations, and making

The Review Press not only unique and interesting locally, but widely known outside of the county and the state. For several years pre-previous to 1897 James Gibson, Jr., grandson of Judge Gibson, had charge of the local department of The Review Press, and also acted as its business manager.

On the death of Judge Gibson his daughter, Mary Gibson Wright, came into possession of the paper by inheritance, and she is now (1901) the proprietor and publisher, with William L. Campbell, business manager.

The Salem Axiom.

The Salem Axiom was founded December 11, 1885, by Robert Cruikshank, who continued as editor and proprietor until January 1, 1895, when, owing to ill health, he was forced to retire from the business, and sold the paper to his son, Robert A. Cruikshank, the present proprietor.

The Axiom was first published as an eight column folio. The outside pages were printed in New York and the inside pages on a Washington hand press. A year after the establishment of the paper the business had increased to such an extent that a cylinder press was purchased, and three years later the "ready prints" were discarded and the entire paper was printed in the office. January 1, 1896, owing to the increased demand for advertising space, the paper was enlarged to the more modern form, the six column quarto. For many years the office was located in the Central House block. In the fall of 1896 a site was purchased on Main street, south of the First National Bank, and the following spring a handsome two story building, with iron front, was erected thereon. Into this building the Axiom moved June 1, 1897. The building is equipped with steam heat, electric lights and steam power, and is occupied solely by the Axiom. The equipment of the office is strictly up to date in every particular, and the office enjoys a large and increasing patronage. The Axiom has always been Republican in politics and has been an earnest advocate of the principles of the party. The Axiom has been unusually prosperous since its inception, and its ever increasing list of subscribers attests its popularity in the territory which it covers. The present proprietor was born and raised in the village of Salem, and was educated at Washington Academy. In July, 1900, he was appointed by President McKinley as Postmaster of the Salem postoffice.

The Sun, Salem.

William W. Bingham began the publication of The Sun at Salem in 1889, and has published that paper continuously ever since that date, and is at present the senior editor of the town.

William W. Bingham was born in Philadelphia, Penn., March 27, 1864, and educated at the Washington Academy, at Salem, N. Y. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage, being the son of Joseph and Sarah Bingham, who emigrated to this country from Belfast, County Down, Ireland, about 1860. The subject of this sketch is a direct descendant of the Binghams, of Closkelt, Castlewellan, County Down, Ireland.

He began his apprenticeship in the office of the Salem Press, at the age of thirteen, and has uniformly followed the vocation of a printer.

Mr. Bingham has filled a political position in the Capitol at Albany for several winters past, his prominence as a Republican worker being thus recognized.

The Washington County Post.

The following history is from the pen of its present able editor, Rev. John G. Smart: The late Hon. James Gibson, in his carefully prepared history of "The Press of Washington County," has preserved the record, as he also had copies of the earliest editions, and of its latter years a complete file. Two attempts had been made to establish a county paper at an earlier date. June 18, 1794, The Times, or National Courier, appeared. It survived but seven months, to January, 1795. May 26, 1796, The Washington Patrol appeared, but did not survive through the year. These efforts, no doubt, prepared the way for the more successful effort of January 1, 1798, made by Henry Dodd. The new paper was named the Northern Sentinel. In May, 1803, the name was changed to Northern Post, Mr. Dodd having associated with himself David Rumsey, and June 6, 1814, James Stevenson, Jr., was taken into the firm. December 21, of the same year, Mr. Rumsey retired from the firm and Dodd & Stevenson continued the publication, changing the name to the Washington County Post. Upon the death of Henry Dodd, November 6, 1834, Edward Dodd continued to publish the paper. Mr. Dodd being elected to a county office, disposed of his interest to William A. Welles, of the North Star, a paper established in 1830, and published

at Whitehall. Mr. Welles moved to Salem and consolidated the North Star with the Post, and January 7, 1835, it was issued as the County Post and North Star. May 17, 1837, under its new owner, Thomas G. Wait, the old title of Washington County Post was resumed, and retained without interruption down to the present date. Early in 1841 it was sold to William B. Harkness and published by him until the end of 1845. F. B. Graham purchased it, and the first week in January, 1846, it appeared under his direction as editor and publisher. Two years later his creditors took possession, and sold the press and type to Robert G. Young. Up to this time it had been published in Salem. Mr. Young removed the plant to North White Creek, now part of Cambridge village, and continued the publication. In 1851 ill health compelled Mr. Young to relinquish his charge of the Post, and it was purchased by Edward Gardiner April 7, 1854. R. King Crocker was associated with him, and in July of the same year Mr. Crocker became sole owner, and it was published by him for eleven years. November 17, 1865, by purchase, it came into the possession of James S. Smart, who was sole publisher and editor until March 1, 1869, when Henry Noble bought an interest, and became joint publisher with Mr. Smart. Under this management the Post enjoyed its greatest prosperity, its regular circulation passing above 4,000. The greatly increased income of the office was expended upon the plant, and in providing it a substantial and permanent home, which it has continued to occupy to the present. This partnership continued until the death of Henry Noble from Bright's disease. Early in 1883 he went south in a vain quest for restored health, and returning, reached the home of his sister in New York, where he died May 21, 1883. The sole proprietorship returned to Mr. Smart.

August 8, 1884, R. R. Law, who had served in the office for eleven years, became a partner, and the firm was known as James S. Smart & Company from that date until July 1, 1889, when the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Law's engagements demanding his release. January 6, 1891, the announcement was made of the incorporation of the Washington County Post Company, with Hon. James S. Smart as president, and Mitchel McFarland as business manager.

September 3, 1892, the writer became a stockholder, and was made treasurer and business manager. Owing to the long continued ill health of the editor, Hon. James S. Smart, which for several years

had prevented his rendering any service, in July, 1896, by vote of the directors of the Post company the editorship was transferred to the writer, who had practically filled the place of editor for the four preceding years. During all these years the Post has been emphatically the representative of the people of the county, independent in its utterances, loyal to the principles of the political party which it represented, outspoken against abuses of power and betrayal of trust, whether within the party, or by the opposition. The same spirit which Henry Dodd infused into its first issues has remained through all these years. The interest of the people first, of the party next, and of self last. Often has this rule been followed at much sacrifice. Yet to this is due the great prosperity and the long continued life and influence of this the oldest and, we believe, the best journal of Northern New York, and of our own county.

The Sandy Hill Herald.

The Sandy Hill Herald has existed for over three-quarters of a century, and during all that time has had but three proprietors, while hundreds of graduates have gone out from its offices. The following history of this fine sheet, as well as that of the other papers which have existed in Sandy Hill, is reproduced largely from the columns of the Herald's great anniversary edition of March 9, 1899.

The name of the original sheet was the Times, and it was founded in 1818. James Wright's name appears as the publisher of the Times in 1822, but later the names of Emons & Wright were printed on the first page as publishers. Emons' name was dropped subsequently, and Wright's remained. After a brief career the Times was succeeded by the Political Herald, with James Wright, publisher. Before a year the word "Political" was dropped, and it has remained the Herald up to the present.

In 1841 James Wright disposed of his interest to a young journeyman printer who worked in the office, Elisha D. Baker. The Herald, under his guidance, was a strongly Democratic sheet. It had a large circulation, and few country papers were more frequently quoted. He conducted the Herald twenty-five years, and in the fall of 1865, his health failing, he disposed of his interest to Messrs. Brown & Dwyer, two practical printers, residents of Albany.

John Brown published a paper at Cobleskill, some years before

coming to Sandy Hill. He was a native of Scotland. His partner, John Dwyer, still conducts the Herald, having bought out Mr. Brown's interest after they had been together three years. Under the management of Brown & Dwyer the politics of the Herald was changed to Republican, and it has remained such up to the present time.

Brown & Dwyer took possession of the Herald in the fall of 1865, the first number making its appearance January 4, 1866. It was at that time a four page paper, but the sheet was only 22x32, six columns to the page. The old size was continued until January 6, 1871, when the sheet was enlarged to 28x44. A power press and other modern improvements were added from time to time, and these additions gradually brought an extended parish of readers.

In 1876, while the Herald was located in a building where the Toole Block now stands, the office was destroyed by fire, and everything in it, except books and papers. The publication of the paper was not discontinued for a week, however. New material was soon purchased, and a finer office than the old one took its place. For about a year the office was located in Philip Riley's block, but was subsequently removed to Flood's Exchange. In the fall of 1887 the proprietor purchased the property on the corner of Main and Forest streets, and there located the Herald permanently. This was the first time that the Herald had been in its own home, after sixty-five years of moving from one place in the village to another.

In the fall of 1895 many changes were made in the mechanical department of the office, in preparation for the production of a larger paper, and the bright, up-to-date typographical appearance of the paper today speaks for itself. The assistant editor of the paper is Miss Agnes C. Dwyer, daughter of the proprietor, who looks after the local department, and is also bookkeeper.

To the credit of the Herald it can be said that it has always been clean and honorable. Its editors have studiously guarded the paper from anything indecent, or pandering to depraved taste. With large experience, friends without stint, and a lovely growing village, there is no reason why the Sandy Hill Herald should not keep step to the onward progress of the place, and be a credit to its progressive and liberal citizens, who are equal to any and surpassed by none.

Major John Dwyer, editor and publisher of the Sandy Hill Herald,

was born in Ireland, but came to America from Dublin when a youth, and learned the printing trade in Albany, N. Y.

Early in 1861 he enlisted, as a private, in Captain Michael O'Sullivan's Company, in Albany, N. Y., which company was subsequently consolidated with John Brannigan's and mustered into service for three years, or during the war. This company became Company K, of the 63d Regiment. Private Dwyer soon rose from the ranks, earning the following promotions:

Sergeant Company K, at "Camp California," Alexandria, Va., December 1, 1861; First Sergeant, Company G, at Yorktown, Va., May 10, 1862; First Lieutenant, Company K, and Adjutant, October 25, 1862; Captain Company K, December 16, 1862, and Major (Brevet) "for gallant and meritorious services," May 1, 1866. The last rank being conferred by Governor Reuben E. Fenton, of New York.

Major Dwyer's regiment formed a part of Gen. Thomas F. Meagher's Irish Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, and saw some of the hardest fighting of the war, and with it he participated in the following battles and operations: The Siege of Yorktown, the Battle of Fair Oaks, Battle of Gaines' Mill, Battle of Savage Station, Battle of White Oak Swamp, Battle of Malvern Hill, reinforced the army of General Pope, Second Bull Run, and covered the retreat of the Union Army to the defences of Washington, September 13, 1862; Battle of South Mountain, Battle of Antietam, Battle of Fredericksburg and Battle of Chancellorsville. The losses of the 63d were heavy, for they were always in the fighting, and in the summer of 1863 the regiment did not have 150 men left fit for duty. The 88th and 69th regiments were in about the same condition, and the war department ordered that these three regiments of the brigade be consolidated into a batallion, and that the supernumerary officers be honorably discharged.

Major Dwyer received his honorable discharge at this time. At the battle of Antietam he received a dangerous wound in the head from a rifle bullet.

In 1866 Major Dwyer became connected with the Sandy Hill Herald as a partner, and in 1869 became sole proprietor. For the past thirty-two years he has conducted this paper and made it what it is.

On April 1, 1898, he was appointed Postmaster at Sandy Hill, N. Y., by President McKinley. On July 1, 1900, the office was advanced

from third to second grade, and this year, 1901, the department decided to introduce Free Delivery in Sandy Hill, the gross business having reached $10,000, and over, the preceding fiscal year.

The first paper published in Sandy Hill was the Times, started in 1818. E. Gilmore Stover was the publisher, and Adonijah Emons the editor. It was printed in old small pica type, and used iron column rules, manufactured at the blacksmith shop of Nicholas Northup. It was a four page paper, with five narrow columns to the page, size of sheet, 19x23 inches. It was worked on an old wooden screw press. It was established under the auspices of the Bucktail Tammany party, to counteract the influence of the Northern Post, which espoused the cause of DeWitt Clinton.

In 1826 Adonijah Emons commenced the publication of the Sun, a four column paper, which was continued several years.

In the spring of 1829 W. & S. P. Hines commenced the publication in Sandy Hill of a paper under the title of Independent Politician. It was, as its name indicated, independent in the full sense of the word. It strongly advocated the nomination of Henry Clay for president. Its editorials were carefully and ably written by Stephen Hines, the junior publisher, and attracted considerable attention, far more so than most country sheets of the time; but the paper ceased to exist in about six months, for want of patronage, which its merits should have secured for it.

In February, 1831, William and Stephen Hines issued the first number of the Temperance Advocate, the first paper in the world to advocate total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, wine, beer and cider included.

Just how long the Advocate was published in Sandy Hill cannot be stated, as but few copies are known to be in existence, probably about two years, when it was sold to parties in New York.

Previous to leaving Sandy Hill Adonijah Emons, in 1832, started and published for a time, less than a year, a paper called the Free Press, devoted to Anti-Masonry. It was a pauper concern from the beginning, and was kept alive during its brief existence by contributions from leading Anti-Masons.

The Washington County Advertiser was a handsome sheet, 20x28, five columns to a page, established November 26, 1879, by George A. Nash, of Sandy Hill. It was well printed and newsy. It was transferred to Fort Edward, N. Y., the first number appearing there on October 27, 1881. James H. Durkee became associated with Mr. Nash, at this time, when the size of the paper was enlarged to seven columns to the page (24x33). The size was further increased to nine columns April 26, 1882.

In 1899 the paper passed into the possession of Irving C. Forte, Jr., and under his able management maintains its reputation as a newsy, up-to-date paper. It is also well edited and is regarded as one of the leading papers of the county.

The paper is now of a very convenient size, comprising eight pages of six columns to the page. It has, as it deserves, a good and constantly increasing circulation.

The Whitehall Chronicle.

The Chronicle, one of the leading journals of Washington County, was founded by the late H. T. Blanchard in the year 1840, and, with the exception of a few weeks, it has been published continuously since then. It was the second paper published in Whitehall, the first (the Emporium) having been established in the year 1823. The publication of the Emporium was discontinued after a few years, leaving the village without any paper until the first issue of the Chronicle.

In 1866 the late William H. Tefft became the publisher of the Chronicle, which, under his able editorship, rapidly gained popularity and influence in the county. After four years of marked success the plant was destroyed by fire. The publisher labored under great disadvantages in trying to re-establish the paper. He was prostrated by a severe illness, months being required for his recovery. But he persevered, under discouragement. The plant was gradually enlarged and supplied with modern machinery. The paper commanded the attention of prominent citizens in all parts of the county, and its editorials were frequently quoted by leading journals in the state. Under Mr. Tefft's editorship the Chronicle was more favorably regarded, because of its editorials and literary features, than as a newspaper, in the literal sense of the word.

Following Mr. Tefft's death in 1898, his son, Lawrence D. Tefft, continued the publication of the paper for a few months, then entering into partnership with William B. Inglee, who held a supervisory position in the office for more than twenty-five years. Mr. Inglee has a thorough knowledge of the printing and newspaper business, having been formerly connected with the largest publishing establishments in Boston and other New England cities. He is one of the leading typographical artists in Washington County. The younger Mr. Tefft studied journalism with his father, and has been a regular contributor to the columns of the Chronicle for many years. Messrs. Inglee & Tefft are the editors, publishers and proprietors of the Chronicle, and are recognized as an enterprising and reliable firm. The Chronicle is Republican in politics.

The Whitehall Times.

This paper was the immediate successor of the American Sentinel, which was established by J. E. Watkins in June, 1855. But the issues of the Democratic paper in Whitehall date back as far as 1823, the paper having appeared under several titles, and the Times is the natural outgrowth of those early publications. In the spring of 1860 H. T. Blanchard purchased the paper and named it the Whitehall Times, but within the year sold it to Captain A. D. Vaughn and W. H. Bodwell. In 1861 Hon. E. E. Davis became the proprietor, but in 1865 disposed of it to Walter J. Donnelly, who was succeeded by W. A. Wilkins May 1, 1873. Mr. Wilkins died August 2, 1887, and Franklin Fisher assumed control of the paper September 19, 1888. He conducted it until 1896, when it was purchased by the present proprietor and editor, M. C. Reynolds. The Whitehall Times is Democratic in politics and is ably edited, besides being a bright, newsy paper, well managed in every department.

Milo C. Reynolds, the editor and sole owner of this paper, was born at Eagle Bridge, N. Y., July 16, 1871, and is a son of Eben C. and Helen E. (Vrooman) Reynolds. He received his early education in the district schools and later in the public schools of Troy, N. Y., and at the Troy High School where he had a two years' course. He then entered the Troy Business College, covered the entire course in four months and graduated high. His father's and mother's families were the very highest in their respective localities and his youthful

prospects were bright with an able father behind him, but when he was in the High School his father died, April 15, 1890, and he had to leave school and hew out a career for himself. He engaged in business with M. Curtis, general produce merchant, at Eagle Bridge, and remained with him one year. The firm conducted the business formerly owned by Mr. Reynolds' father. He then conducted a job printing office in Eagle Bridge for about a year; the trade of printing he managed to acquire by his own efforts, without serving any apprenticeship in a printing office.

On July 16, 1892, his twenty-first birthday, Mr. Reynolds began his career as a newspaper man by issuing "The Politician" at Eagle Bridge. It was a small paper of six pages, each page six by nine inches, but successive issues grew in size until July 16, 1893, when it was made a six column four page paper. The "Politician" was a strong Democratic paper and wielded considerable influence in political matters in the northern part of Rensselaer County. This sheet was continued until November, 1894, when Mr. Reynolds moved to Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., taking his newspaper plant with him, and launching "The Cambridge Local," which he issued for six months, when he came to Whitehall and entered into partnership with Franklin Fisher in publishing the "Times." The plant of the "Cambridge Local" was moved to Whitehall and the papers were consolidated. In September, 1896, Mr. Reynolds purchased Mr. Fisher's interest in the business, and has since been sole proprietor and publisher of the Times.

In politics Mr. Reynolds has always been a sturdy Democrat, inheriting these principles from his father, who was a leading Democrat in Rensselaer County, where he held the offices of County Clerk, School Commissioner, Sheriff and Supervisor for the towns of Hoosick and Petersburgh; the last named for several years. Although never a nominee for any office, M. C. Reynolds has always taken a keen interest in political conventions, to the end that the very best men in the party might be nominated.

As a newspaper man Mr. Reynolds has achieved note by being independent to a degree, and with a trenchant pen he has maintained a high reputation for the "Times," which is considered one of the leading newspapers in Northern New York. He is a practical printer, as well as an able editor, and is capable of working in any department of newspaper work.

In fraternal circles he is a member of Whitehall Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F., and Tancred Lodge No. 303, Knights of Pythias. He is a Past Grand of the former, and a Past Deputy Grand Chancellor of the 29th District of the Grand Domain of New York, Knights of Pythias.

On June 29, 1898, Mr. Reynolds married Miss Grace E. Howe, of East Poultney, Vt.

The Granville Sentinel.

James L. McArthur, editor of the Granville Sentinel, is a well known figure in journalism and politics throughout the state. He was born in the town of Putnam, Washington County, N. Y., in 1855, and received his early education in the public schools of that vicinity. He is the son of William and Elsie (Lillie) McArthur, whose parents were natives of Scotland.

William McArthur was a farmer and wagon maker, and the son, James L., became familiar and proficient in both occupations of his father, who was also a lawyer, Justice of the Peace and Supervisor of his town for many years. While on the farm Mr. McArthur became correspondent for several newspapers and a regular contributor on different subjects. On reaching his majority he went to Granville and started the Granville Sentinel, the first issue of which was on September 25, 1875. In 1880 he sold out to George A. Weller, of Waterford, N. Y., after which he started the Morning Telegram at Plattsburgh, N. Y., the first daily paper in that county. After six months he sold the Telegram to a stock company and accepted a position as night editor of the Glens Falls Times, with Addison B Colvin. In 1883 he returned to Granville and resumed the management of the Sentinel, which he has conducted ever since.

Through the strength of the editorials of the Sentinel, many of which were reproduced verbatim in nearly every Republican newspaper in the state, it was made possible for Addison B. Colvin to become State Treasurer. The Sentinel was the first to urge his candidacy, and the ready pen and untiring political work of its editor did not cease labor until Mr. Colvin was elected. In recognition of his services Mr. Colvin appointed him to the position of Corporation Clerk in the Treasurer's office, a position which he still holds, now serving his seventh year in Albany, which duties, together with the

work of editing and managing the Sentinel, make him one of the hardest workers in the county.

James L. McArthur is, above all, original in thought, word and act. His paper, which has a large circulation, in Vermont as well as New York, is eagerly sought, both by those who want the news, and by men who have an eye to politics, "to see what Mac has got to say" editorially. Rich in originality, choice in expression, endless in vocabulary, a master at driving the nail where it belongs, and a past master at argument, sarcasm, wit, humor or pathos, Mr. McArthur is recognized as one of the ablest editorial writers in the state.

On the 15th day of January, 1878, Mr. McArthur was united in marriage to Miss Anna W. Lewis, daughter of Nathan Lewis and Isabella (Peters) Lewis, of Granville. They have one daughter, Belle L.

Mr. McArthur is a Mason, member of Washington Commandery, of Saratoga, Whitehall Council, Oriental Shrine, of Troy, Royal Arcanum, Red Men and the Odd Fellows.

The People's Journal.

This paper, which is the only one in Greenwich today, was founded in 1842 by John W. Curtis, who was its editor until 1868, when he sold out to H. C. Page. On June 1, 1869, Mr. Page disposed of the paper to C. L. Allen, Jr., of Salem, who had personal charge of it until February 1, 1870, when he installed John King as editor. After some changes Mr. Allen again assumed charge of the paper and Shell Corliss assisted him in its publication.

About the year 1873-4 Meeker & Mandell purchased the paper, then Mr. Mandell assumed control and published it until August 3, 1876, when it passed into the hands of H. C. Morhous by purchase.

For a quarter of a century Mr. Morhous has published the People's Journal and placed it upon a par with the best county newspapers; through its columns worthily representing the thriving village of Greenwich to the outside world, as well as ably advocating sound Republican principles. He has twice enlarged the paper, first to an eight-column sheet and subsequently to its present quarto size.

H. C. Morhous was born in Keeseville, Essex County, N. Y., December 20, 1842, the year in which John W. Curtis founded the People's Journal, of which Mr. Morhous was destined to become the

editor and proprietor. He was educated in the district schools and learned the printing business in the office of the Northern Standard at Keeseville. On August 28, 1862 Mr. Morhous enlisted in Company C, 123d New York Regiment, and served until the close of the war in 1865. On January 28, 1872, he married Lillie L., daughter of John W. and Eliza (Bull) Stickles and they have two children, H. C. Jr., and William Morhous.

In politics Mr. Morhous is a Republican and is a member of the Greenwich Board of Trustees. He also served as clerk of the village for several years. He was the organizer of Post Cook, No. 326, G. A. R., at Greenwich, and is a member of Ashler Lodge, No. 584, F. & A. M.

Greenwich was, for a time, a hot bed of ephemeral newspapers, the People's Journal holding the field today no doubt upon the principle of the survival of the fittest. Prior to 1850 The Banner, The Union Village Courant, The Union Village Democrat, The Democratic Champion, The Washington County Sentinel, The Union Village Journal, The Champion, The Eagle, The Union Village Eagle and the Union Village Democratic Standard, all came and went.

The Fort Ann Republic.

Alvaro Goodenough Van Schaick, was born on the Erie canal boat "Powhattan," July 26, 1849, of Yankee-Dutch ancestors, who came to Massachusetts and Albany in 1661. An orphan at four, by the death of his father, he commenced work away from home when but eleven years old, attending school winters, and attaining the printer's art by the time he came of age, when he was married to Miss Delilah Perry Wood, to whom were born one son, Veve, and a daughter, Julia, all of whom are living, at this writing.

In 1870 the subject of this sketch began his journalistic career at Rome, N. Y., continuing that occupation on several newspapers in the state; thence, for a number of years, in Michigan, Iowa, New Jersey and Virginia. Returning to New York in 1880 he engaged in manufacturing machinery for ten years, in which occupation he became skilled in mechanics. Returning to newspaper work he established the Schaghticoke Press in 1892, which was moved to Troy in 1894, and merged into "The Republic"—the official organ of the

secret political order known as the American Protective Association. The order attained a large membership, and a voting strength many times in excess of its enrolled members. It took a leading part in the state campaign of 1894, wielding a commanding influence—aided largely by the excitement due to the political murder of Robert Ross in Troy—and it was potential in hurling the Democratic party from power and electing Levi P. Morton governor. Indeed, the order made such a powerful impression on state and national politics that its influence will be felt for a generation. Besides being editor of the official paper, Mr. Van Schaick was chairman of the A. P. A. State Committee, and concededly directed its political movements, with credit and skill.

On October 6, 1896, Mr. Van Schaick moved to Washington County and established The Fort Ann Republic, a Republican weekly newspaper, which at once took rank with the leading political papers of the county.

During intervening years of newspaper work Mr. Van Schaick traveled extensively in all the states east of the Rocky Mountains, including the south, which is a prolific source of interest, because of its historical associations of early settlement, the Revolution and the Civil War. As a pastime he has engaged much in boating, being an enthusiastic yachtsman—taking special pride in the fact that he built with his own hands a commodious yacht, and the twenty-six horse-power compound steam engine which propels it; and for more than twenty-five years he has been a licensed United States marine engineer.

In politics Mr. Van Schaick has always been a Republican—except that he voted for the electors of President Cleveland—in later years tending to a belief in modern Socialism.

As a writer he cultivates the analytical, logical, forcible and abrupt as best suited to politics, and wields, as said of him by his confreres, "a pen of triple bladed sarcasm." A close student of American history, of public men and public affairs, he is intensely American and holds fast to the principles of the founders of the Republic, and bitterly opposes alleged "civil service reform" and that aggregation of wealth and power into the hands of the few which inevitably leads to plutocracy and the downfall of American liberty. In religion a Deist, free from superstition, and a firm faith that the Power which created him will care for his everlasting future.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BENCH AND BAR.

The Early Courts—Contests Over the County Seat and the Establishment of Two County Seats—Location of County Clerk's Office—Erection of County Buildings—Changes in Laws, Courts and Elections—Eminent Men and Leading Lawyers of the Profession.

By an act of the Legislature, passed April 2, 1784, the name of Charlotte County was changed to Washington County. But previous to this, in 1779, an act was passed directing the holding of courts in Charlotte County. Six terms of such courts were held, but the first court in Washington County, of which there is any authentic record, was held in 1786. At that court the first judge was Alexander Webster, of Hebron; the associates were Ebenezer Russell, of Salem, and David Hopkins, of Hebron. The justices "of the quorum," as they were called, were Moses Martin, John McAllister, Albert Baker, John Brown and Aaron Fuller. The clerk was Colonel John McRea.

On February 5, 1787, an act was passed reaffirming the previous act relating to Washington County, and ordering that the courts be held at Salem. This law provided for a Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace, to be held at that village three times each year. The western part of the county, however, developed so strong an influence that on April 21, 1787, the law was changed so that one of the three terms should be held at the house of Adiel Sherwood, in the village of Fort Edward.

The name of Salem being used in these laws made that the permanent name of the village, superseding the names of "White Creek" and "New Perth," which had long been a source of dispute and contention.

In 1791 a petition was circulated asking the legislature to fix the county seat permanently at Salem, and to authorize the building of a courthouse and jail at that place, there having been no county buildings previous to that time. Fort Edward and the surrounding towns resisted this movement, and while the contest was in progress some of the river people sought to have the county seat located at Fort Miller. The Legislature referred the matter to the board of Super-

visors and that body decided upon Salem. The next year Fort Edward made an effort to have the vote reconsidered, but in vain. Then the people of that part of the county sought to have two county seats established, and succeeded so far as to obtain the passage of a law directing that the courts be held as before, a part of the time at Fort Edward. No courthouse was ever built there, however, while, in 1792, an act was passed directing the county to raise money to build a courthouse and jail at Salem. These structures were completed in 1796.

In 1797 the western county seat was changed from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill, where it has remained ever since. The cause of this change is attributed to an act of contempt of court committed by Colonel Adiel Sherwood. The court was held in the dining room of his tavern at Fort Edward. At the sitting there, in 1796, something put the Colonel out of temper, and he invaded the courtroom and ordered the judges out, telling them he needed the room for dinner. The judges retired, but at the afternoon session sentenced him to jail for fifteen days, for contempt of court. At the next session of the Legislature the western county seat was transferred to Sandy Hill.

As a rule the sentences of the early courts were very severe; the pillory, the whipping post, and even the branding iron being considered proper and necessary instruments in the administration of justice.

In 1806 the county clerk's office was fixed at Argyle, so as to have it located at an intermediate point between Sandy Hill and Salem.

Prior to 1821 justices were appointed by the Governor and Senate. In that year a new constitution was adopted, and they were appointed by the Board of Supervisors and the Court of Common Pleas combined. This rule obtained until 1827, when the law was again changed, and they have since been elected by the people.

The new constitution of 1846 abrogated the Court af Common Pleas and substituted County Courts, the County Judge to be elected by the people. Martin Lee, of Granville, was the first County Judge under this provision.

Washington County has had two Chief Justices of the Supreme Court: Samuel Nelson, appointed August 31, 1821, and John Savage, of Salem, appointed January 29, 1823.

Justices of the Supreme Court from Washington County were: Cornelius L. Allen, from 1851 to 1859, and Joseph Potter, from 1872 to 1890.

The other court officials are given in the county list, see page 376.

The first courthouse at Sandy Hill was built in 1806, and was replaced by the present fine structure in 1873. The present court house at Salem was completed in 1871.

Washington County has been the birthplace or adopted home of some of the most distinguished lawyers and judges of the State. In the following pages a very complete list of the lawyers of the county, past and present, will be found, with a sketch of each.

Bernard Blair was born in Williamstown, Mass., in 1801, and came to Salem in 1825, where he entered the office of Russell & Allen. In 1828 he entered into partnership with Judge Allen and remained with him a year. In 1833 he married Charlotte, daughter of Abraham C. Lansing, of Lansingburgh. He was a trustee of Washington Academy for many years, and also of the Presbyterian Church. In 1839 he was elected to Congress. He was a scholar, as well as a noted lawyer, and held the degree of M. A. from both Middlebury and Williams college. He died in 1880.

Hon. Anthony I. Blanchard was born August 21, 1768, and studied law with Cornelius I. Bogart, in New York, from 1784 to 1787. He was admitted to the bar in 1789, and settled in Salem immediately after. In 1796 he was appointed Assistant Attorney-General for the district of Washington and Clinton counties. In 1810 he was appointed first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was also connected with the military service, in which he attained to the rank of Major in 1793. He married Maria, daughter of John Williams. He died in 1853.

Hon. John Savage was one of the notable jurists whose history carries us back to the early days of Washington County, and who became not only a state, but a national figure. He was born at Salem, N. Y., in 1779; graduated from Union College in 1799; took up the study of law and soon became a leader of the county bar. In 1814 he was in the state legislature and was a representative in Congress from

December 4, 1815, to March 3, 1819. He next held the office of United States District Attorney and was State Comptroller from February 12, 1821, to February 13, 1823, when he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. This high office he graced for four years, or until 1827. He also served for some time as United States Assistant Treasurer in New York. In 1829 Union College conferred upon him the degree of L.L. D. He died at Utica, N. Y., October 19, 1863.

Hon. Charles Crary, son of Leonard P. Crary, was born at Williamsville, Erie County, N. Y., May 2, 1823, and began his career as a clerk in a store in Buffalo, N. Y. He was seriously injured by an accident July 4, 1837, and after recovering entered the printing office of Abraham Dinsmore, learning the trade, and remaining in this office until 1842, when he went to Milwaukee and entered the office of his brother, Leonard P. Crary. In February, 1844, he began teaching and attending the Academy at Aurora, N. Y In 1845 he began the study of law in the office of Hon. John Crary, at Salem, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar in 1847. On December 6, 1849, he began the practice of his profession at Salem and in 1859 removed to New York city. He was Justice of the Peace for four years at Salem, and was also Postmaster under President Pierce. In New York he was elected to the Assembly from the twenty-first district. He was a member of the Board of Education in New York and revised the table of teachers' salaries, his table being yet in use. He was also President of the East Side Association for the promotion of municipal reform. In 1858 he published "Laws and Practice in Special Proceedings," commonly known as "Crary's Practice," and he also issued a work on Limited Partnerships. Both of these works are standards. Charles Crary married Mary E., only child of Henry Matthews, of Salem. He died November 30, 1889.

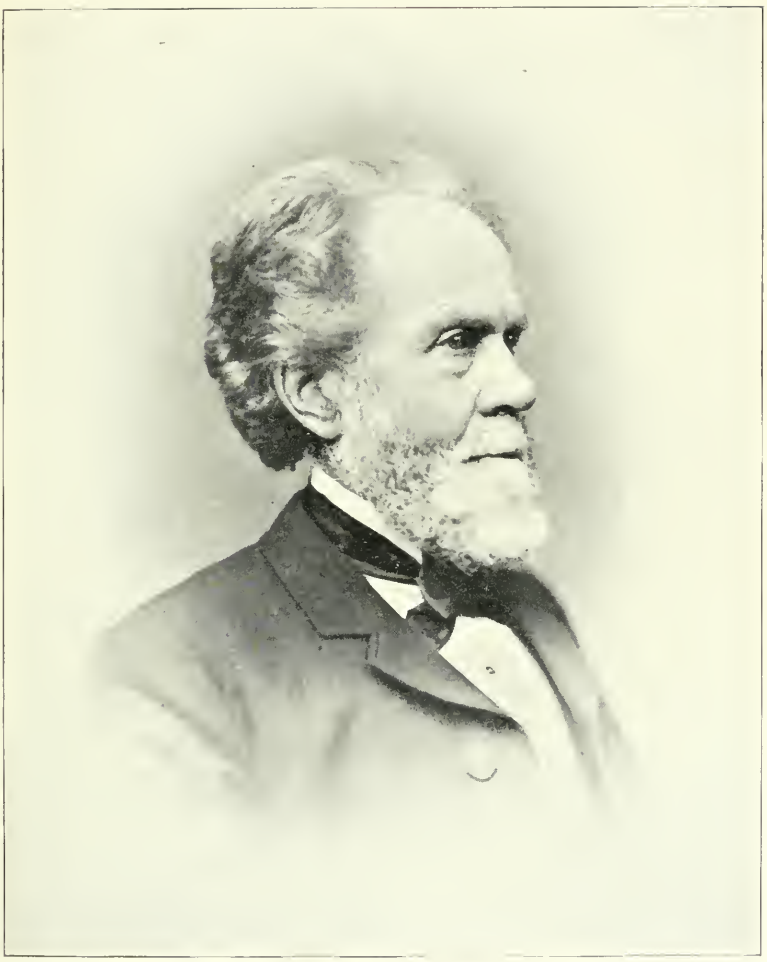
David A. Boies was born in Greenwich April 28, 1819. He graduated from Union College in 1839, and then entered his father's law office. He was admitted to the bar in 1842, and in 1852 succeeded his father as Surrogate. In 1858 he married Margaret Gifford, daughter of Elihu Gifford, of Easton.

Joseph Boies was born at Blandford, Mass., October 2, 1783, and graduated from Williams College in 1808. He studied law with Savage & Crary, at Salem, N. Y., and with Charles Ingalls, at Greenwich. He was admitted to the bar in 1811. He began the practice of law in Cambridge, but returned to Greenwich in 1812, where he remained until his death in 1866. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for several years, and in 1847 was elected to the office of Surrogate.

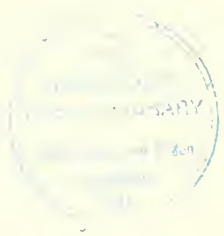
Hon. U. G. Paris.—The bench and bar of Washington County contained no more notable man of his day than Hon. U. G. Paris, and yet it was not only as a jurist that he left his impress upon the history of Washington County, for he was a strong factor in its public affairs, and even its finances and commercial prosperity were enhanced through the operations of his splendid mind.

He was born at Fairfield, Herkimer County, N. Y., August 14, 1819, but his parents removed to Harrisburgh, in Lewis County, while he was still quite young. There he was reared upon a farm, which he assisted in clearing and reclaiming from the wilderness. Thus his opportunities for acquiring an education were necessarily limited, and at the age of twenty-one he went to Watertown, Jefferson County, where he learned the trade of carpenter; yet as if aware of his own capabilities, and as if catching a glimpse in the distance of the bright career which was his destiny, he devoted his leisure hours and evenings to reading and study, while he was working at his trade. He made rapid progress in his studies and his tastes leading him toward professional life, he abandoned his trade and entered the office of Judges Rosecrans and Ferris, with whom he studied law, and at the end of the prescribed course was regularly admitted to the bar. Shortly after his admission to the bar he removed to Sandy Hill, which he made his permanent residence, and which was destined to become the theatre of his successful life. He was cotemporary with many brilliant legal minds in northern New York and with those he came in contact from the very outset of his career, yet he always proved himself the peer of the ablest among them, and soon was regarded as one of the safest counsellors and strongest advocates of the bar in the state.

He always made an exhaustive preparation of his cases to which he was able to direct the energies of a splendid mind and always fought



HON. U. G. PARIS.



them to completion. As a consequence he attracted a large and remunerative practice, and his fame and fortune increased simultaneously.

If among his many admirable traits one could be selected as the most pronounced, it was his sterling honesty, so that while his practice grew and his wealth increased, he continued to rise higher and higher in the esteem and confidence of his fellow men.

In politics Mr. Paris was at first a Whig, and afterwards allied himself with its successor, the Republican party. In 1859 he was nominated and elected Surrogate of Washington County for a term of four years, and was re-elected in 1863 for a second term. In this office he was highly popular, because his profound knowledge of the law was ever tinctured with the finest sense of justice.

He did much to foster business enterprises in Sandy Hill and was one of the founders of the Peoples National Bank, of which his son, Hon. Charles R. Paris, is now president.

Although he did a great deal for his community and generation—and indeed for the present generation, for the results of his work survive—his life was mainly devoted to his profession. He was a man of clear perceptions and strong convictions, who planted himself squarely on the right, and was absolutely fearless in defense of his position.

In 1850 Mr. Paris married Cordelia Rogers, daughter of Hon. Charles Rogers, of Sandy Hill, who was also a prominent citizen of the county, and served both in the State Legislature and as a member of the XXVIIIth Congress. Their children living are Hon. Charles R. Paris, County Judge of Washington County; Dr. Russell C. Paris, a noted physician of Albany; Preston Paris, Treasurer of the Standard Wall Paper Company at Sandy Hill, and two daughters, Mrs. Katharine P. Walters, of New York City, and Mrs. Susan A. Robertson. One son, Lincoln Paris, was a well known banker, and was Cashier of the National Bank of Sandy Hill at the time of his death, which occurred suddenly, in July, 1898. He had previously been cashier of a bank in Cawker City, Kansas, and returned east in 1896.

During the latter part of the summer of 1891 the health of Hon. U. G. Paris began to fail, and he took a trip to the southern states and the West Indies, but without any beneficial result. He died September 15, 1892, and was buried in Union Cemetery, between Sandy Hill and Fort Edward.

The life of Mr. Paris is a notable proof of Disraeli's statement, that "if a man be true to himself he can always realize his ambitions," for

he raised himself from a farmer's son to a position of both fame and fortune, entirely through his own efforts.

Leonard Gibbs was born at Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., April 21, 1800, and was educated for a lawyer and practiced his profession in his native town for some years. He was District Attorney of the county for a number of years and was once elected to the Legislature. He removed to New York in 1839.

Henry Gibson, son of James B. Gibson, was born at Salem, June 29, 1818, and studied law with his brother, the late Judge James Gibson. In 1845 he went to Whitehall and formed a partnership with E. E. Davis which continued until 1852. He then practiced alone until 1857 when he and O. F. Davis entered into partnership, which was dissolved in 1866. From that time he was again alone. He was Associate County Judge from 1859 to 1863, and was a member of the Whitehall Board of Education for many years. He died in 1878.

Hon. Cornelius Lansing Allen who served from 1851 to 1859 as a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, from the Fourth Judicial District, was a son of Hon. David and Elizabeth (Lansing) Allen, and was born at Lansingburgh, N. Y., July 17, 1800. Judge Allen was graduated from Princeton College in 1818, read law with Hon. David Russell, of Salem, and was admitted to the bar in 1821. He was successively in partnership with Mr. Russell and Hon. B. Blair, and then was by himself until he retired from the active practice of his profession. Judge Allen was elected to the Supreme Court in November, 1851, and served for eight years. His career as a lawyer and a judge was marked by zeal and quickness to grasp the salient points of a law case. He held many offices of trust and responsibility in his village, being President of the Washington Academy and the National Bank of Salem.

JOHN WILLARD.—Among the distinguished jurists who have been residents of Washington County during the past century, Hon. John Willard deserves a prominent place.

As a lawyer it was said of him by Chancellor Walworth: "It might truly be said of him, *semper paratus, semper fidelis*. As a judge no judicial officer ever discharged his official duties more uprightly or more faithfully."

He was born in Guilford, Conn., on the 20th of May, 1792, and was descended from two Puritan families, who founded Guilford in 1639.

He was graduated from Middlebury College in August, 1813, and while at college was associated with the late Silas Wright and Hon. Samuel Nelson. He was admitted as an attorney of the Supreme Court in 1817, and entered upon the practice of law in Salem, and soon attained, by his talents and industry, an enviable eminence in his profession.

He was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in February, 1833, and was Surrogate until, in 1836, on the elevation of Esek Cowen to the Supreme Court, he was appointed Circuit Judge and Vice Chancellor of the Fourth Judicial District, which position he occupied until the organization of the judiciary under the constitution of 1846, when he was elected one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, which latter office he held until 1854, and during the last year of his term of service was a member of the Court of Appeals.

In 1837 he removed to Saratoga Springs, which was his residence during the remainder of his life. He was the author of several legal treatises, which are valuable contributions to our jurisprudence.

As a politician he was attached to the Democratic party and decided in his political opinion, but on the breaking out of the rebellion he took strong grounds in favor of a united support to the government in its struggle.

In 1861 he was nominated by the Union convention for senator and subsequently endorsed by all other parties and elected without opposition. By his efforts the confusion in the laws respecting murder and the rights of married women was removed, and simple and sensible statutes passed in relation thereto.

As an advocate, a judge, a legislator, he was alike eminent and accomplished; and in his private life irreproachable and blameless.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to acquire and leave behind them such an honorable and unsullied name.

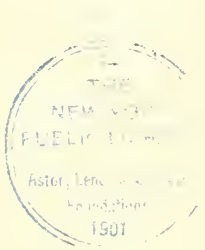
He was married in 1829 at the Troy Female Seminary to Miss Eliza C. Smith and enjoyed during his life the respect and esteem of his aunt, Mrs. Emma Willard, the founder of the Troy Female Seminary and the pioneer in the cause of female education. He lived to bury his only child in 1853 and his estimable wife in 1859 and cut off thus from his family ties, his great heart turned with affection and solicitude to the welfare of his country. He died at his residence, Saratoga Springs, on the 31st day of August, 1862.

Charles Fryer Ingalls was born at Salem, Washington County, N. Y., January 28, 1795. His parents were Charles and Cynthia (Russell) Ingalls. Charles Ingalls was a graduate of Dartmouth College and shortly after his graduation removed from Methuen, Mass., to Salem, N. Y., where he read law and in 1802 was admitted to practice in the courts of the State of New York. Shortly after his admission he opened the first law office in Union Village, (now Greenwich) Washington County, N. Y., and there continued the practice of his profession until his death, which occurred September 2, 1812.

Charles Fryer Ingalls adopted the profession of his father and was admitted to the bar, October 9, 1819. He pursued the practice of his profession successfully until a short time previous to his death, which occurred March 5, 1857. He held the office of District Attorney and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Washington County and in 1835 represented that county in the legislature of the State of New York. He was highly esteemed for his learning and ability as a lawyer and for his probity as a citizen. His two sons, Hon. Charles R. Ingalls and Thomas Ingalls read law with their father and became his partners in the business.

In 1860 Hon. Charles R. Ingalls removed to Troy and formed a partnership with Hon. David L. Seymour. Thomas Ingalls continued in practice with his father until the death of the latter and thereafter conducted the business until his decease, which occurred June 18, 1873.

Charles Fryer Ingalls, the subject of the present sketch, married Mary Rogers, the daughter of Nathan and Dorothea Rogers, October



Chas. R. Ingalls

22, 1818, and they had three children, the two sons already named and one daughter, Mary Ingalls. Of the three, Hon. Charles R. Ingalls is the only survivor. Thomas Ingalls was graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., with distinction, and was regarded as a man of marked talent.

Hon. Charles R. Ingalls, one of the most distinguished members of the bench and bar of New York State, was born at Greenwich, Washington County, N. Y., September 14, 1819. After his school days he entered the office of his father, who was a lawyer, and began the study of law. In June, 1844, he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court and the Court of Chancery, New York State. Shortly after his admission to the bar, he and his father formed a partnership, which continued until 1860, when Charles R. Ingalls went to Troy and settled permanently. He at once formed a partnership with David L. Seymour under the firm name of Seymour & Ingalls, and the firm soon became recognized as leaders in the legal profession in Troy and the surrounding counties.

In 1863 Charles R. Ingalls was nominated for Justice of the Supreme Court for the Third Judicial District, and his election followed. In 1870 he became ex-officio a member of the Court of Appeals, and in 1871 he was nominated by both political parties for the same office and was elected for a term of fourteen years.

In 1877 he was appointed for a term of three years by Governor Lucien Robinson, a member of the General Term of the Supreme Court, first department, which comprised the City of New York. From 1885 to 1889 he held the same office, but resigned in 1890 on account of having reached the age limit for Justices of the Supreme Court.

Judge Ingalls served in all twenty-seven years on the Supreme Court bench, and during his judicial career, he ranked among the foremost jurists of America, and today he is one of the most highly respected members of the legal profession in New York State.

Judge Ingalls has been a trustee of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute for the last twenty-five years, and is also a trustee of the Emma Willard Institute.

On November 3, 1880, Judge Ingalls married Margaret L. Marvin

of Troy, and they have one daughter, Margaret Marvin Ingalls, born in 1884.

The Ingalls family is of English descent, Edmund Ingalls, the founder of the family in America, came from Lincolnshire to Massachusetts in 1629. Four members of the family were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and James, an uncle of Judge Ingalls, was killed in the battle of Bunker Hill. Charles Ingalls, (grandfather) was a native of Methune, Mass. He graduated from Dartmouth College, read law at Salem, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar of this state in 1802. He then settled in Greenwich, N. Y., and opened the first law office in that village. His son, Charles F., father of Judge Ingalls, took up the same profession which he followed from 1819 until a short time prior to his death in 1870. He served as District Attorney, County Judge and Judge of the Court of Appeals.

Judge Ingalls' mother was Mary Rogers, daughter of Nathan and Dorothea (Cleveland) Rogers, who came to Greenwich from Canterbury, Conn., in the year 1800.

Hon. James Gibson was born at Salem, Washington County, N. Y., September 5, 1816. He was the son of James B. Gibson, who was a prominent lawyer of the county. James Gibson was educated at the Salem Washington Academy and studied law, first in the office of his uncle, Samuel Stevens, and afterwards with Cyrus Stevens and John H. Boyd of Whitehall. He was admitted to the bar in 1836 and from that date up to his death he pursued the practice of his profession in Salem. He was an able lawyer and consequently successful in his profession. In November, 1850, he was elected County Judge and served four years. In 1866 he was elected State Senator for the district composed of Washington and Rensselaer counties. He was editor of the Washington County Post from 1838 to 1841 and has left behind him a high reputation as a literary man and an historian. The material which he collected relative to Washington County is very valuable.

Judge Gibson was a Republican from the foundation of the party up to 1871 when he became a Liberal Republican. During the latter years of his life he was identified with the Democratic party.

He always took great interest in military affairs and in 1840 raised

a company of light infantry, of which he was made Captain. This company was attached to the 50th Regiment, State Militia, of which he ultimately became Lieutenant-Colonel. On the disbandment of the 50th he was attached to the 30th Regiment, N. G. N. Y., and was promoted to the rank of Colonel. In 1867 he was made Brigadier-General of the 12th brigade, which disbanded in 1874.

Judge Gibson was prominently associated with the Masonic Fraternity, the Odd Fellows, the Episcopal Church, and took an active interest in all important public matters. He was president of the Washington County Historical Society; a member of the American Geographical Society; a trustee of Evergreen Cemetery, and a director of the National Bank at Salem.

On October 17, 1841, Judge Gibson married Jane, daughter of Ira and Wealthy Ann (Gilbert) Woodworth. There only surviving child is Mary, wife of Mr. T. A. Wright, publisher, of New York City. A son, James Gibson, a lawyer of Salem, is deceased.

Hon. Luther Wait was born at Fitz-William, New Hampshire, February 7, 1788. Receiving his preliminary education for college he took a four years course at Burlington University, Vermont, where he graduated with honor in 1811.

Whereupon, choosing the legal profession, and wishing to become a student in the office of some prominent lawyer in the State of New York, he was favored with an excellent letter of introduction and commendation from the Governor of Vermont (Governor Van Ness) to Roger Skinner, then an eminent lawyer residing at Sandy Hill, N. Y., and on the strength of such letter received a cordial welcome from Mr. Skinner and entered his office as a law student, and in due time was admitted to the bar as an attorney of the Supreme Court, and became a partner of the Hon. Henry C. Martindale (then a prominent lawyer residing at Sandy Hill) under the firm name of Martindale & Wait, which firm continued for some years. Among other students in their office, was Silas Wright, afterward United States Senator and Governor of the State.

Upon the dissolution of the firm of Martindale & Wait, Mr. Wait, having received the degree of Counsellor of the Supreme Court and Counsellor in the Court of Chancery, continued the practice of the law at Sandy Hill until his death, which occurred April 20, 1857.

Hon. Luther Wait was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Washington County, Surrogate of the County, Master and Examiner in Chancery and for many years a Justice of the Peace, which office he held at the time of his death.

At a meeting of the bar of the county in his memory, held at Salem Circuit, appropriate eulogistic resolutions were adopted; the same being reported to the meeting by a committee, consisting of Judge Rosekrans, Gen. Martin Lee and Judge Luther J. Howe.

Judge Wait was much esteemed by his brother lawyers, as a good lawyer, a man remarkably industrious and devoted to the interests of his clients and as scrupulously honest and honorable in all his dealings.

Among the important suits with which he was connected was the Chancery suit of Rogers vs. Rogers in which he was solicitor for the plaintiff and which after a contest lasting seven years was finally decided in the Court of Errors in favor of the plaintiff. (The case is reported in Chancery in I Hopkins' Reports 515, I Paige R. 188, and in the Court of Errors III Wendell 503.) It is a leading case upon the important questions raised and decided therein.

Judge Wait was a prominent member of the Democratic party up to the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which repeal to him was inexcusable, and for which he joined the Republican party under Fremont, opposed to the extension of slavery, and was a member of that party when he died.

He left surviving him six sons and four daughters, viz: Lucian D., Laysel B., A. Dallas, Jerome, Sheridan and George Addison Wait, and Charlotte E., Milcena B., Susan E. and Aurelia Wait.

His son Lucian D. Wait learned the trade of a jeweler at Troy and went to Skaneateles to reside and remained there for many years and until his death.

Laysel B. Wait was educated as a lawyer and, on admission to the bar went to St. Paul, Minnesota, to practice law, associated with the law firm of Hallingshed & Becker of that place.

Not liking the practice of the law he engaged in mercantile business in that city and subsequently removed to California where he died.

Jerome Wait went to California in 1854 to engage in the mining business, and has ever since resided there, following that occupation.

Sheridan Wait, after his admission to the bar as a lawyer in 1853,

in accord with the advice of Horace Greely to young men in the East to "Go West and Grow up with the Country," went first to Tennessee and remained there nearly two years, engaged principally as a teacher.

He then concluded that he would be better pleased to be located farter North, and therefore went to St. Louis, on his way to Illinois where he fortunately met and was introduced to Governor French (then Governor of Illinois) who happened to be at the time in that city. The Governor advised him to open a law office at Decatur, Ill., which the Governor said presented a good opening for a young enterprising lawyer. And the Governor very kindly gave him a letter of introduction to an influential friend of his at Decatur.

Mr. Wait, upon the suggestion of the Governor, opened a law office at Decatur, the county seat of Macon County, Illinois, and in a short time entered into partnership with the late Gov. Richard J. Oglesby, then a young lawyer who had recently come from Kentucky, his native state, and settled at Decatur to practice law. The firm of Oglesby & Wait were doing a large and profitable business until the commencement of the Civil War. When the first gun was fired on Fort Sumpter they closed their law office and both entered the Union Army, and when Colonel Oglesby was appointed to the command of a brigade, Mr. Wait was commissioned Assistant Adjutant General with the rank of Major. At the close of the war Major Wait returned to Decatur and resumed the practice of the law. In 1871 he removed to Chicago and engaged in the real estate business and continued his residence in that city until his death, 28th of July, 1879. At the time of his death he was President of the Chicago and Calumet Dock Company.

Major Wait in early life was a Democrat, an active and efficient member of that party, but never seeking or desiring official preferment, choosing rather to serve in the ranks as a private citizen. But just before the war he was elected Mayor of the city of Decatur on the Union ticket.

Upon his return from the war he joined the Republican party and became one of its most staunch and true supporters, and for six years was a prominent and much esteemed member of the Republican State Committee of Illinois.

He served one term as Canal Commissioner of that State.

Soon after his death a meeting of the Macon County Bar was held

and appropriate resolutions adopted in memory, as stated therein, of "Sheridan Wait, whose record was never sullied and who was a brave, true, gentle, kind man and a wise and honorable lawyer."

Major Wait was buried with military and civic honors in Greenwood Cemetery at Decatur, July 31st, 1879, the funeral being from the residence there, of his old partner and life-long friend Governor Oglesby.

George Addison Wait, the youngest son of Luther Wait, enlisted as a soldier in the 121st New York Regiment at Syracuse where that regiment was being organized.

A county bounty of $500 was being paid there to each soldier enlisting in that regiment. Before the regiment left for Washington the County Treasurer paid the soldiers such bounty. George Addison, on his name being called to receive the bounty, directed the Treasurer to forward the amount ($500) due him to the Secretary of the United States Treasury as a mite donated by him to the United States Government for war purposes.

The County Treasurer accordingly forwarded the same, stating the circumstances, to Secretary Chase, who acknowledged its receipt in a letter, characterising the gift, under the circumstances as entirely unique, and praising in the highest terms the donor for displaying such a noble and unselfish spirit of patriotism, when joining the army, as a private soldier.

The 121st regiment was attached to the 6th United States Army Corps and this young man, as a private soldier (without missing a day of service in the field) was with that regiment at Fredricksburg, Gettysburg, and all the battles in which the 6th Corps took part up to and including the battle at Spottsylvania Court-House the 11th of May, 1864, in which he was severely wounded, thereby losing his right arm, amputated close to the shoulder, the following day, by an army surgeon. He was forced in consequence to remain for months in hospital at Alexandria and Philadelphia. Being unable to do further service as a soldier, he was mustered out and honorably discharged. He was a remarkably exemplary and worthy young man in all his ways and habits. At the time of his death he was residing in New York city doing clerical work, (having acquired the ability to write well with his left hand) and was studying with a view of becoming a lawyer as soon as practicable.

Charles Hughes was born February 27, 1822. In 1837 he began the study of law in the office of H. B. Northup, at Sandy Hill, N. Y. He was admitted to the bar in January, 1845. In 1852 he was elected to Congress. In 1857 he was elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals. In 1862 he took an active part in organizing the Washington County Regiment, 123d New York Volunteers. In 1877 he was elected Senator of the State of New York. On April 26, 1850, the law firm of Hughes & Northup was formed, which existed until the death of Mr. Hughes, August 10, 1887, a period of more than thirty-seven years.

Hon. Roswell Weston, who served as First Judge of Washington County from 1825 to 1827, was a son of Zachariah Weston, a Revolutionary soldier, and was born February 24, 1774. He read law with Hon. John Woodsworth, of Troy, and was admitted to the bar and commenced practice at Fort Edward, but soon removed to Sandy Hill, where he remained until his death, which occurred August 18, 1861.

Robert Doig was born in the town of Greenwich, Washington County, N. Y., March 13, 1810. He graduated from Union College in 1836 and in 1838 completed the study of law with Boyd & Billings at Whitehall and was admitted to the bar. He soon became a leading lawyer in Whitehall and held various public offices.

James C. Hopkins, removed from Sandy Hill to Granville, about 1840, where he formed a co-partnership with Isaac W. Bishop, under the firm name of Bishop & Hopkins. He was State Senator in 1854 and 1855. Afterward he went to Wisconsin, where he became United States District Judge.

David Wilson went from Sandy Hill to Whitehall, became a Member of Assembly in 1852, and Clerk of that body in 1858. He was an author as well as a lawyer, and wrote the book, "Solomon Northup."

Henry B. Northup, of Sandy Hill, was a lawyer, noted for his eloquence and persuasive power with a jury. He was District Attorney from 1847 to 1850, and Member of Assembly in 1856. He died in 1877.

Orville Clark, who with Judge Weston, formed the co-partnership of Weston & Clark, was a man noted in his profession as well as in the business world. He was a State Senator from 1844 to 1848, and was Major General in the Militia, and father of the late Asabel Clark. He died about the year 1863.

Nathaniel B. Milliman was for some time a partner with Gen. Orville Clark, at Sandy Hill, and subsequently was associated with Hon. U. G. Paris. He was elected County Clerk in 1852 and moved to Argyle. At the expiration of his term of office he moved to Fort Edward where he died in 1885.

Henry C. Martindale, one of the most noted barristers, of Sandy Hill, was Surrogate from 1816 to 1819, District Attorney from 1821 to 1828, Congressman from 1823 to 1831, and was appointed Canal Appraiser in 1840, by Governor Seward, which office he held until 1843. He died about 1858, and was the father of John H. Martindale, who was Attorney General in 1866-67.

Hon. Marinus Fairchild was born at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., November 21, 1811. He was educated at Watervliet, N. Y., studied law in the City of Albany and in the office of his uncle, Hon. John Crary, at Salem, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar in 1833. From that date until 1846 he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession at Salem, N. Y., when he removed to Albany, where he remained about five years, returning to Salem upon the death of Mr. Crary, and remaining there during the remainder of his own life. He was for several years a partner with Mr. Crary.

Jos. Potter

Mr. Fairchild was not only a prominent lawyer but also held the office of Surrogate of Washington County from January 1, 1856, to December 31, 1859, and was District Attorney from 1877 to 1881. In politics he was a Democrat, but was highly regarded by large numbers of his political opponents. He was a man of superior talents, yet very unassuming and when he died on January 20, 1887, the bar of the county met in the Court House at Sandy Hill, on the 25th of that month, and passed a set of resolutions which show the high esteem in which he was held. He married Harriet Campbell in 1836. His parents were Lewis and Laodicea (Crary) Fairchild.

Judge Lyman Hall Northup, one of the oldest and best known practitioners at the Washington County bar, is a native of the town of Hebron, Washington County, N. Y., and was born December 18, 1821. His parents were John H. and Anna (Wells) Northup. He studied law in the law office of his brother, H. B. Northup, and was admitted to practice in December, 1847, and in April, 1850, formed a partnership with Hon. Charles Hughes, which lasted until the latter's death in August, 1887. From 1888 to 1892 Judge Northup was associated with Young & Kellogg, as senior counsel. Since 1892 he has been engaged in practice alone.

Judge Northup has always been public-spirited and identified with every movement for good, as far as his means would allow, and a man in whose integrity and sincerity the public have the utmost confidence.

Hon. Joseph Potter was born in the town of Easton, Washington, County, N. Y., November 17th, 1820. He received his preliminary education at the district schools in Easton, a Quaker boarding school at Chatham, Columbia County, N. Y., of which the afterwards celebrated Hon. William S. Fullerton, was at that time preceptor, and at the Union Village Academy, Greenwich, N. Y., an institution then celebrated as a preparatory school. He entered the sophomore class of Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., and after a distinguished course was graduated with honors in the class of 1842. Subsequently his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of L. L D.

Having decided to enter the legal profession he studied law with Judge Culver and Judge A. D. Baker at Greenwich, and subsequently in the office of Wheaton, Hammond, Doolittle & Hadly at Albany. In 1845 he was admitted to the bar as Attorney and Counsellor of the Supreme Court and as Solicitor in Chancery.

While in the office of Culver & Baker he taught in the Union Village Academy at Greenwich. Shortly after his admission to the bar he came to Whitehall and formed a partnership with judge William H. Parker, who died in 1849. Judge Potter's subsequent partners were J. D. Blount, Hon. A. H. Tanner, and his son, J. Sanford Potter, all of whom were students in his office.

From the very commencement of his legal career, Judge Potter evinced not only unusual ability as a lawyer, but also attained a reputation for integrity and soundness as a counsellor, so that early in his career he became prominent in the front rank of the lawyers of northern New York.

The citizens of Washington County were not slow to recognize his abilities and worth, and in 1849 he was elected District Attorney of the County, and at the expiration of his term of office was re-elected. He also served as District Attorney from September 7, 1862, until January 1, 1863, serving out the term of Colonel A. L. McDougall, who had gone to war with his regiment. In 1863 he was elected County Judge, and to this office also, was re-elected at the expiration of his first term, so that he held the position until December 31, 1871. In November, 1871, he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court, and after serving out his full term of fourteen years was re-elected in November, 1885, to the same office and held the position until his term expired by constitutional limitation, at the age of seventy years, in 1890. He also served three years in the Court of Appeals, Second Division, and received his appointment thereto from Governor Hill, a Democratic Governor.

Although eminent as a jurist, it was as a judge that Hon. Joseph Potter achieved his greatest distinction. His rendering and interpretation of the law, in which he was thoroughly posted, was ever tempered with the finest and highest sense of justice, and it was almost futile to carry a case to the Court of Appeals from his decision. In his conduct of the business of the courts he was always prompt, energetic and decisive, and cases brought before him were not allowed to

lag, but were carried through to an issue; nor were his decisions long delayed. Accuracy and dispatch characterized him in all his duties.

One instance will illustrate well his character and greatness as a judge, because in this case he was brought face to face with one of the strongest and most dangerous forces of his age, and, through his ability and magnificent courage, has made himself a name in the judicial history of America.

Having been called upon in the usual way, to hold a term of court in the City of New York, and relieve the judges of that city, overburdened with an accumulation of business, he was sitting in Special Term when an application was made for a stay of proceedings, pending an appeal, in the case of Jacob Sharpe, convicted of bribery.

An application of this kind, under the circumstances existing in the Sharpe case, is ordinarily made without opposition and granted as a matter of course; but Sharpe had been convicted, according to the claims of the Metropolitan newspapers, solely through their efforts, and with great unanimity and persistence they demanded that the provisions of the constitution and the statutes of the state applicable to cases of this kind should be ignored, and that a stay of proceedings upon the judgment of conviction, pending an appeal to the higher courts upon questions of law and evidence, involving the legality of his conviction, should not be granted. The subject became one of universal interest, and of supreme importance. The press threatened the judiciary, and upon Judge Potter, standing alone, rested the responsibility and the burden of asserting its independence.

Speaking of the subject in hand, the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, one of America's greatest lawyers and greatest orators, said in his address before the State Bar Association of New York, in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol in Albany, January 17, 1888: "Scarcely known in America in the past, it stirs the present, and may foreshadow grave troubles in the future. It concerns us as citizens as well as lawyers. It may test to the quick the honor, integrity and independence of the bar. It is, shall the newspapers invade the sanctity of courts of justice and assail litigants, intimidate witnesses and dictate the verdicts of juries and the judgments of courts. The great journals of different cities are breaking down the barriers of the past, and assuming authority to comment on, criticize, condemn or approve of, proceedings pending in our courts of justice. They pour into every home their opinion of an undetermined case. They condemn the accused

before the evidence is heard; name the amount the verdict ought to be, the day the jury will decide; judges comprehending the direful results, resist, within the limits of the law, this outrageous interference. Yet it is to be feared that now and then there may be those elevated to the bench by favoritism, devoid of experience, tasting for the first time the sweets of popular applause, who caught by the breeze, will float with the current, try the case, and sentence prisoners to please the press."

Judge Potter did not please the press. Faithfully and fearlessly he performed the solemn trust reposed in him, assigning the reasons therefore in an unanswerable opinion. He granted a stay, and vindicated the great principle which he represented.

Mr. Dougherty described the incident in the following eloquent words: "Ay, when a judge, whose name deserves to be printed in letters of gold and kept bright forever, in despite of the storm that he knew would be heaped upon him, for good and weighty reasons, the case being one of first impressions, the first of the kind tried under the State Constitution, the first alleged briber ever indicted, granted the stay, some of the journalists assailed his purity, ransacked his career, insinuating if they did not brand him as a bribetaker."

Judge Potter wrote an elaborate opinion deciding the case which is reported at length in the reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court.

"Subsequently the Court of Appeals 'calm as the lake that slumbers in the storm' patiently heard elaborate argument, carefully examined cited authorities, studied printed briefs, deliberated fully, and without a dissenting voice, sustained the decision of Judge Potter in every detail and delivered an opinion which proved that an elective judiciary, to its lasting honor, will decide the law undismayed by the fiercest storm that ever bursts on an American court."

Judge Potter has not only achieved greatness himself, but he has the felicity to see his sons also become prominent during his life.

On October 23, 1845, Judge Potter married Catharine E. Boies, daughter of Judge Boies, and they have a family of three sons, namely: J. Sanford Potter, Commander William P. Potter and Henry Whitbeck Potter. J. Sanford Potter is one of the best known lawyers of Washington County and is the senior partner in the firm of Potter & Lillie of Whitehall. Commander William P. Potter has attained distinction in the American Navy and is at present in charge of the Ord-

nance Department of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia. He, in conjunction with Admiral Sampson and Captain Chadwick constituted the Court of Inquiry appointed by the United States Government to determine the cause of the destruction of the Battleship Maine. Henry Whitbeck Potter is a very successful electrical engineer and has charge of the Spanish-American business for the Westinghouse Company whom he now represents in Brazil.

Since his retirement from the bar Judge Potter has been practising law and acting as referee, and always has important cases in his charge. Although he has about completed his 80th year his intellectuality has not waned and he is today as clear and forceful mentally as he was in his vigorous prime, and but for the age limitation imposed by the Constitution of the State he might still adorn the bench to which for so many years he lent both strength and dignity.

Judge Potter has long been interested in the iron mines of Washington County. These mines have not been operated of late because of the low price of northwestern ores and cheaper transportation.

Judge Potter's parents were Joel and Anne (Austin) Potter. The Potter family is an old American one; its branches are many and its reputable men not a few, and the Hon. Joseph Potter has certainly added his share of luster to the name.

Hon. Lonson Fraser was born in Hebron, Washington County, N. Y., January 12, 1822, and is the son of Isaac M. and Mary (Munson) Fraser. His family is of Highland Scotch origin and his ancestors were not only among the earliest settlers in Washington County, but also figured conspicuously in the Revolutionary War as sterling upholders of American liberty.

Mr. Fraser's father was a farmer, and after leaving school he assisted his father in the duties of farming until the year of his majority, at which time he took up the study of medicine. The law, however, had always strongly attracted him and after continuing his medical studies for one year he abandoned that study and devoted himself henceforth to the study of the profession which for more than fifty years he has successfully practiced. He was admitted to the bar at the General Term of the Supreme Court, at Ballston, N. Y., in the winter of 1848, and at once began practising at West Hebron where

from the first his services were widely sought. In 1854 he removed from West Hebron to Salem where he has since resided. His extreme care in gathering all the facts of a case; his ability in foreseeing distant contingencies and his clear, forceful language before a jury, have won him wide success and brought his name to a position of high honor in the ranks of the veteran lawyers of Washington County.

He served two terms as Surrogate, which office he held continuously from January 1, 1872, to December 31, 1883. In 1884 he resumed his practice of the law at Salem where he has since remained.

Judge Fraser has been a Republican since 1855. In 1856 he took the stump for Fremont and has since been active in the important political campaigns.

In July, 1848, Judge Fraser married Elizabeth M., daughter of James Steele of West Hebron, and has one son, Hon. Frederick Fraser.

Frederick Fraser was educated at the Washington Academy, Cambridge, N. Y., and studied law in the office of his father and was admitted to the bar in 1887. He has held the office of Justice of the Peace for one term, has been Supervisor of the town of Salem for three terms, and in 1894 was elected a member of the New York State Constitutional Convention. He is now successfully practicing law with his father at Salem, and is regarded as one of the ablest lawyers of the county.

Oscar F. Davis, one of the oldest, best known and most highly respected members of the Washington County bar, was born at Brattleboro, Vt., October 16, 1820. When he was in his third year his parents moved to Granville, N. Y., and there he received his early education at the Granville Academy, and afterward took up the study of law in the office of John H. Boyd of Whitehall, N. Y. He completed his legal studies with the late Judge James Gibson of Salem, and was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1850. In the same year he settled permanently at Whitehall and began the practice of his profession, which he has continued throughout half a century, achieving a high reputation, not only as an advocate and counsellor, but also as a man of honor and integrity.

In addition to his law business, Mr. Davis was for about ten years connected with the great lumber trade of Whitehall. He has always taken an intelligent and active interest in public affairs, and was a

member of the Board of Education for a period of twenty years, during fully half of which time he was President of the Board. He also held a seat on the Board of Village Trustees for a number of years and was President of the village several terms.

In 1854 Oscar F. Davis married Charlotte Towne Rowe, of the village of Granville, N. Y. Their children are Rufus Rowe Davis, Charlotte T. and Pauline B.

Rufus Rowe Davis is a lawyer and is associated with his father.

Charlotte T. married Capt. O. A. Dennis, a prominent lawyer of Whitehall, and Pauline B. married Walter N. Weeks.

Oscar F. Davis is a son of Jonathan and Elizabeth (Preston) Davis. His great uncle, Capt. Isaac Davis, was the first man killed in the War of the Revolution at Concord, Mass.

Jonathan Davis was a native of Massachusetts, but removed to Vermont shortly after his marriage. He subsequently settled in Granville, as has been stated, where he remained until his death in April, 1869.

His wife, Elizabeth Preston, was a native of Massachusetts and was born in 1793. She died in 1845 at the age of fifty-two.

John Gilroy was born in Richfield Springs, N. Y., March 22, 1864, and received his education at the public schools of his native place and the Cooperstown Academy. He began the study of law with Thomas Hagerty of Richfield Springs, and completed his legal studies in the office of Jordan E. Seeley at Granville. He was admitted to the bar on September 8, 1892 and immediately began the active practice of his profession as a partner with Mr. Seeley, the firm name being Seeley & Gilroy. In 1896 this firm dissolved and Mr. Gilroy at once opened an office for himself. He is an able advocate and has already achieved a high reputation, not only as a legal advisor, but has also taken high rank as a corporation counsel and lawyer. He is at present corporation counsel for the village of Granville and also for the Farmers' National Bank, besides being Village Clerk. He was a Justice of the Peace for eight consecutive years.

In politics Mr. Gilroy is a Democrat and his voice and counsel are invariably sought by the party leaders. In 1898 he was nominated

by the Democrats for Member of Assembly and made a creditable run against Hon. Charles R. Paris, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., but it must be remembered that Washington County is overwhelmingly Republican. Again in 1895 he was nominated on the Democratic ticket for Supervisor of the town of Granville, but was defeated for the reason just named. In both of these campaigns, however, he ran 500 votes ahead of his ticket. He was for two years Chairman of the Democratic County Committee and was its treasurer for several years, and has been delegate to every Democratic County Convention since reaching his majority, and two Democratic State Conventions.

Mr. Gilroy is a member of the Sons of Veterans and of the Knights of Columbus, and has served two years as Grand Knight.

His parents were John and Catharine (Lawler) Gilroy, both natives of Longford, Ireland. John Gilroy, Sr., was a veteran of the civil war, serving in the Second Heavy Artillery, which experienced much severe fighting.

On May 8, 1900, Mr. Gilroy married Elizabeth Lyon, daughter of William Lyon, of Middle Granville, N. Y.

Mr. Gilroy is one of the ablest and most popular lawyers in Washington County. His fine abilities have already placed him in the front rank of the bar of Northern New York, and his affibility wins him friends every day, and above all he has established a reputation for unswerving integrity, which has gained for him the highest degree of public confidence.

Hon. Charles R. Paris was born at Sandy Hill, N. Y., August 9, 1851, and was educated in the schools of his native place. He studied law in the office of his father, the late U. G. Paris, who was one of the ablest and most successful lawyers of his day in this state. Charles R. Paris was admitted to the bar in 1880, and since that date has been a prominent factor in the legal and political life of Washington County. Indeed, before his admission, he was active in public affairs. In 1878 he was elected Supervisor for the Town of Kingsbury and held the office for three years, 1878-1879-1880, and during the last year he was chairman of the Board. From that time up to 1894 he devoted himself entirely to the practice of his profession and attained a distinction which was destined later on to bring him the high-

C. R. Paris

est legal honor in the gift of the county. During the years 1894 and 1895 he was President of the Village of Sandy Hill and his popularity in his native place was strikingly illustrated by the fact that not a single vote was cast against him when he was a candidate.

Always a Republican, ready and able to aid his party, his services and ability were recognized, when in 1897 he was elected to the State Legislature and at the expiration of his first term was re-elected. During both terms he was active in the House and served on several important committees. During 1897 he served on the Committees on Insurance, Trades and Manufactures and Military Affairs; and during 1898 on the Committees on Codes, Taxation, Retrenchment, Labor and Industries.

In the summer of 1899 Hon. Charles R. Paris was nominated by the Republican Convention for County Judge, and the contest which followed gave an emphatic illustration of his great popularity and the public confidence reposed in him. Opposed by a strong Republican who was endorsed by the Democrats, Judge Paris carried the County by a majority of 1174 votes, his own town of Kingsbury, which is about 400 Republican, giving him a majority of 749.

Successful as a lawyer, as a politician, and as a business man, he is eminently qualified for the bench, and his large and varied experience is enriched by a sterling integrity which is the great source of his popularity.

Judge Paris is vitally interested in the business life of Sandy Hill. He is President of the People's National Bank, a stockholder in the Standard Wall Paper Company, a stockholder in the Dunn Water Supply Company, which constructed and owns the water works at Corinth, Saratoga County; and he is counsel for all these concerns. He was a stockholder and treasurer of the Washington County Park Association, and was for two years treasurer of its successor, the Washington County Agricultural Society.

In 1879 Judge Paris married Alma Biggart, and they have a family of three children, namely, Urias G. Paris 2d, Cordelia A. Paris and Cola K. Paris. His parents were Urias G. and Cordelia (Rogers) Paris.

For family genealogy see biography of Hon. U. G. Paris.

Grenville Mellen Ingalsbe was born in the southern part of the Town of Hartford, N. Y., July 26, 1846, the only child of Milo Ingalsbe and Laura C. Ingalsbe, nee Chapin. He was under the instruction of his father until he was fourteen years of age. During the next four winters he attended the district school and one term of Miss Sarah Slocum's select school. In 1864-65 he spent a year at the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, entering Union College in 1866 in the class of 1868. He remained in college only one year. His record as a student was a brilliant one. He was the first scholar in every class room, and in college his record was such that his Bachelor's Degree was conferred upon him in 1870, and three years later, the Degree of Master of Arts.

In 1867 he assumed charge of the Argyle Academy at Argyle, N. Y., remaining its principal three years. In increase of students and in scholarly attainments these years were the most honorable in its long history. Here he commenced the formation of a library which has become one of the most valuable in the vicinity. He was a student with his students, at the same time doing much valuable literary work. In the summer of 1870 he resigned his position at Argyle, leaving the educational field with great reluctance.

He immediately commenced the study of law in the office of Hughes & Northup at Sandy Hill. After a year of unremitting application his desire for more school life caused him to abandon his clerkship, and enter the Harvard Law School. Here he accomplished the work of the two years course in one year, graduating with honors, as Bachelor of Law, in the class of 1872. Besides his law work he pursued the study of history under Dr. Eliot, botany under Dr. Gray, natural science under Louis Agassiz, and literature, German and other branches under equally illustrious masters. Upon his graduation he entered Hughes & Northup's office as managing clerk. This was during the political campaign of 1872, and he flung aside the most flattering offers of political preferment to espouse the cause of his personal friend, Horace Greeley. From this time, while identified generally with the Republican party, he has not been a partisan to the extent of placing party above country, and he has not hesitated to antagonize the party at all times when he has considered its position inimical to the interests of the common people, opposed to an honest and economical administration of public affairs, or subversive of sacred national traditions. In 1874 he was admitted to the bar, opening an office in Sandy

Granville M. Ingalsbe

Hill in 1875. He has since been actively engaged in his profession, building up a large and lucrative practice, and having in charge the legal work of a great number of the most important private and corporate interests of Northern New York.

On September 20, 1876, he was married to Franc E. Groesbeck at "Pine Avenue," the home of her step-father, Mr. Amasa Howland of Sandy Hill. Miss Groesbeck was born October 19, 1856; was the daughter of Nathaniel Barnett Groesbeck and Lydia A. Groesbeck, nee Kingsley, and on both sides was descended from revolutionary ancestry. She is a graduate of Temple Grove Seminary, and was a teacher in the Sandy Hill Union School. They have one child Grenville Howland, born November 8, 1878. He prepared for college at the Glens Falls Academy and Phillips Exeter, and is now in Harvard College.

For four years, 1874-8, Mr. Ingalsbe was the Secretary of the Washington County Agricultural Society, showing the highest order of executive ability. Its premium list and field of operations were more than doubled; great improvements were made upon its grounds; Memorial Hall was built; its office methods simplified, and its indebtedness reduced about four thousand dollars. Upon his retirement, the appreciation of the Association was shown, by his election as a life Counselor of the Society.

In 1877 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace and was twice elected, retiring after nearly nine years service, because the office interfered with his professional work. For three years, 1885-8, he was the Supervisor of his town; in 1887-8, being the Chairman of the Board. At the expiration of his third term he declined a second unanimous re-election. He was elected Clerk of the Village of Sandy Hill in 1875. By successive appointments he held the office, with the exception of one year, until March, 1894, when he resigned, that he might devote his energies exclusively to his profession; to his various business interests, including the management of the farm homestead for which, and farm life, he holds a great affection, and to study along the lines which, amid the duties of an exacting profession, have continued to have such attractions for him, that he has preserved the mental poise of a student, and many of the habits of the scholastic recluse.

After 1872, while taking an active part in local politics, he steadfastly refused to allow his name to be used as a candidate for district

or county offices, preferring the emoluments and honors of his profession. In 1895, however, a few hours before the opening of the Republican County Convention, he consented to the presentation of his name for Surrogate. He was nominated and elected. Of his record as Surrogate, a paper of hostile politics said editorially: "Political friend and foe alike concede that Mr. Ingalsbe has made a model official." Upon his induction into office he instituted six entirely new series of record books; revolutionized a seventh series, and adopted improved systems for the filing of papers. During his term he prepared over one hundred different forms of blanks, introduced the card index, systematized the work of the office, increased its efficiency, and greatly elevated the standards of the Court. Early in 1901, a year prior to the expiration of his term, though keenly appreciative of the general commendation bestowed upon his official career, he declined becoming a candidate for re-election.

Mr. Ingalsbe's identification with learned societies has been extended. He is an active member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the National Bi-metalist Association, the American Anti-Imperialist League, the Harvard Law School Alumni Association, the Union College Alumni Association of Northeastern New York, the New York State Bar Association, the American Historical Association, the American Bar Association and many other kindred organizations. For many years he has been on the Executive Committee of the Union College Alumni, and of the State Bar Association, of which for three years, he was Chairman. He is now the President of the Alumni Association, and a member of the Local Council of the American Bar Association. He was one of the Incorporators, and is a Director of the State Historical Association.

His business interests for many years have been large and are constantly being extended. Until absorbed by larger corporations, he was a director and Secretary of the Sandy Hill Electric Light and Power Company, and the Sandy Hill Power Company. He has been for many years a Director and Secretary of the Spring Brook Water Company, and a Director of the Glens Falls, Sandy Hill & Fort Edward Street Railroad Company. He has been prominent in the organization of nearly every one of the business corporations at Sandy Hill, as stockholder or counsel, including the latest, the American Wall Paper Company. He is a Trustee of the Glens Falls Academy.

In 1884 he was elected a Director and Counsel for the National Bank of Sandy Hill, positions which he still holds, and in 1899 he was promoted to the vice-presidency of the bank.

Rodney Van Wormer, Clerk of Washington County 1889-1900, was born in the hamlet of West Fort Ann, Washington County, N. Y., on the 9th day of December, 1850, and is a son of Henry F. and Jane M. (Fuller) Van Wormer. On his paternal side he is a great grandson of Jacob Van Wormer, who served with distinction as Second Lieutenant in Captain De Garmo's Company, 14th Albany County Regiment, Hoosick and Schaghticoke District in the War of the Revolution. [For family history see "Genealogy of the Van Wormer Family," p. 179, Part II.]

Rodney Van Wormer grew to manhood in his native town and received his education in the common and select schools of the neighborhood. He was a prominent and active member of the Union Debating Society, which (during the winter months) met weekly in the old red school house at the forks of the road about one-half mile northerly from the West Fort Ann post-office, and near the residence of the late Benjamin C. Copeland. No doubt the connection with the debating society had very much to do with his entering the law office of Counselor Silas P. Pike, of Fort Ann, N. Y., as a law student, which he did on the 9th day of December, 1878, following the repeated advice of an old friend and member of the society. Mr. Van Wormer was admitted to the bar in September, 1882, and from that date to January 1, 1889, he was actively and successfully engaged in the practice of his chosen profession at Fort Ann, N. Y. He was the junior member of the law firm of Pike & Van Wormer until September, 1883, when Mr. Pike died.

In politics Mr. Van Wormer has always been a staunch and active Republican, and in the fall of 1888 he was nominated and elected Clerk of Washington County and took up his residence in Argyle, N. Y., entering upon the duties of his office January 1, 1889. He proved to be a very popular and efficient county official and was thrice re-nominated by acclamation and re-elected in the years 1891, 1894 and 1897, and will close his fourth and last term of office as County Clerk with the present century, when he will resume the practice of

law. During his incumbency in office he has made many improvements in the system of keeping the records of the office, which will prove of value to future generations.

In 1871 Mr. Van Wormer was united in marriage to Cornelia L., daughter of Samuel and Emma Lamb, of Fort Ann, N. Y. To their union has been born a daughter, Miss Letta, who graduated from the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, class of 1894, and was deputy County Clerk, 1898-1900.

Mr. Van Wormer is a member of the New York State Historical Association and a 32d degree Mason. He has crossed the sands of the desert with the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and is a member of the following masonic bodies:

Mount Hope Lodge, No. 260, F. & A. M., Fort Ann, N. Y.; Fort Edward Chapter, No. 171, R. A. M.; Cryptic Council, No. 37, R. & S. M., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Washington Commandery, No. 33, K. T., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Delta Lodge of Perfection, A. A. S. Rite, 4° — 14°, Troy, N. Y.; Delta Council Princes Jerusalem, 15° and 16°, Troy, N. Y.; Delta Chapter Rose Croix, 17° and 18°, Troy, N. Y.; Albany Sovereign Consistory, S. P. R. S., 19° —32°, Albany, N. Y.; Oriental Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., Troy, N. Y.

Hon. Thomas A. Lillie, the subject of this sketch, although only in the prime of his years, has attained a reputation as a jurist which places him in the front rank of the legal profession of New York State. He was born in the town of Putnam, Washington County, N. Y., in 1852, and received his preliminary education at the academy in his native town. He then took a course in the Albany Normal College at Albany, N. Y., from which he was graduated in the class of 1871, after which he completed his literary education at Union College from which, after an unusually creditable course, he was graduated in 1875. While pursuing his educational career he also did considerable teaching and was principal of the Cedar Grove Academy at Montclair, N. J., for two years. His tastes and inclinations were toward law and for this profession his abilities peculiarly fitted him. He read law in the office of Judge Harris at Albany and was admitted to the bar in 1875. He then began the practice of his profession at Whitehall and rapidly came to the front as one of the leading lawyers of the county.

RODNEY VAN WORMER, THOMAS A. LILLIE, EDGAR HULL, FREDERICK E. HILL.

Judge Lillie is a Republican in politics and his voice and views always command the attention and respect of his party. He was Supervisor of the Town of Whitehall for three years and was Chairman of the Board during the last year. In 1887 he was nominated for County Judge by the Republican party and was elected for a term of six years by a splendid majority. At the expiration of his term he was re-elected for a second term of six years which expired December 31, 1899. He was an exceptionally able judge and was highly popular on the bench because he combined an exceedingly fine sense of justice with a profound knowledge of the law. His mind is naturally judicial, he is deliberate and concise in his reasoning and logical in his conclusions. His ability on the bench is well indicated by the fact that he held court in ten different counties in New York State including Westchester, Albany and Rensselaer, during his regime as Judge of Washington County.

As a lawyer he has also been highly successful, although half of his time since his admission to the bar has been spent on the bench. He has conducted many important cases as a trial lawyer, including six murder cases, three of which were from the State of Vermont.

In 1886 the partnership of Potter & Lillie was formed, including Judge Lillie and Mr. J. S. Potter, son of Hon. Joseph Potter, late of the New York State Court of Appeals.

In 1879 Judge Lillie married Florence L. Broughton and they have four children, viz: Louise J., Alice, Annie and Thomas A. Lillie, Jr.

Judge Lillie's father, Thomas Lillie, was also a native of Putnam, Washington County, N. Y., and his grandfather, also Thomas Lillie, was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland. He was the progenitor of the Lillie family in this country and was a graduate of Edinburgh University and came to America about 1820 and settled at Putnam, N. Y., and was a physician and farmer. The remote ancestors of the family were French Huguenots, who left that country and went to Scotland in the sixteenth century.

Joseph B. McCormick is a son of James and Katherine (Keating) McCormick, and was born in the town of Fort Ann, Washington County, N. Y., March 3, 1863. He read law with the late Judge

Royal C. Betts of Granville, and was admitted to the Washington County bar May 4, 1888, and since then has been engaged in the active practice of his profession in the courts of his native county, and also in all the courts of the State of Vermont. In January, 1894, he was admitted to practice in the United States court.

Charles O. Pratt was born in the town of White Creek, Washington County, November 15, 1863. He attended the district school and was an earnest student evincing the spirit of application and indicating the ability which has since made him one of the brightest legal minds in northern New York.

He completed his literary studies in the Troy Conference Academy at Poultney, Vermont, and Fort Edward Collegiate Institute. He then read law for two years in the office of Westfall & Whitcomb at Cambridge, N. Y., after which he entered the Albany Law School and was elected President of his class. He was admitted to the bar February 8, 1889, and immediately began the practice of his profession with John Warren at Granville, N. Y. After a brief residence in Granville he became a partner with Willis E. Heaton, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is a prominent attorney and politician of that place. This partnership was dissolved in 1891 and Mr. Pratt opened an office in the Crocker building, Main street, Cambridge. On November 12 of that year he was appointed Justice of the Peace to fill the vacancy caused by the death of R. King Crocker and held this office until December 28, 1898, when he resigned. From February 12, 1893, to February 12, 1894, he was managing clerk in the office of Hon. D. M. Westfall. In 1892 he was elected Police Justice for the Village of Cambridge and held this office concurrently with that of Justice of the Peace until December 28, 1898, when he resigned both offices to accept the nomination for District Attorney. He was unanimously nominated March 16, 1898, at the Republican Convention held in Salem, N. Y., for the office of District Attorney, and was elected by a large majority.

Mr. Pratt's record before the courts as District Attorney would be very flattering to any man and therefore particularly so to a man on the youthful side of his prime. He is well versed in the law and is

eminently able as a public prosecutor, but withal is such an ardent lover of justice that he makes an ideal prosecuting attorney. His present office is in the Cambridge building on Broad Street where he has a large and well selected library to which he is constantly adding.

Mr. Pratt is an enthusiastic agriculturist, and to the gratification of his taste for this pursuit he devotes his spare time.

On June 26, 1889, Mr. Pratt married Lilla, R. Clark daughter of Harry G. and Florence (Sherman) Clark. They have three children, viz: Flora M., Charlotte and Daniel Harry. Mr. Pratt's parents were Daniel H. and Charlotte A. (Conant) Pratt. Daniel H. Pratt was an influential man in the Town of White Creek where he held several public offices. Among them that of Justice of the Peace for a term of sixteen years. His grandfather, also Daniel H. Pratt, when a boy of fourteen years, carried an important dispatch from General Stark at Bennington to one of his outposts at Hoosick Corners, a distance of ten miles, which fact is on record at Washington, D. C. Charles O. Pratt's father was a farmer, carpenter and builder and aided in the construction of nearly all the lattice bridges over the many creeks in and around the old town of Cambridge and the town of Hoosick. Mr. Pratt's maternal grandfather, John Conant, was a soldier in the war of 1812.

Charles O. Pratt is a member of Cambridge Valley Lodge No 491, F. & A. M.

Edgar Hull was born in Berne, Albany County, January 16, 1840. He began business as a "printer's devil" in the office of the Berkshire Courier in Great Barrington, Mass. He was educated in the Great Barrington Academy, and at the Jonesville (N. Y.) Academy. He commenced the study of law in the office of Clement C. Hill at Ballston Spa, N. Y., in 1859, and located in Fort Edward in the fall of 1860, earning a livlihood by practice in the Justice Court until 1864 when he was admitted to the bar as attorney and counselor.

In politics he was an ardent admirer of Stephen A. Douglass, and although not old enough to vote, yet made many speeches at the public meetings of the Douglass Democracy, during the campaign of 1860. Subsequently he advocated the election of General Grant as President, and has acted with the Republican party ever since. During the years 1875, 1876 and 1877 he was Supervisor of the town of Fort Ed-

ward. In 1883 the Republican party nominated him for District Attorney; he was duly elected and discharged the duties of the office for fifteen years from 1884 to 1898 inclusive. At the expiration of his term the bar of Washington County at a Term of Court held at Sandy Hill, N. Y., presented him with a diamond pin and adopted resolutions highly commendatory of his official career. In 1899 he ran as an Independent candidate for County Judge, polling a remarkably large vote, and although carrying six of the seventeen towns of the county was defeated by a small majority. He is a member of the Masonic and Royal Arcanum societies.

He married Amelia E. Possons and they have had three children, namely: Frank, Nellie and Jennie. His parents were Erastus Hull and Eliza (Race) Hull, and he is a descendant of the Hulls who figured so prominently on land and sea in the war of 1812.

Hon. Daniel M. Westfall, one of the most prominent members of the bar of Washington County, was born at Lewisburgh, near Deckertown, in the township of Wantage, Sussex County, N. J., December 11, 1830. His father was a farmer and he grew up amid rural surroundings and received his early education at the Lewisburgh District School and Deckertown Academy. At the early age of sixteen years he began teaching school in his native district and between teaching and attending the Deckertown Academy, he passed the time until the spring of 1852, when he entered Union College, in the third term as a sophomore. He made a specialty of the classical course and read Blackstone and Kent while in college. In the spring of 1854 he accepted a position as teacher in the Washington Academy at Cambridge, N. Y., of which John H. Burtis was at that time principal. In July, 1854, he was graduated from Union College, taking the degree of A. B., and was admitted to the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, because of his high standing. In the fall of the same year he began to read law in the office of Judge Howe, at the same time continuing to teach three hours a day in the Washington Academy of which he was principal for the spring term of 1855.

He was admitted to the bar in January, 1856, and during a part of that year taught the languages and higher mathematics in the Acad-

emy at Greenwich, N. Y., and at the same time reading law in Judge Ingall's office.

In August, 1856, Hon. D. M. Westfall entered into partnership with Judge Howe, of Cambridge, N. Y., who died in August, 1857. He was one of the first incorporators of the Woodland Cemetery Association in 1856 and acted as secretary of the preliminary meeting of that organization, prepared its charter and title papers and was one of its Trustees and Secretary of its Board until he resigned, after many years of service. He was also, for a number of years, and until he resigned, one of the Trustees and Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Cambridge Washington Academy.

Hon. D. M. Westfall had not been practicing law many years before he assumed his legitimate position as a leading member of the bar of Washington County, and from 1866 to 1873 he held the office of special Surrogate.

In politics Hon. D. M. Westfall has always been an ardent Republican whose voice and views are valued in the councils of his party.

He represented his district in the State Assembly in 1884 and again in 1886. While in the Legislature he did a large part of the work of the Judiciary Committee and in 1886 was the first Chairman of the First Revision Committee. His associates on that committee were Baker, Kruse, Sheehan and Cantor. During the years 1885 and 1886 Hon. D. M. Westfall was one of the Examining Committee of the Supreme Court, General Term, Third Department, and examined and certified Mrs. Stoneman, the first woman admitted to the legal profession in the State of New York. She was admitted under an amendment of the Code enacted after she was examined (Laws 1886, Chap. 425.)

During his professional practice Hon. D. M. Westfall has been the means of settling some important questions of law, evidence and practice; as notable instances we refer to the following cases: People vs. Shaw, 63 N. Y. 36; Wilkinson vs. First National Fire Insurance Company of Worcester, 72 N. Y. 499; Baucus vs. Barr, 45 Hun., 582, affirmed, 107 N. Y. 624; Hoag vs. Town of Greenwich, 133 N. Y. 152.

Hon. D. M. Westfall besides bestowing attention upon all legal matters entrusted to him also takes a lively interest in all public questions and especially in legal legislation and has been trustee of the Cambridge Valley National Bank since 1883.

On February 8, 1860, Hon. D. M. Westfall married Susan M.,

daughter of Judge Luther J. Howe. Their children are Daniel M. Jr., and Bertha Grace.

Daniel Westfall, Jr., is a graduate of Union College and an attorney at law.

Hon. D. M. Westfall traces his ancestry upon his mother's side from Captain Westfall of the Continental Army and also from Peter Decker, the founder of Deckertown, whose wife was a daughter of Captain Westfall. His father was also a descendant of the same Westfall family.

Eliot Bliven Norton, the subject of this sketch, one of the best known and most prominent lawyers of Washington County, was born in Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., in the year 1864. He attended the Putnam Institute and the Cambridge Washington Academy in Cambridge, after which he entered the State Normal School at Albany to fit himself for teaching. Soon after graduating from the Normal School he secured a position as teacher in the Institute for the Blind in New York City. Later on he became principal of the school at Eagle Mills, N. Y., which position he finally resigned to become chief accountant and cashier for the Jerome B. Rice Seed Company at Cambridge.

During his seven years service with the above named company, he resolved to become a follower of Blackstone and Kent, and in September, 1894, he took up the study of Law in the office of Hon. D. M. Westfall where he remained two years. He then took a course in the Albany Law School, from which he was graduated in June, 1897, and was duly admitted to the bar in the following July, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession at Cambridge. His office is located in the B. P. Crocker building on Main street.

In 1883 Mr. Norton married Helen McFadden of Cambridge, and they have one son, Harold M. Norton.

Mr. Norton's father, Warren Norton, was a native of East Salem, N. Y. His great grandfather, William Norton, and great great grandfather, George Norton, were both Revolutionary soldiers. The latter received a wound at the Battle of Trenton from which he died in a few days.

Mrs. Norton's great grandfather, Micah Blackwell, was a private in

Randolph Rogers

Capt. Ward Swift's Second Sandwich Company and marched on the alarm of April 19, 1775. He was also Quarter-Master in Major Dimock's Regiment, and also in Col. John Cushing's Regiment at Newport, R. I.

The history of the Norton family is contemporaneous with almost the entire history of America, as the original settlers of this name were among the earliest emigrants to this country.

Randolph Rogers first saw the light of day at Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y., February 24, 1841, which village by the river has been his home ever since. His father, Charles Rogers, was a leading public man and politician of the Clinton-Seward Whig party of Washington County, having served with distinction two terms in the Legislature of New York State, and once having been called to the Congress of the nation at Washington. His mother was the daughter of Russell Clark, a prominent physician and surgeon of Northern New York in the early days of the country, when a doctor was not located at your very door.

His parents took a deep interest in young Randolph's early training. His first instructor was Jesse K. Sanborn, who taught him all the letters of the alphabet when but five years old. He attended the district school a while, and in due time was transferred to the "Mathematical and Classical School," presided over by William McLaren, a Scotchman of much learning and ability in his chosen profession. Under his inspiration he mastered the Latin of *Caesar*, read fluently *Virgil* and the odes of *Horace*, and became proficient in algebra and the science of geometry.

While attending this school, Randolph was instrumental in organizing the *Young Men's Literary Association of Sandy Hill*, known as the "Y. M. L. A.," and was made its first president. This was a debating Club composed of thirty-five of the best and most talented young men of the village. Its first meeting was held December 3, 1858, and it convened weekly in the hall over the law office of Henry B. Northup, which rang with the eloquence of youthful oratory.

During this period the *War Cry* sounded throughout the land, and Randolph was uneasy. He could no longer remain quiet in front of a school desk, and soon was on his way to Washington as a member

of the 22d Regiment N. Y. S. Infantry Volunteers. This regiment was one of the number that formed the celebrated "Iron Brigade," and fought well and nobly at *Second Bull Run*, *South Mountain*, *Antietam and Fredricksburgh*.

At the expiration of their term of enlistment, the soldiers of the "old 22d," who had not made a sacrifice of their lives in their country's cause, returned to their homes in New York State, and Randolph enjoyed a season of rest and recreation from the bloody scenes of the battle field. He soon recuperated enough to enroll himself as a student of the *Fort Edward Collegiate Institute*, and completed his education there under the master hand of Rev. Joseph E. King. From the Institute, he entered the law office of Hughes and Northup at Sandy Hill, and was admitted to practice as an attorney and counselor at law at a General Term of the Supreme Court held in Schenectady in May, 1865.

An appointment in the service of "Uncle Sam" awaiting him, Randolph laid aside the Diploma calling him to the bar as a full-fledged lawyer, and during the month of May, 1865, removed to New York City and entered upon the discharge of his duties as "Special Aid to the Revenue," in the office of Hon. Abram Wakeman, Surveyor of the Port of New York. The knowledge he acquired of city life and customs while in New York has been the best school to him he ever attended and rightly perfected the education he had previously obtained.

At the close of President Johnson's administration, Surveyor Wakeman resigning his office under the government, Mr. Rogers followed his chief into retirement and returned to his home in Sandy Hill. Never idle, we now find him at a desk in the office of his brother-in-law, Hon. U. G. Paris, reading up in old law books, and doing some good law work himself. We also see him with hoe and spade in hand, beautifying his father's grounds and sowing choice seeds in the garden spot which spring up under his careful cultivation to afford luxuries for the family table, and the bright beds of flowers, nurtured with his best care, to shed luster and perfume far around. For more work to come, he opens a law office in his native village, and is found early and late at his desk, and always busy.

In the fall of 1872 Charles Rogers cast his vote for Horace Greeley for President, and Randolph performed the same, as he believed, true and meritorious act. This son of a noble father has ever since

remained a firm believer in the tenets of Democracy, and during Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock's canvass for the Presidency did some effective speaking on the stump. In the spring of 1885 he was elected *Justice of the Peace* by a good sized majority in the town of Kingsbury, which usually sends the Republican ticket half a thousand ahead. Leniency and moral suasion characterized his discharge of the duties of this office. The tramp element of the neighborhood knew him as their best friend and adviser, and willingly skipped his town for the more fertile fields beyond.

Mr. Rogers has a reputation, where he is known, as a public speaker and poet. At the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument at Sandy Hill, June 30, 1887, and at the first Reunion of the 22d Regiment Veteran Association, of which he is a member, held at Glens Falls, the following year, where were assembled *ten thousand citizens and soldiers*, he was given first place on the speakers programme and carried off the honors on both occasions.

He has held the office of President of the Veteran Association of the Regiment, to which he belongs, for three successive terms, and always at its Annual Reunion greeted his comrades with an address of welcome, flowing over with words of mirth and cheer, and delivered a poem full of war incidents, of story and song. He has written over one hundred *short poems, songs and melodies*, some of which have been published in the village papers. A few of his campaign songs were printed by the Democratic press and justly admired, especially his "Song of Victory," composed to the tune of "Marching Along."

Mr. Rogers was a favorite with the young ladies of Sandy Hill, but his heart was never touched until he met Miss Jessie Boone Harris, to whom he was married December 16, 1886, the Rev. Arthur B. Moorehouse of Zion Church performing the ceremony. Her father was the son of Moses Harris, who rendered distinguished military service for the country under General Schuyler during the early days of the Revolutionary War. Her mother, whose maiden name was Arilda Ann Boone, was a descendant of Daniel Boone, the renowned pioneer and hunter of America. One daughter has been born to them, named Ethel, who celebrated her thirteenth birthday November 5, 1900.

Mr. Rogers has a law office and sanctum at his residence on Clark street, where he spends many a quiet hour in study and reflection.

His time is principally occupied in overseeing the four farms owned by him in Washington and Saratoga Counties, which he has made productive and a sourse of income to him.

He was a member of the Sons of Temperance when a large and flourishing division was located at Sandy Hill. He is a Veteran of William M. Collin Post, No. 587, G. A. R., and has a seat in the Presbyterian Church of his native village, from which he listens to the "stated preaching of the gospel" by his pastor, the Rev. Charles D. Kellogg.

Randolph Rogers was born under a *lucky star*, *Pisces* is his sign, and his ruling planet is *Mars*, and his favorite gem the *Amethyst*, the symbol of temperance and chastity; which assure him riches and long life, and a name and reputation that can never be assailed.

Capt. Otis Alonzo Dennis was born in Norwich, Conn., but was brought to Whitehall by his parents when quite young. He received a liberal education in the public schools of this village and having decided to enter the legal profession he read law in the office of Tanner & Potter from 1877 until his admission to the bar September 10, 1880. For the next nine years he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession.

In 1889 he was appointed by the Court as consultation clerk and Librarian of the Court of Appeals, Second Division, and continued in that position until the Court finished its labors in 1892 when he resumed the practice of his profession in Whitehall and has advanced to a prominent place in the front rank of the bar of Washington County.

Captain Dennis has always taken a vital interest in public affairs and leading social organizations and is Captain of Company "I," Second Regiment, National Guard.

When war broke out between the United States and Spain in the spring of 1898, separate companies of the National Guard were mustered into the United States service, provisional companies were organized to supply their places in the armories. In Whitehall the 109th Separate Company was organized and O. A. Dennis was elected its Captain. In this position he became very popular and shortly after the regular company returned from the war he was elected to his

present position, that of Captain of Company "I," (9th Separate) Second Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

As an officer Captain Dennis has exhibited unusual energy and ability and it is said by competent military critics that Company "I" has attained a personnel and efficiency superior to its previous status which is saying a good deal, as the company has always been considered high class.

Captain Dennis is also a member of the Odd Fellows; Whitehall Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.; Whitehall Encampment No. 69, and Canton Whitehall, as well as of the military order Loyal Legion of the United States.

On November 19, 1890, Captain Dennis married Charlotte T. Davis, daughter of O. F. Davis, and they have a family of two children, namely: Louise Davis Dennis and Eunice Elizabeth Dennis.

Captain Dennis is a son of George and Sarah (Tifft) Dennis.

Hon. J. M. Whitman—This noted lawyer and orator was born near Lockhaven, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, December 27, 1847 and received a thorough elementary education in the district schools of his native place. He then took up the study of law and pursued it for four years at Freeport, Ills., and Lockhaven, Pa., after which he took a course in the Albany Law School and was graduated from that institution May 10, 1869. In the same year he was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of his profession in his native place. In February 1872 he came to Sandy Hill and made it his permanent residence. He had not long been in Washington County before he began to take a prominent place in the bar of the county through his ability as a lawyer and his splendid gift of oratory, and soon he became noted as the most eloquent member of the Washington County bar, and one of its finest speakers.

Were it not that he is a Democrat in politics and, therefore, among the minority in this abnormally Republican County, his talents and adaptability for public life would undoubtedly have led him into politics, and he would have held high public offices. He was appointed County Judge by Governor Hill, November 10, 1886, and ably discharged the duties of that responsible office until December 31, 1887.

He has been a delegate to Democratic Conventions repeatedly. From the time he was admitted to the bar up to the present he has done a great deal of public speaking for the Democratic party. He stumped Pennsylvania in 1872 in the campaign in which Gen. John F. Hartranft was elected governor of that state and in 1876 he made many brilliant speeches for Samuel J. Tilden in his contest for the presidency. In 1880 he also took an active part in the presidential election and in 1884 he made over sixty speeches for Grover Cleveland. He also worked in the campaigns of 1888, 1892 and 1896.

In 1869 Judge Whitman married Mary H. Baldwin of Sandy Hill, and they have three sons, namely: Jesse S. Whitman, James M. Whitman, Jr., for nine years past a Topographer on the U. S. Geographical Survey, and Richard Peale Whitman. Judge Whitman's parents were Erasmus and Sarah (Shuler) Whitman, both natives of Pennsylvania. His grandfather, Jonathan Whitman, was a native of the State of Delaware. His father's mother was a descendant from the Lindsey family, one of whom, his grandfather, was a patriot soldier in the Revolutionary War, and the gun he carried is still a cherished heirloom in the family. The family on both sides has been American for many generations, and the Whitmans were originally Irish and English and the Shulers Hollanders.

Brodie G. Higley, one of the rising young lawyers of Washington County, was born in the town of Hartford, this County, October 9, 1872, and received his early education in the district school of his native town. At the early age of seventeen he was teaching school, which vocation he pursued for three years, when he entered the Sandy Hill High school. He studied law in the office of Charles P. Coyle of Chestertown, N. Y., for three years and was admitted to the bar at the General Term at Albany, in April 1896, and to practice in the United States courts in 1900. He then taught school for another year after his admission to the bar, for although his aim had always been to enter the legal profession, he was desirous of equipping himself with a finished literary education, so at the end of his year of teaching he entered Stanford University, California, in September, 1896, and graduated with the degree of A. B. on January 13, 1899, after a highly creditable course. He then returned East and in

March, 1899, began the practice of his profession in the office of Hon. Charles R. Paris, with whom he is now associated.

Mr. Higley has already attained a recognized standing in the bar of Washington County, and has been entrusted with the legal business of prominent people and business concerns; he does considerable business for banks and corporations, and recently represented the executors of the Charles Stone estate, amounting to eight hundred thousand dollars, which was in litigation.

Mr. Higley is well versed in the law, has an admirably trained and well stored mind and is scrupulous, conscientious and careful in forming opinions and giving advice to clients. He is an able public speaker and holds the office of Orator in the order of the Royal Arcanum, of which he is a member. He is also a member of Sandy Hill Lodge No. 372, F. & A. M.

While a student in Stanford University Mr. Higley was president of his class and a member of the executive committee of the student body. He also took an active part in all debates and was connected with the debating societies.

While residing in Chestertown he held the position of Town Clerk for two years and has taken an active part in politics ever since He is an unswerving Republican and was an officer of the Republican Club of Stanford University in 1898. While attending the University he produced some highly creditable literary work, among which might be mentioned "History of Distress and Replevin," "History of the Star Chamber," and "Public Services of Thomas Paine."

Mr. Higley's parents were Capt. Julius H. and Lydia M. (Duel) Higley.

[For genealogy see article on Capt. Julius H. Higley].

Charles G. Davis, one of the leading members of the Washington County bar, is a son of Nicholas and Almira (Wilcox) Davis, and was born in the town of Saratoga, Saratoga County, N. Y., May 27, 1847. He studied law in the law office of Pond & French in Saratoga Springs and afterward with Judge Potter in Whitehall. Mr. Davis was admitted to the bar in January, 1876, since which time he has been engaged in active and successful practice.

Alanson Douglass Bartholomew, one of the leading members of the bar of Washington County, was born in Whitehall, N. Y., September 15, 1863. He was prepared for college at the Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt., and then took a course in the Syracuse University from which he was graduated with the degree of Ph. B. in the class of 1886. After graduating he took up the study of law in the office of Potter & Lillie at Whitehall, and entering the law department of Cornell University was graduated therefrom with the degree of L.L. B. in the class of 1888.

During the years 1883 and 1887 he taught school for some terms. He was admitted to the bar in 1888 and spent some time in the editorial department of the West Publishing Company, publishers of law books in St. Paul, Minnesota.

In 1890 Mr. Bartholomew opened his offices in Whitehall and began the active practice of his profession. He has always taken an active part in public affairs and is serving his second term as Justice of the Peace. He is also Town Police Justice and Notary Public. In politics he is a Republican.

Military affairs have also entered largely into his career, and his record as a soldier is highly praiseworthy. He enlisted in the Ninth Separate Company, N. G. N. Y., in 1886 as a private, was promoted to corporal and then to sergeant in which capacity he served five years when he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant. He served as second lieutenant with Company "I" Second Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, during the Spanish war, and won high popularity both with officers and men. The Whitehall company returned home in splendid condition as compared with other companies, which fact is a reflection of high credit to its officers. Mr. Bartholomew was promoted in January, 1900, to the rank of first lieutenant of Company "I" (Ninth Separate) Second Regiment, N. G. N. Y. He is also prominent in social organizations; is a thirty-second degree mason; a member of Phoenix Lodge No. 96, F. & A. M., of which he was Junior Warden; is Past High Priest of Champlain Chapter; a member of Whitehall Council and of Washington Commandry No. 33, Saratoga Springs. He is a Past Grand of Whitehall Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F., and a member of Whitehall Encampment; also of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, Syracuse University, and of the legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi.

In 1892 Mr. Bartholomew married Mabel E. Falkenbury, daughter

of Joseph and Harriet Falkenbury, and they have three sons, namely: Alanson Douglass, Jr., Heman Almon, 2d, and Victor Herbert.

Mr. Bartholomew's parents were Heman Almon and Alice L. (Douglass) Bartholomew of Whitehall. He is descended from William Bartholomew, a Puritan, who came to Boston in the ship "Griffin" in 1634, and who was the first representative elected from the town of Ipswich. Mr. Bartholomew's forefathers were active in the Colonial wars; one holding a Captain's commission was killed in the famous "Narragansett Fort Fight" in 1675. Seven of Mr. Bartholomew's ancestors were enrolled in the American service during the Revolutionary War. The Bartholomews largely outnumber any other family in the town, twenty-seven voters of that name being enrolled in 1900, all of them descended from Lemuel Bartholomew, who came from Connecticut and settled in the northern part of the town about 1769.

William E. Young, a representative member of the bar of Washington County, N. Y., was born at Sandy Hill, this county, May 5, 1857, and was educated at the free school. Early in life he took up the study of law, which he read in the office of Hughes & Northup of Sandy Hill, and was admitted to the bar in January, 1880.

Immediately after his admission to the bar, he began the active practice of his profession on his own account, but has always remained in the old chambers, long celebrated through their association with the name of Hughes & Northup. He served as Deputy Clerk of the Court of Claims for five years and then in conjunction with J. A. Kellogg, formed the law partnership of Young & Kellogg, which existed until 1892, when it was dissolved by mutual consent.

In 1889, Williiam E. Young married Carrie Chase, and they have two children, Chase Young and Cora Young.

Mr. Young's parents were William H. and Mary Ann (Kinselaer) Young. His father was a farmer and civil engineer in the town of Kingsbury and is still living, with residence in Glens Falls. His mother died in August, 1899, sixty-five years after her marriage.

Mr. Young's grandfather, Thomas H. Young, was a native of Vermont. His wife, Esther Hamilton, was at one time the only prominent American actress.

William E. Young is a sound, reliable and upright counselor, who is well known throughout northern New York, and is everywhere highly popular.

Hon. A. Dallas Wait was born at Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y., September 1, 1822, and was educated in the common schools and the high school which flourished in that village for a number of years, under the superintendence of Messrs. Woodworth & Barnes. In 1838 he began the study of law in the office of Rockwell & Green, eminent lawyers of Brooklyn, N. Y., and at that time doing a large business in both that city and New York. He subsequently continued the study of law in the office of his father and also with James McCall at Sandy Hill, completing there the time required to be served as a student, before his examination for admittance to the bar.

He was duly licensed as an Attorney and Counselor of the Supreme Court and Solicitor in the Court of Chancery at the January term of the court held in the city of Albany in 1845. Hon. Joseph Potter and the late General Hughes were in the same class and admitted to practice at the same time.

On his admission to the bar Hon. A. Dallas Wait commenced the practice of law associated with his father, Hon. Luther Wait, at Sandy Hill, N. Y. Hon. Luther Wait had for many years before this time been a practicing lawyer at Sandy Hill, and so continued for many years afterward.

In the fall of 1846 Hon. A. Dallas Wait removed to Fort Edward and opened a law office there in company with the late John Parry under the firm name of Wait & Parry, and on the retirement of Mr. Parry from practice Mr. Wait continued with the late James L. Reynolds as a partner, the firm being Wait & Reynolds, until the death of Mr. Reynolds in 1876, since which date he has continued his practice at Fort Edward alone.

On December 11, 1855, Hon. A. Dallas Wait married Celina Barrow, daughter of the late Hiram Barrow of Cambridge, N. Y. They have had eight children, three of whom still survive, namly: Celina, wife of Richard A. Lowe, a merchant in England, Walter A. Wait, of the law firm of Bell & Wait, Glens Falls, N. Y., and Miss Bertha E. Wait, of Fort Edward, a graduate of Fort Edward Collegiate Institute.

Soon after his admission to the bar Hon. A. Dallas Wait was named by Governor Silas Wright and appointed an Examiner in Chancery and served in that office until the Court of Chancery was abolished.

He was first elected County Judge of Washington County in the fall of 1855 and subsequently was twice re-elected to the same office, serving in all three terms.

Yours truly
A. Wallace Maier

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Even before his admission to the bar Judge Wait took an active interest in politics and in all the presidential campaigns commencing in 1844, and until and including 1884, addressed many meetings of the party to which he adhered. He was "a born Democrat," of old New Hampshire stock and followed that faith devotedly and enthusiastically until he joined the American or Know Nothing party in 1855. He acted with that party until its dissolution when he returned to the Democratic party under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglass.

On the breaking out of the Civil War Judge Wait at once took the side of the Union, holding that until the rebellion was subdued, it was the duty of all patriots, irrespective of party, to stand by the old flag and support the national administration.

At a union convention held in Argyle in 1861 Judge Wait was tendered and accepted the nomination of District Attorney of the county and was elected and served as such for two consecutive terms.

During the war, and ever since, Judge Wait has been a steadfast adherent of the Republican party and was a member of the State Committee and Executive Comittee thereof for several years during and after the war.

During his long professional life Judge Wait has been employed as attorney and counsel in many important suits in the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals and has achieved a gratifying share of success, being well esteemed as a good lawyer both by the legal fraternity and the public at large. He has served much as Referee and in many important actions in the Supreme Court in different counties in the state. He has also held terms of court in the adjacent counties, especially Saratoga and Rensselaer, at different times upon special invitation to hold such terms and has always presided with great acceptability.

In all relations of public and private life Judge Wait has indicated a high reputation for integrity, industry, ability and devotion to duty in the performance of the work with which he has been charged officially or otherwise. He is President of the Board of Education of the village High School and has served in that capacity for more than twenty years. He has been President of the village and is a director in and attorney for the First National Bank of Fort Edward and has held such connection with the bank since its organization.

Judge Wait is still vigorous both in body and mind and continues

the active practice of law with no disposition to leave the field in which he has spent so many years of pleasure and profit, believing that the term of work for a man lasts during life if he has ability to do that work well and acceptably and during his long professional career he has won and retained the highest respect and confidence of his fellow men, not only because he is an able and accomplished lawyer, not only because on the bench he was a fair-minded and upright judge, but also because his whole life has been distinguished by honesty, honor and good citizenship.

Silas E. Evarts was born in the town of Easton, Washington County, N. Y., September 17, 1867. He was educated in the public schools, Williams College, where he received the degree of A. B., and the University of New York, from which he was graduated in the class of 1892 with the degree of L. L. B. In this year he was also admitted to the bar and was a law partner with District Attorney Samuel Thomas at Granville for two years, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession alone.

On June 10, 1892, Mr. Evarts married Lucina Woodard, daughter of Daniel Woodard, the President of the National Bank of Granville, and they have two children, namely: Palmer and Miriam.

Mrs. Evarts' mother was Miriam McNitt, a native of Hebron, Washington County, N. Y.

Mr. Evarts is a prominent member and Warden of Trinity Church and succeeded his father, Palmer D. Evarts, in the Wardenship. His grandfather, Alonzo Evarts, was also Warden in the Episcopal Church.

Palmer D. Evarts was born in 1844 and married Elizabeth Perry, daughter of Aschel Perry of Easton, N. Y. They had two children, Ruth Louise Evarts, who is a school teacher in New Jersey, and Silas E. Evarts, the subject of this sketch.

Palmer D. Evarts was a farmer in Granville for many years, first in Easton and latterly in Granville, and was prominent as a citizen and also in politics. He died in 1894.

Mr. Silas E. Evarts, although but a young man, has advanced to a prominent position in the bar of Washington County. He has a high reputation as a counselor and enjoys the fullest confidence of the community.

James Gibson, Jr., was born in Salem, N. Y., and was prepared for college at the Washington Academy from which he was graduated in the class of 1890. He then entered Princeton University where he pursued the classical course for four years and graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1894. Leaving college he immediately took up the study of law and in 1898 he graduated from the Albany Law School and was admitted to the bar the same year. He then opened his office in Salem and began the active practice of his profession.

Mr. Gibson possesses not only the advantages of a university education and natural abilities of a high order but also enjoys the prestige of an illustrious ancestry, so that he has not only sprung into a fine legal practice but is also highly popular as a public man. In 1899 he was elected President of the village of Salem and in December of the same year he was elected to the office of Master of Salem Lodge No. 391, F. & A. M., and during the same year was elected a trustee of the Washington Academy and of the Bancroft Public Library. He is also one of the vestrymen of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

Mr. Gibson is the son of James and Jennie (Cowan) Gibson and the grandson of Judge James Gibson who was State Senator from 1867 to 1868 and County Judge from 1851 to 1857. He was also Worshipful Master of Salem Lodge No. 391, F. & A. M., and one of the most universally esteemed figures in law, politics and masonry not only in Washington County but throughout the entire State of New York.

Robert R. Law, Official Court Stenographer, was born November 30, 1854, and received his early education in the Cambridge Washington Academy In 1873 he began the trade of printer with the Washington County Post and was connected with that paper for a long time, both as editor and partner.

On June 14, 1888, Mr. Law received the appointment of Official Court Stenographer for the Fourth Judicial District of the State of New York, a position which he still occupies. He was admitted to the bar in 1891.

R. R. Law has been actively identified with the public affairs of Washington County for over twenty years. He was Clerk of the Board of Supervisors in 1879 and has been a member of the Board of Education since 1882. He was a strong advocate of the New High School building at Cambridge and served for some time as Clerk of the village. [See page 133, Part II.]

George Scott, Town Clerk of Fort Edward, was born near Hook, in the town of Argyle, June 19, 1838, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father, John Scott, owned a farm in that vicinity, on which George spent his youthful days.

His mother's name was Nancy Brown a daughter of James and Hannah Brown, all of whom were Presbyterians and members of the Rev. George Mairs' Church in the village of Argyle.

His brothers are James, John, Robert and William. George attended the Hook school, Fort Edward Institute and the Argyle Academy, and at the breaking out of the Civil War he went to the front.

He served in the Argyle Company of the 123d N. Y. Regiment and in the 16th United States Infantry. In the Argyle Company he was Orderly, or First Sergeant under Capt. Duncan Robertson, and near the close of the war he was transferred to the 16th United States Infantry.

Always on duty, he participated in all the marches of the 123d Regiment, and took part in all of its skirmishes and battles, including Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Lost Mountain, Pine Hill, Kenesaw, Kolb's Farm, Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek and Atlanta.

Before Atlanta had fallen Sergeant Scott was transferred to the 16th United States Infantry and took part in the battles in the rear of Atlanta, assisted in tearing up the railroad at East Point, and was in the battle of Jonesboro, where a decisive victory for the Union sealed the fate of Atlanta.

After the fall of Atlanta the 16th United States Infantry was ordered back to Lookout Mountain, where, on the 4th of October, 1864, he received an honorable discharge from the United States service, with honorable mention in his discharge for his services in the battle of Jonesboro.

After his discharge, instead of returning home, he started for the front again, and left Chattanooga as a passenger on top of a freight car, in order to reach Sherman's men at Atlanta. But at this time Hood's army was beginning to march north and the freight train on which Mr. Scott was a passenger, had soon to face burning culverts and bridges, and the conductor ran it back to Chattanooga. Mr. Scott, with three other soldiers, however, did not return. Each volunteered to go on, and after experiencing many hardships and priva-

tions on their long march in endeavoring to avoid Hood's men, instead of trying to find any of them, they succeeded in joining the Union forces at Atlanta.

George Scott was captured on October 19, 1864, at Vinings Station, near Atlanta, by Wheeler's Cavalry, and was sent to Cahaba prison and soon after to the prison pen at Millen, and was subsequently transferred to Andersonville, where he remained a prisoner through the winter of 1864-5, and was among the last released in the spring, reaching the Union lines at Jacksonville, Fla., on April 28, 1865, after the war closed, and he arrived on the steamer "Daniel Webster" at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md., May 10, 1865.

A few years after the war was over Mr. Scott married Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter Tierce Finn and Mary (Cozzens) Finn. He has one daughter, Mary E.

Peter Tierce Finn was a son of William Finn, one of the early settlers of Fort Edward. William Finn married Mary, or Polly Tierce, who was a daughter of Major Peter Bailey Tierce, a Major in Colonel Willett's Regiment in the Revolutionary War. The wife of Major Tierce was Polly Hunter, a daughter of Robert Hunter, who was a son of the Colonial Governor of that name. Polly Hunter's mother was Catherine Campbell, a name that is linked with Jane McCrea history.

Catherine Campbell was the daughter of Sarah (Gordon) Fraser and Archibald Campbell, who was a son of Major Duncan Campbell, of the "Black Watch," or 42d Highland Regiment, and who fell mortally wounded at Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758. His remains are interred in the Union Cemetery at Fort Edward.

Mr. Scott was admitted to practice law at the February General Term of the Supreme Court at Albany in 1871. He was a member of the Assembly in 1885, when he was made Chairman of the Committee on Petitions of Aliens, and was a member of the Committee on General Laws.

At present he is practicing law, and a member of the vestry of St. James Church, and Commander of C. E. Mills Post No. 491, Department of New York, G. A. R.

Hon. Willard Robinson, the subject of this sketch, who is a prominent member of the Washington County bar, was born at West Hebron July 20, 1859, and was educated at the Union school of Fort Edward. After leaving school he was engaged in business with his father in Fort Edward from 1876 until 1887. In the latter year he began the study of law, which he pursued in the office of Edgar Hull, at Fort Edward, until 1891, when he was admitted to the bar at the General Term in Albany, N. Y. Immediately after his admission he opened an office in Fort Edward where he has since continued the practice of his profession with much success. He is distinguished for his knowledge of the law, his sound judgment and high integrity, which have led both to appointments and election to office.

On March 26, 1888, he was appointed Justice of the Peace to fill a vacancy, and in 1891 was elected to the same office for a period of four years, to which he was again re-elected in 1895. In March, 1898 he was elected Police Justice for a term of three years.

Judge Robinson has always taken an intelligent interest in public affairs and is an active worker in the interests of his party. He is at present Chairmain of the Republican Town Committee.

In 1882 Judge Robinson married Augusta L. Gibbon and they have five children, viz: Clara May, Elsie Gertrude, Florence Livingston, Leslie Gibbon and Francis Willard.

Judge Robinson's parents were John J. and Margaret B. (Coggshall) Robinson. The founder of the Robinson family in America was John Robinson, who came to America from Monahan, Ireland, in 1791, when he was a young man twenty-one years of age. One of his ancestors was an officer in Cromwell's Army. He settled in the town of Argyle and was Justice of the Peace for forty years and reared a family of ten children His son, James Robinson, was the father of John J. Robinson, the father of Willard Robinson. Judge Robinson's great-grandfather, Livingston, received a large grant in the town of Hebron, Washington County, so that on both sides Judge Robinson's ancestors have been identified with the history of Washington County from the earliest days. The branches of the family are numerous and are spread all over the country and have many representatives in the ministry.

Judge Robinson is a member of Washington Council No. 261, Royal Arcanum, and has passed all the chairs. He has also been twice delegate to the Grand Council of the State of New York.

Judge Frederick A. Bratt was born in the town of Easton, Washington County, December 2, 1855, and was educated at the Fort Edward Institute and the Hudson River Institute. He studied law in the office of Hon. A. D. Wait, at Fort Edward, and was admitted to the bar at the General Term at Albany, N. Y., in January, 1882. Immediately after his admission to the bar he began the practice of his profession in Fort Edward where he has met with distinctly marked success. He was elected Special County Judge in the fall of 1898 for a term of four years. In politics Judge Bratt is a Republican and is a consistent adherent of his party.

Judge Bratt married Fannie Parish, of Fort Edward, N. Y. His parents were William P. and Jemima C. (Van Antwerp) Bratt. Peter Yates Van Antwerp was her father and he was a nephew of Colonel Yates of Revolutionary fame. Judge Bratt's grandfather, Nicholas Bratt, was born near the city of Albany and lived to be one hundred and three years of age.

Judge Bratt has not only been successful as a lawyer, and has achieved a high reputation from his able handling of large and important cases that have gone through his hands, but since his elevation to the bench he has proved himself an able and competent judge, and no appeal has ever been taken against him in the county.

Alfred G. Hill, a lawyer of Cambridge, N. Y., was born in South Easton, Washington County, N. Y., in 1867. He was prepared for college at the Greenwich Union school and in 1885, at the age of eighteen, he entered Williams College, where, after a highly creditable course, he was graduated in the class of 1889.

After leaving college he secured a position in the Census Office, Interior Department at Washington, D. C., and while there improved his evenings by attending the Columbian University Law School, from which he was graduated in the class of '92. He remained in the Census Department until the death of his father, May 5, 1893, when he returned home.

After serving one year as clerk and student in the office of Hon. D. M. Westfall at Cambridge, N. Y., he was admitted to the bar in December, 1894. His connection as managing clerk for Hon. D. M. Westfall soon resulted in a partnership, under the firm name of

Westfall & Hill. This partnership was formed in October, 1895, and still continues.

During his residence in Cambridge he has been Clerk of the Board of Trustees for three years and Treasurer of the Board of Education for four years. He is a prominent Mason and is Master of Cambridge Valley Lodge No. 481, having occupied that chair since 1898.

On August 30, 1899, Mr. Hill married Fannie Robertson, daughter of the late James E. Robertson of Coila, N. Y.

Mr. Hill's father, James Hill, was a prominent man in Washington County. He resided in Easton and was a successful business man and farmer. He served three years as Sheriff of Washington County, and was many times elected Supervisor of the town of Easton.

At the sessions of the County Legislature he distinguished himself for his executive ability and was for years a strong factor in county politics.

Alfred G. Hill is one of the best known young lawyers of Washington County. He has always been a student and makes a thorough and systematic study of all his cases.

W. L. Sawyer, a talented and rising young lawyer of Sandy Hill, was born in this place and after a preparatory education in the local schools he entered Union College from which he was graduated in the class of '95, after a highly creditable course.

Having decided to enter the legal profession Mr. Sawyer read law in the office of A. D. Arnold and also with L. H. Northup and was admitted to the bar July 6, 1897.

Immediately after being admitted Mr. Sawyer began the practice of his profession in the old offices, long ago rendered notable through the occupancy of Hughes & Northup, and here he has already achieved a reputation that would do credit to many an older man. He was elected Justice of the Peace in March, 1896, and was re-elected in March, 1899. Besides his college societies he is a member of the New York State Historical Society.

W. L. Sawyer is a son of the Rev. E. R. Sawyer, D.D., Baptist minister at Sandy Hill since 1870, and one of the most highly appreciated divines of the county. His grandfather, Rev. Reuben Sawyer, was also a Baptist minister.

Alonzo Augustus Burby, a representative member of the bar of Washington County, was born November 16, 1873, in the town of Fort Edward, and received his education in the Fort Edward Union school and the Fort Edward Institute, graduating from the latter in 1887. He taught school for five years, and during that time began the study of law with Hon. A. D. Wait and was admitted to the bar December 6, 1894, at the General Term at Albany, N. Y. He then began the practice of his profession at Fort Edward where he has already achieved prominent recognition at the bar of the county.

In 1893 Mr. Burby was elected Justice of the Peace for a term of four years, and in May, 1898, was appointed Deputy Factory Inspector.

In politics Mr. Burby is a Republican and is noted both as an organizer and as an orator. As a public speaker he has few equals in the State and in this direction has achieved a reputation unusual for a man of his years and he enjoys the advantages, not only of an excellent education, but of a fine literary mind.

Mr. Burby is a member of the Knights of Columbus, Fort Edward Council No. 336 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 3, Fort Edward, and has been president of this division since its organization. He is also a member of the Bibby Hose Company and of the Fortnightly Club, of which he has been Treasurer since its organization.

Mr. Burby's parents were John J. and Anna L. (Lynch) Burby. His father was a native of Ireland, but his mother was born in this country and is a southern lady. Her people were Americans for many generations and she is a direct descendant of Thomas Lynch, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Jurden E. Seeley, the well known lawyer of Granville, is a son of John I. and Avis A. (Oatman) Seeley, and was born in Hartford, Washington County, July 30, 1858. He studied law in the law offices of Pond, French & Brackett at Saratoga Springs, and was admitted to the bar May 4, 1881, and the same year located in Granville, where he formed a partnership with Levi D. Temple. In about a year Mr. Seeley purchased his partner's interest and continued his legal business alone until September, 1892, when he admitted John Gilroy of Richfield Springs, N. Y. This firm was dissolved in 1896.

Cornelius L. Allen was born in Salem, Washington County, N. Y., in 1847. He was prepared for college in the Washington Academy at Cambridge, N. Y., and entered Norwich University in the fall of 1863. He remained in this institution during his freshman year, but the next autumn went to Yale University from which he was graduated in the class of '67. He then took a course of study at the Albany Law School and was duly admitted to the bar. He began the practice of his profession with his father, Judge C. L. Allen of Salem, and by reason of his high intellectual endowment and brilliant oratorical powers, soon became widely and favorably known. In 1871 he was elected Justice of the Peace for Salem and continued in that office for three consecutive terms.

In 1869 he married Ada Lansing Russell and they had a family of eight children, four of whom are living: Christine Lansing, born 1869, died 1890; Kate, born 1871; Edward Cornelius, born 1872; Sarah Elizabeth, born 1874, died 1874; Bessie, born 1875, died 1883; David Russell, born 1877; Cornelius Lansing born 1881, died 1881; Constance W., born 1890.

Mr. Allen's parents were Judge C. L. Allen and Sarah Hester (Russell) Allen. Judge C. L. Allen was Judge of the Supreme Court Bench from 1851 to 1859. The Allen ancestry can be traced to Queen Anne's time. Mr. Allen's maternal grandmother was of the Lansing family which founded Lansingburgh, N. Y.

Col. Solomon W. Russell was born at Luzerne, Warren County, N. Y., July 5, 1836. He entered Union College, but in the middle of his course gave up his studies and raised the first company of volunteers in Salem for service in the War of the Rebellion. His company was mustered into the 2d New York Volunteer Cavalry, as Company A, in September 1861. He was elected Captain of his company. His regiment was mustered out at Washington, March 30, 1862, and he was afterwards commissioned Adjutant of the 18th New York Volunteer Infantry and at the expiration of his term of enlistment he was commissioned First Lieutenant 49th New York Volunteer Infantry. He was breveted Major for services at the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., and promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious services before Petersburg and at the battle of Sailor's Creek, Va. He was honorably discharged at Buffalo, N. Y., in June, 1865. His entire service was in the 6th Army Corps.

At the battle of Rappahannock, November 7, 1863, Colonel Russell was shot through the body while jumping his horse over the enemy's works during a charge. He was carried from the field insensible and taken to Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., and afterwards to Seminary Hospital, Georgetown. In May, 1864, he again reported for duty; joined the army at Spottsylvania, and served continuously to the end of the war.

After the war Colonel Russell began the practice of his profession in Salem and has continued it there ever since.

Colonel Russell has been President of the village of Salem for more than a quarter of a century and President of the Board of Education for a period equally long. He is a prominent Mason and Past Commander of A. L. McDougal Post No. 570, G. A. R. He was a Democrat until the first election of President Cleveland, but has since been a Republican. He was a delegate to the National Convention at St. Louis, in 1876, which nominated Samuel J. Tilden.

On August 16, 1866, Colonel Russell married Anna A., daughter of Lucius and Rosena (Ashton) Dixon, of Warrenton, Va. Their children are: Solomon W. Russell, Jr., a lawyer of Salem, Dixon P., Anna A., Rosena E., Alice F., Zada T., Mary S. and Sarah H.

Royal C. Betts was born in Pawlet, Vt., June 18, 1835, and studied law in the office of Fayette Porter of that place, and with O. F. Thompson of Granville. He was admitted to the bar in 1859 and opened an office in that place. In 1863 he was elected special County Judge of Washington County and was re-elected in 1867. He was elected Supervisor of his town in 1867, and again in 1868. In the fall of 1868 he was elected District Attorney of the County and was re-elected in 1871.

Dennis J. Sullivan is a son of John and Catharine (O'Brien) Sullivan, and was born in the town of Horicon, Warren County, N. Y., April 2, 1857. In 1875 he entered the law office of the late Hon. U. G. Paris, and was admitted to the bar of the State of New York, at the November term, 1878. Since his admission to the bar Mr. Sullivan has been engaged in the general practice of law at Sandy Hill, and has held different public offices.

Judge A. N. Richard, one of the best known lawyers in Sandy Hill, and a popular citizen of this village, was born in Glens Falls, Warren County, March 24, 1857. He was educated in the Fort Edward Institute and the Island Grove school and read law in the office of Robert Armstrong, Fort Edward, N. Y. He was admitted to the bar in 1884, but did not immediately take up the practice of his profession, but traveled west and south in other interests for some time. In 1890 he settled in Luzerne, and began the active practive of his profession with much success, but after a residence of five years in that place he came to Sandy Hill in 1895 to be in a larger and more active center and made it his permanent residence. Here he has become a strong factor in the legal profession. He was appointed Justice of the Peace in 1899 and subsequently was elected to the same office.

In politics Judge Richard was a Democrat until 1894, since which date he has been an out and out Republican.

In 1895 Judge Richard married Mary Davison. The family consists of four children living, three daughters and one son, namely: Ethel, Anna, Clara and Earl.

Judge Richard's parents were M. D. and Maryette (Wing) Richard. His father, M. D. Richard, was a lumberman. His grandfather, Edmond Richard, was a native of Connecticut, but removed to Genesee County, N. Y., and subsequently to Warren County, where he died at the advanced age of 93 years.

Judge A. N. Richard is a genial and affable gentleman, popular with a host of friends and acquaintances and enjoying the confidence and respect of all who know him.

Rufus R. Davis was born in the village of Whitehall, September 7, 1857, and is a son of Oscar F. and Charlotte T. (Rowe) Davis. He began reading law with his father, and in 1881 was admitted to the bar, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of law with his father, under the firm name of O. F. & R. R. Davis. This firm has a good general law practice and a splendid law library.

John Parry of Sandy Hill became a member of the firm of Wait & Parry at Fort Edward, the senior member being Hon. A. Dallas Wait. Mr. Parry, after a few years, abandoned law for the lumber business. He died during the War of the Rebellion.

Frederick I. Baker was born in the town of Fort Ann, Washington County, N. Y., May 29, 1844, and was educated by private tuition in his native village, at a school in Montreal and the Fort Edward Institute. He studied law in the office of Hon. Joseph Potter at Whitehall, and was admitted to the bar in 1865. Immediately after his admission he opened a law office in Minneapolis, Minn., where he remained one and one-half years. He then returned to Fort Ann and embarked in the iron ore business with his father and others, and continued in this industry for about ten years. He then resumed the practice of law in Fort Ann, which he has continued ever since.

Mr. Baker is a Democrat in politics and has twice held the position of Postmaster at Fort Ann, for terms of four years each, under the two administrations of President Cleveland. He also served as Justice of the Peace for five years and was counsel for the village of Fort Ann for eighteen years.

He received the appointment as postmaster from President Cleveland upon the strength of his own letter without any outside influence. He has been a member of the Democratic County Committee for the past twenty years with the exception of one year when he was postmaster. He has been delegate to six Democratic State Conventions and has been Chairman of the Town Committee continuously since 1876.

In 1869 Frederick I. Baker married Harriet Rice, daughter of John Rice, an old family of Fort Ann. The Baker family was formerly of Granville. Mr. Baker's great-grandfather, Benjamin Baker and his brother, Nathaniel, were among the first settlers of that town, and the family was one of the most prominent in that part of the county. Benjamin Baker was one of the first half dozen residents assessed in Granville.

Frederick I. Baker's parents were Amyel and Salome (Bigelow) Baker. Amyel Baker came to the town of Fort Ann from Granville in 1835. He was engaged in the lumber and mining industries for many years.

General James C. Rogers of Sandy Hill studied law with A. C. Hand in Elizabethtown. He entered the army soon after the Civil War broke out and rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was Member of the Assembly in 1866, since which he has devoted himself entirely to his profession.

Robert O. Bascom was born at Orwell, Addison County, Vt., November 18, 1855. He received his literary education in the common schools and the high schools of Brandon and Shoreham, Vt., and at the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, graduating from the latter institution in 1876. He began the study of law in 1880 in the office of Don D. Winn where he remained for a short time after which he entered the office of Hon. Edgar Hull with whom he remained until admitted to the bar September 14, 1883. Immediately after his admission he began the practice of his profession in Fort Edward and has not only been successful, but has attained the position of one of the foremost lawyers in Washington County. He is not only a sound counselor but is a speaker of a high order. He makes a careful study of all his cases and when in court handles them admirably.

In politics Mr. Bascom is a Republican and has been Chairman of the Republican County Committee for two years, of which committee he has been a member for many years.

On December 20, 1882, Robert O. Bascom married Mary L. Platt, daughter of Myron and Sarah E. (Larabee) Platt. They have a family of three children, namely: Wyman S., Robert P. and Fred G.

Mr. Bascom's parents were Samuel H. and Elizabeth (Clark) Bascom, both of whom were natives of Vermont.

Mr. Bascom traces his ancestors back to Thomas Bascom, a native of England, who came to America in 1634 and settled in Windsor, Conn. He had a son, Thomas, Jr., who was born in Connecticut, February 20, 1641 or 1642.

His son was Thomas the third, and was born in Northampton, Mass., in 1668. He had a son, Ezekiel, who was born at Northampton, Mass., November 22, 1700, and his son Elias, was born at Hatfield, Mass., December 19, 1737. He had a son, Artemidorus, who was born at Northfield, Mass., May 8, 1774, and his son, Samuel H. Bascom, was the father of the subject of this sketch and was born February 27, 1819, in Orwell, Vt.

Elias Bascom was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. Ezekiel Bascom was a soldier in the Colonial wars of 1723 to 1725.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Bascom family ranks among the oldest in America, and that at least one member of the family participated in the struggle which led to the establishment of the American Republic.

In addition to his large legal practice Mr. Bascom gives attention to other important subjects and affairs. He is Assistant Secretary of the New York State Historical Association and has done a great deal towards furthering the interests of that intelligent body. He is also a member of Fort Edward Lodge No. 267, F. & A. M., of the Royal Arcanum, Fort Edward Council, and is a charter member of the Fort Edward Club. His ability as a speaker brings him before the public in connection with social and public matters, and he is always willing to aid every worthy cause with his voice and influence.

Mrs. Bascom is a lady of fine intelligence and high culture. She takes a deep interest in all literary matters, especially historical subjects and writings. She is a direct descendant of Richard Platt, who came from England in 1638 and settled at New Milford, Conn. Senators Orville C. Platt of Connecticut and Thomas C. Platt of New York are also descended from Richard Platt.

Mrs. Bascom was one of the charter members and is Registrar of the Jane McCrea Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Archibald S. Derby, one of the younger members of the Washington County bar, was born at Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y., and was educated at Union College, from which he was graduated with the degree of Ph. B., in the class of 1896, and at the Harvard Law School where he was graduated in the class of 1899 with the degree of L. L. B. He was admitted to the bar at Albany in 1899 and immediately began the practice of his profession at Sandy Hill in the old chambers of Hughes & Northup.

Mr. Derby is the son of Hon. John H. Derby of Sandy Hill.

J. Sanford Potter, son of Hon. Joseph and Catherine E. (Boies) Potter, was born June 27, 1848, and was educated at the Norwich University and Williams College. He was admitted to the bar in 1871 and became a member of the law firm of Potter, Tanner & Potter. This firm subsequently became Tanner & Potter and finally Potter & Lillie, which is today one of the leading law firms of the county.

Hon. A. D. Arnold, one of the best known lawyers in northeastern New York, was born in the town of Hartford, Washington County, N. Y., and received his literary education at the Albany Normal School and the Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt. Having decided upon the law as his life profession he entered the old historic office of Hughes & Northup at Sandy Hill, and after the regular course of study was admitted to the bar at the General Term in Albany in 1882. Early in his student years he evinced the executive ability and capacity for handling cases which have since won him distinction and he became managing clerk for Hughes & Northup in 1879. This position he held for a period of four years, finally resigning, in 1883, to continue the practice of his profession by himself. He accordingly opened the office in Sandy Hill which he has since occupied and at once assumed a prominent place in the bar of Washington County. He has not only built up a large practice, but has achieved a high reputation both as an advocate and counsellor.

A staunch and active Republican as well as an able lawyer he soon became prominent in political as well as legal circles, and after having served two terms as County Clerk he was nominated by the Republican party for special County Judge in 1886 and was elected to that position for a term of four years in the fall of that year.

So satisfactorily and admirably did he perform the duties of this office that he was re-elected for two succeeding terms, making three terms in all which he occupied the bench, covering a period of twelve years from January 1st, 1887, to December 31, 1898.

Judge Arnold also takes an active interest in church and social affairs. He is a prominent Mason, being a member of Sandy Hill Lodge No. 372, F. & A. M., of which he has been Master, and is a Trustee of the Baptist church at Sandy Hill, which office he has held continuously since April 15, 1887. He is also clerk of the Board of Trustees of this church and has held that office since 1889.

On December 5, 1888, Hon. A. D. Arnold married Hattie E. Hand, daughter of Josiah and S. Jean Hand of Sandy Hill. They have one daughter, Miss S. Jean Arnold.

The Hand family came from Rhode Island to Sandy Hill in the early days and built the fourth house erected in this village. Mrs. Hand, Mrs. Arnold's mother, lived in Sandy Hill from 1812 until September 21, 1900, the date of her death, and the house in which she last lived was but a short distance from the original homestead.

Judge Arnold's parents were Levi and Eunice (Brayton) Arnold of Hartford, Washington County, N. Y. Levi Arnold died in 1886 and his wife Eunice died September 3, 1901.

Abner Robertson was born in Salem, Washington County, N. Y., December 13, 1848. He attended the common schools of his native place and continued his studies at the Washington Academy and at a private school in Greenwich, N. Y. Having a strong taste for the law, on leaving school he determined to make it his profession, and forthwith entered the office of Judge Gibson at Salem, where for several years he read law and was in 1870 admitted to the bar at the General Term of the Supreme Court at Schenectady, N. Y. He immediately entered upon the practice of his profession at Salem, N. Y., and from the first displayed such pronounced ability in the gathering of pertinent facts, in foreseeing distant contingencies, and with his clear and forceful language before a jury, his services have been widely sought, and his practice of the general and civil law has been one of uninterrupted and constantly increasing success.

Mr. Robertson has always been devoted to the best interests of the Republican party, and now holds the office of Justice of the Peace, having for the second time been elected to that position. He has for twenty years been a prominent member of Salem Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F.

On September 3, 1889, Mr. Robertson was united in marriage to Mrs. Josephine Van Decar of the town of Crescent, Saratoga County, N. Y.

Mr. Robertson is the son of Abner C. and Eliza M. (Woodworth) Robertson of Cambridge. His grandfather was born in Scotland, but came to America before the Revolution, in which war he served with distinction as a commissioned officer.

Hon. John H. Boyd was born July 31, 1799, and was one of the foremost jurists of his day in Washington County, as well as one of the leading men of this part of the state. He practiced law in White-

hall for over forty years, was elected Justice of the Peace in 1828 and served as Special Surrogate from January 1, 1857, to December 31, 1859. He was elected to the State Senate in 1840, and sat in the United States Congress from March 4, 1851 to March 3, 1853. On January 6, 1830, he married Lucretia Adams, who died September 4, 1831. On November 20, 1834, he married Margaret W. Billings. Of her issue, Mary E., John Williams and William Thomas survived her. She died October 31, 1844. On June 30, 1849, Mr. Boyd married Catherine I. Bunce, who survived him by thirty years, and died July 2, 1898. Their daughter, Kate Lucretia, is the wife of Charles W. Harding, of Whitehall. John H. Boyd died July 2, 1868, at Whitehall.

Albert V. Pratt is the son of Myron and Elizabeth (Van Ness) Pratt and was born at Fort Edward, Washington County, N. Y., June 30, 1858. In January, 1884, he became a student in the law office of Robert Armstrong, Jr., of Fort Edward. In 1886 he was admitted to the bar and since then has built up a good practice, being active in his profession.

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